

# CURRENT OPINION



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## A Review of the World

### THE HISTORIC TRIAL OF GOVERNOR SULZER ENDS IN CONVICTION

**S**TRIPPED of his high office, the goal of a lifetime of endeavor; stripped of his personal reputation both for honesty and courage; stripped, apparently, of his own and his wife's savings, William Sulzer, no longer governor, no longer "Honorable," presents a very pitiful spectacle. By a vote of 43 to 12, the high court of impeachment ousted him from the governorship. Every one of the judges of the Court of Appeals voted for this course except the presiding judge, E. M. Cullen, who was excused from voting. The proposition to disqualify Mr. Sulzer from holding any state office of honor, trust or profit hereafter was voted down unanimously. How that can help him materially it is hard to see. On five of the eight counts in the impeachment charges he was found "not guilty." On the first two charges he was found guilty by a vote of 39 to 18. Had the four Senators whose votes were challenged at the beginning of the trial not been allowed to vote, those two charges would not have been sustained by a two-thirds vote.

"No One Can Destroy William Sulzer but William Sulzer."

**M**OST important of all the charges, as the case turned out, was the fourth, in which Mr. Sulzer was accused of suppressing evidence by means of threats. This was sustained by a vote of 43 to 14, six of the judges voting to sustain, three voting not to sustain it. The importance of this charge, in a legal sense, lay in the fact that it applied to conduct while

in office—conduct, indeed, even after the investigation by the legislative committee began. If ever a man hung himself, metaphorically speaking, Mr. Sulzer did so in his course after the investigation of his misdeeds began. "No one," he said not long ago, "can destroy William Sulzer but William Sulzer." That seems to have been the case precisely. It is not at all unlikely that on the evidence produced prior to his impeachment by the Assembly, damning as it was from a moral point of view, he would have escaped conviction. It was the new and unexpected testimony of Henry Morgenthau, Allan Ryan and Duncan W. Peck, wrung from them by close cross-examination, that drove the last nails in the coffin of Mr. Sulzer's official career.

The Unexpected Testimony that  
Caused Sulzer's Downfall.

**I**N his testimony before the court of impeachment, Duncan W. Peck, state superintendent of public works, who had contributed \$500 to Mr. Sulzer's campaign, said that, when he received a letter from the Frawley committee asking about this contribution, he took it to the governor:

"I showed the letter to the Governor and asked him what I could do about it. 'He said: 'Do as I shall, deny it.' 'Why,' I said, 'I suppose I shall be under oath.'"

"He said: 'That is nothing; forget it.'"

Mr. Morgenthau, the new ambassador to Turkey, testified that Mr. Sulzer called him up on the telephone and asked him to come to Albany. He told Mr. Sulzer he could not do so:

"So he said to me: 'If you are going to testify I hope you will be easy with me.'"

"I answered him that I would testify to the facts.

"I think he said something about that I should treat the affair between us as personal—something like that.

"And what did you say?"

"I said that I could not."

Allan A. Ryan, son of Thomas F. Ryan, after telling of the contribution of \$10,000 made by his father to Mr. Sulzer, at the latter's request, testified that Mr. Sulzer had urged him, the son, after the investigation began, to go to Senator Root and ask him to use his influence with William Barnes to have the Republican members of the Assembly vote against impeachment. Ryan refused. Sulzer then requested him to see Mr. De Lancey Nicoll, one of the counsel for the elder Ryan:

"Did Mr. Sulzer name any particular party or parties that he wished you to request Mr. Nicoll to see?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whom did he name?"

"Mr. Murphy."

"Which Mr. Murphy?"

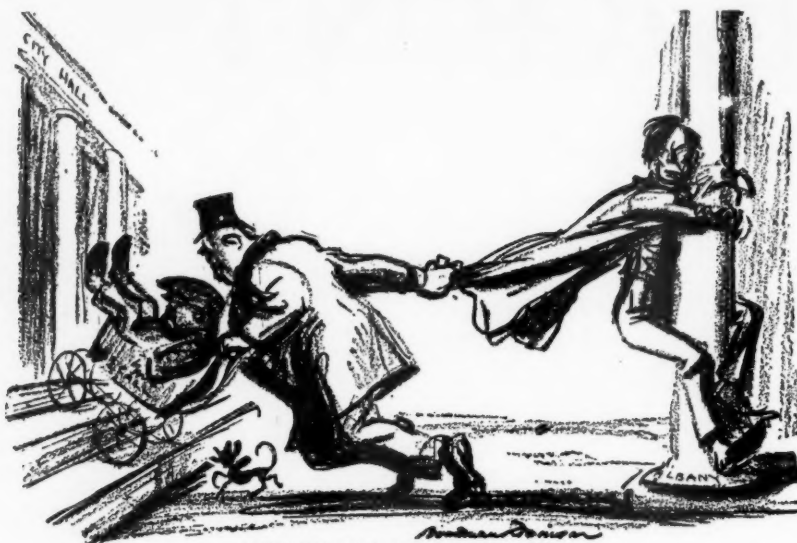
"Mr. Charles Murphy. . . . He wanted me to have Mr. Nicoll persuade Mr. Murphy to endeavor to call off this inquiry by getting his following to vote that the court had no right to try, the Assembly no right to vote, this impeachment."

"There was more than that said, was there not?"

"He said Mr. Nicoll could be the go-between."

"Won't you go right along and finish that conversation?"

"Mr. Sulzer said that he was willing to do whatever was right."



MURPHY HAS HIS HANDS FULL

—Robinson in N. Y. Tribune

Evidence of Sulzer's Crookedness in Congress.

THESE three reluctant witnesses finished the career of William Sulzer. Their testimony was uncontradicted. Mr. Sulzer, who alone could have contradicted it, did not take the stand. The theory of his counsel that, in spite of his course in appropriating campaign funds to personal use, Mr. Sulzer, when he became governor, was converted from the error of his ways and became an upright official was

shattered by this testimony. Mr. Brackett, one of the lawyers for the prosecution, made telling use of the testimony in ridiculing the theory of conversion:

"But the first of January comes, and from that moment he is a converted man. Like Saul on his way to Damascus, there came a light. . . . Saul saw a light, but he respected it. He repented of his sins. He did not go around trying to suborn perjury. When he got together the few Christians in the upper chamber, wherever he could get them, to preach the Word, after his conversion, he did not whisper to one of them that if he was sworn he hoped he would be easy on him. Before he opened the meeting with prayer, he didn't call one of them aside and see if he could send word to tamper with the court that was going to try him.

"Can you imagine Paul telephoning to Gamaliel that he was the same old Saul? And 'can't you make it more than \$7,500?'"

One other piece of unexpected evidence came out which, uncontradicted, was enough of itself to wreck any man's public career. It was that of Hugh J. Reilly, a contractor, who in 1912 sought the services of the U. S. government to compel the Cuban government to pay him \$500,000 on a contract for water works in Cienfuegos. Mr. Sulzer was then chairman of the foreign relations

committee. Mr. Reilly swore that he made "loans" to Mr. Sulzer in 1912 as follows: August 8, \$1,500; September 5, \$5,000; September 12, \$5,000; September 14, \$3,000; October 7, \$10,000; November 8, \$2,000. Not a cent has ever been repaid.

"Did you take from Governor Sulzer any written evidence of those loans?"

"No, Sir."

"Did you take any collateral security of any kind?"

"No, Sir."

"Was anything said as to the rate of interest?"

"No, Sir."

"Now, when you made these loans, did you make them by check?"

"No, Sir."

"You made those loans, did you not, in bills, in currency?"

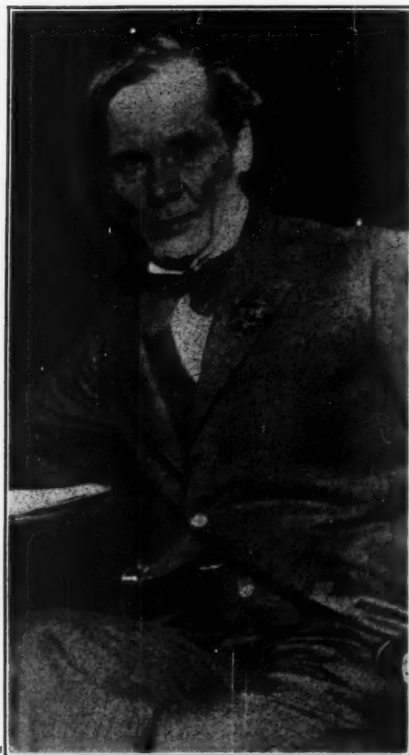
"Cash."

"Was any one present at the time except you and the Governor?"

"No, Sir."

Court of Appeals Judges On Sulzer's "Turpitude."

THIS testimony did not fit legally into the impeachment charges; but there it is, the sworn testimony of an unwilling witness, showing that Mr. Sulzer had apparently got off "the street called straight" long before he ran for governor. He has brought shame not only on the State of New York but on the United States of America. Even the eminent judges who, on legal grounds, could not vote for his conviction, spoke in the severest terms of his "moral degradation." "I have no doubt," said Judge Chase, "that the respondent is guilty of the immoral acts charged in the first article of impeachment, but I am in great doubt whether . . . the people intended by their approval of the Constitution of 1894 to grant power to impeach for other than wilful and corrupt misconduct in office." Judge E. M. Cullen, speaking of the facts, as distinct from the law, said: "They—Sulzer's acts—displayed such turpitude and delinquency that, if they had been committed during the respondent's incumbency of office, I think they would require his removal." The case goes down into history as perhaps the second most notable impeachment trial ever held in this country, that of Andrew Johnson being the first.



TWO STREETS WERE CONFUSED IN HIS MIND

They were the street called Straight and the street called Wall. In consequence, he is no longer Governor of New York State. This haggard-looking man is William Sulzer, and the picture was taken a short time before his conviction by the high court of impeachment.

## LINING UP THE FORCES IN THE CURRENCY CONTEST

ALL those who love a stirring fight and were sorely disappointed in the tariff bill for its failure to supply one may now pluck up hope. The currency and banking bill promises to give them one. The battle has been slow in developing, and it may never reach the proportions of the contests on free silver and the

"greenback heresy." There are chances for compromise now that were not present then. The issue is not so clear cut, the line of battle is not so well defined, the principles involved are not so irreconcilable. But the differences of opinion are growing quite stubborn and the language of controversy has taken on, during the last month, a rather lurid

tinge. This is the way the Washington correspondent of the *Boston Transcript* sized up the situation early in October:

"Any member of Congress that fails to support the Administration banking bill is an outlaw.

"Any banker that dares criticize the bill is a 'grafter.'

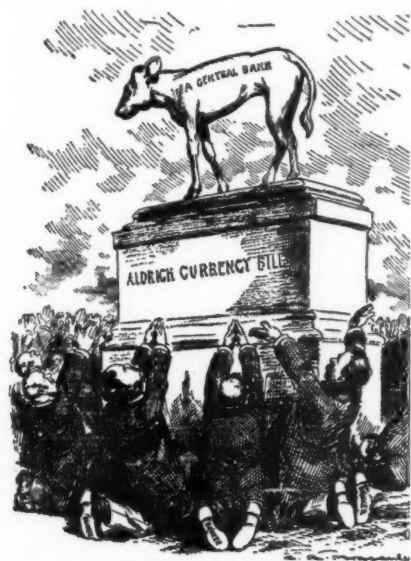
"Any bankers' association that dares suggest amendments to the bill is an 'insidious lobby.'

"Any country bankers testifying here to defects in the bill are the helpless emissaries of Wall Street.

"Any merchant appearing before the committee is first coached in his lines by the 'big bankers.'"

The Cry of "Conspiracy" Is Again Raised Against the Banks.

THE bankers of the country have been loath, apparently, to put themselves in open opposition to the Owen-Glass bill. Even now their opposition takes the form of criticism of details, mixed with considerable commendation of the general purpose of the bill. But the details they criticize seem to go to the vital parts of the bill, and the cry of "conspiracy" has been angrily raised in Washington in referring to their opposition. Last month the American Bankers' Association, which claims a membership of 14,000 bankers (a clear majority of all the national and state banks of the country), held its annual convention in Boston, with 2,400 delegates present, and by a vote "virtually unanimous" condemned various features of the bill. The country bankers, 600 strong, held a session of their own, excluding any one who represented a bank with a capital of more than \$250,000, and by a similar vote, just short of unanimous, condemned additional features. There are signs that preparations are being made to test the constitutionality of the measure if it is enacted into law,



THEIR GOLDEN CALF  
—Macauley in N. Y. World

and suspicions are given tongue in Washington of a plan to manipulate the stock market in such a way as to frighten Congress. "Even the mention of such tactics," says one special correspondent, "produces a distinctly red effect in the mental atmosphere of the White House." The bill has been passed in the lower house by a majority of 286 to 84, the majority consisting of an almost solid Democratic column, 24 Republicans and 14 Progressives. It has encountered difficulties in the Senate committee. In the House, about 400 changes were made in the bill after the committee reported it. In the Senate committee, Senator Owen alone, one of the sponsors of the bill, is reported to have about 300 more changes he wishes made. Seven hundred changes before the bill actually reaches the open Senate is "going some."

Changes the Bankers Wish Made in the Currency Bill.

FOUR more changes in the currency bill, so the bankers say, must be made to secure their cooperation—at least four. The Federal Reserve Board, instead of having seven presidential appointees, should have three of the seven chosen by the regional reserve banks. That is one change. The national banks must not be compelled to join in the new system and to subscribe to the capital stock of the reserve banks. That is the second change. The Federal Board should not be given power to require one regional reserve bank to rediscount the paper of another. That is the third change. And, fourth, the treasury notes to be issued by the reserve banks must be not obligations of the federal government but obligations of the federal reserve banks, issued by permission of the Federal Reserve Board." The country banks call earnestly for two other changes: a removal of the restriction on savings deposits, and better provisions for taking care of the government bonds on which the present banknote currency is based. The first four changes were endorsed with but one dissenting vote out of the 2,400 in the delegated convention of bankers. The last two were endorsed with but one dissenting vote out of the 600 in the gathering of country banks. Other changes were called for, but those mentioned are evidently the ones on which a fight will be made.

Denouncing the Bankers.

THIS opposition of the bankers has aroused resentment. Senator Thomas calls it "a conspiracy against any financial legislation whatever, except such as can be dictated by the interests that have long controlled financial affairs in this country." Carter Glass, congressman from



RECONCILED  
—Donnell in St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Virginia, one of the authors of the bill, takes the same view. The real fight, he says, "is to drive us from our firm resolution to break down the artificial connection between the banking business of this country and the stock speculative operations at the money centers." The critics of the bill, he alleges, are willing to perpetuate the present defective, unscientific system, bitterly offensive to the American people, because, as everybody knows, it "encourages and promotes the worst description of stock gambling." The N. Y. *World*, usually conservative on financial matters, takes issue angrily with the bankers, declaring that the "rights" they are defending are the right to breed panic. It says:

"The country has had many exhibitions of the spirit in privileged interests which would ruin if they cannot rule. It has never had a bolder or more impudent exhibition of the kind than this. The challenge is clear. Their right to make panics is set up against the Nation's right to prevent panics. What is to be the answer of the country and its Government?"

The Baltimore *Sun*, another paper of conservative tendencies, foresees "very deep public indignation" over the attitude of the bankers.

The Banks and Stock Speculation.

BY FAR the most skilful popular appeal against the bankers to appear so far is a full-page editorial in the N. Y. *American* (Sept. 19). It is a double attack, one upon the bankers for their opposition, another upon the bill for its failure to





THE WOLF! THE WOLF!

U. S.—Beats all, the way that fellow likes to raise an alarm!

—Grant in Baltimore *American*

provide an agricultural loan system. The three objects of the bill the *American* defines as (1) to provide an elastic currency; (2) to extend the operations of the national banks to farmers; (3) to make the national banks more helpful to industry instead of to stock speculation and monopolies. With the first of these objects, it says, the banks are in sympathy. "But they are opposed to any legislation that will disturb the partnership between the big banks and the stock speculative operations at the money centers. The avowed purpose of the Owen-Glass bill is to break up this partnership. The bankers do not want that partnership disturbed. . . . They do not like it because the bill substitutes great public reservoirs of credit in place of the great private reservoirs now managed by private bankers." The present law, says the *American*, works in this way:

"Under the existing bank statutes, there are only three central reserve cities in the United States. These are New York, Chicago and St. Louis.

"Next to these central reserve cities the National Bank act names the forty-seven next largest cities in the country as reserve cities. The law requires all banks in reserve cities to keep nominally on hand in reserve at all times one-quarter of the total amount of their deposits. But the law permits every bank in every reserve city to send one-half of its total reserve to the central reserve cities as a special deposit and still to count this special deposit as a part of its own reserves, exactly as if the cash was in its own vaults.

"It is this system, which has gradually grown up under laws favoring the larger national banks, that enables six or eight banks in New York and Chicago to control so large a part of the bank reserves of the entire country that they practically control the credit situation.

It is this fund which furnishes constant

fuel for the fevered speculation in Wall Street. A very large part of this reserve fund—three-fourths of it, according to experts—is loaned by the big banks from day to day on 'call loans' for Wall Street operations.

#### Can Satisfactory Compromises Be Made in the Currency Bill?

THOSE who lived through the period of Populism, and still more those who lived through the days of Greenbackism, will see at once in the foregoing enough inflammable material to have kindled a good-sized prairie fire in former days. To what extent such flames can be made to spread to-day remains to be seen. The bankers themselves have, for one thing, been obviously cautious in the manner of presenting their criticisms. They have not, for instance, demanded control of the Federal Reserve Board, but instead have asked for a minority representation of three. They have not demanded a Central Bank, tho that is confessedly what they would like; but they have advised reducing the "not less than twelve" regional reserve banks to "not more than twelve," preferably three or five. Some of the bankers, such as Frank Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York City, speak in praise of many features of the bill. Mr. Vanderlip, before the Senate committee, declared his approval of eighty per cent. of the bill and admitted that the system it would create would prevent a repetition of a panic such as that of 1907. The N. Y. *Evening Post*, always a "sound money" paper, calls attention to the favor shown by bankers for the major part of the bill and thinks that compromises may well be made that will make the bill acceptable to the banks without destroying its distinctive features. But the N. Y. *Times* thinks the criticisms go to "the very essence and structure of the bill" and "involve foundation principles."

#### Changes Proposed by the U. S. Chamber of Commerce.

ONE notable attempt to secure a compromise bill is that made by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. It has taken a referendum among the boards of trade, local chambers of commerce, commercial clubs and trade organizations in all parts of the country that form its constituent members. It sent out a report of its own currency committee and this is endorsed by a vote of 303 to 17. That report is to the effect that the committee "regards the measure as a piece of constructive legislation and believes that it embodies in a large degree elements necessary to provide the nation with a safe currency and banking system." The committee, however, recommends a number of changes. Among these are an increase of the

Federal Reserve Board from seven to nine members, the additional two members to be selected by the seven presidential appointees, subject to the President's approval; the creation of a federal reserve council, members to be selected by the regional reserve banks, who are to constitute an advisory body, sitting at meetings of the Federal Reserve Board, but not voting; the regional reserve banks to be three in number at first, located at the present central reserve cities, the number to be increased as the Federal Reserve Board deems increase desirable; that federal reserve notes be not obligations of the government, but notes redeemable by the federal reserve banks and guaranteed by the government, each such bank issuing only its own notes, but all such notes being a first lien on the combined assets of the banks.

#### Impatience Over Delay of Currency Bill.

AS FAR as the press of the country expresses public sentiment, it seems to be as yet rather wavering and uncertain. Few signs appear of partisan or sectional division, tho the Republican papers are disposed to criticize the bill when they speak of it at all. But there is apparent a growing impatience over delay and a call for the speedy passage of the bill. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* finds "almost unanimous agreement" that the bill represents "a very large improvement over conditions as they now exist," and every effort should, it thinks, be made to hasten action before the extra session ends. The *Indianapolis News* thinks that from a political point of view it would be a great mistake to defer action until the regular session, as the party will next year be facing new congressional elections, when a worse, not a better, bill would be likely to emerge. The *Chicago Record-Herald* agrees with Professor Jenks, of Cornell, that minor concessions should be made to the banks and the bill passed this fall, "for those who cannot agree now will not be able to agree next year or five years hence." The N. Y. *World* takes a similar view: "No matter how many years we may wait, we shall never have currency reform without risk of error. When we move forward, guided by the best lights that are to be seen, we shall at least be in a position to profit by our mistakes, if any, and thus be in the line of true progress." The *Baltimore Sun* thinks a prompt endorsement of the bill is now "the supreme duty of the Democratic majority in the Senate." The *Springfield Republican* thinks that "no such opportunity to improve our present banking and currency system has been presented in a generation," and to delay now "would invite non-action for another decade."



# WHAT IS THE NEW TARIFF GOING TO DO TO US

ON THE third day of October, at 9:10 P. M. by the clock, one of the nation's long "unsettled questions," which, as Garfield has told us, "have no pity for the repose of nations," passed into the list of settled questions alongside the subjects of African slavery and free coinage of silver. That, at least, seems to be the view of a very considerable section of American citizens. It was on that day and that hour that the name Woodrow Wilson was affixed to the 111th page of the parchment on which had been engrossed the Underwood-Simmons tariff bill. Thus the long-disturbed repose of the nation on this subject, we were assured last month, has been finally secured. "There will never again be a proposition," says the Louisville *Evening Post*, "to supplant this revenue tariff by . . . a bill avowedly for protection." "General acquiescence," according to the N. Y. *Journal of Commerce*, marks the event, and "the public mind is evidently quite at rest with regard to its results." "Already the skies are clearing," says the N. Y. *Herald*, even for those who predicted disaster; "now let business go on."

## A Score of Protests from Foreign Nations.

BUT the repose of nations, it would seem, is never quite complete. On October 4 the dispatches from Washington told of the signing of the tariff bill. On October 8 they told us that at once an important clause was to be taken up again by Congress, at the President's request, and repealed. Protests had been received from more than a score of nations whose repose had not been secured, among them France, Germany, Austria, Portugal and Brazil. The troublesome clause is the one giving an additional reduction of five per cent. in the duty on goods imported in American ships. To this clause a string is attached, in the shape of a provision that nothing in the clause shall be construed as affecting any of our treaties. As many of our treaties contain an "equal shipping rights" paragraph, the clause now involves discriminations between adjacent nations and even, in the case of Germany, between parts of the same nation. If it stands, retaliations are threatened. Its repeal, according to the N. Y. *Evening Post*, an admiring friend of the new tariff as a whole, is "clearly dictated by every consideration of good sense," for it extends the rebate, it is now seen, to nearly all goods imported into this country and gives "almost no advantage to American shipping." This was one of the 676 controverted items that were ad-

justed by the conference committee of the House and Senate, or, rather, by the eight Democratic members of that committee. The full conference committee, when finally called together, took just seven minutes' time on the 676 items, which is a little over one minute to one hundred items. One of the complaints made of the whole bill is that it was caucus-made and that open discussion, of it was a farce. Says Victor Murdock, a Progressive member of the conference committee: "That is, this great bill, which began in secret, ended in secret, and there was not one moment in its long career when any jot or tittle of it was changed in the open."

## The Silver Lining in the Tariff Cloud.

EVERY new tariff is, of course, an experiment on which time alone furnishes a decisive verdict. There is a surprising degree of unanimity in the country at large in desiring a fair trial of the new law. Two tests will be applied to it: (1) its effect upon industry; (2) its effect upon prices. On the first test, all that can be safely said at this time is what the Philadelphia *Telegraph* says: "There has never been a Democratic revision of the tariff that so little affected the country during the making as this one." The N. Y. *Tribune*, historic defender of protection, concedes, with a sigh of relief, that the new law is "a far saner outcome in the way of tariff and revenue legislation than could have been safely anticipated six months ago." And *The Independent*, always a pro-

tectionist journal, congratulates the Democratic party and the President for having "succeeded admirably in their undertaking." Far from conceding, however, that protection is dead, it declares that in the enactment of this bill "the theory of a tariff for revenue only has passed into oblivion." So far from being a revenue tariff, says the *Independent*, it will produce far less revenue than the old tariff, and an income tax has been enacted to make up the difference. Neither it nor the other protection journals, with few exceptions, predict disaster to American industries as a result of the new tariff. Interviews with industrial leaders all over the country have a surprisingly hopeful note in them. Even the president of the American Woolen Company takes a fairly cheerful view of the situation, seeing a very bright silver lining to the cloud in the fact that "free wool is of inestimable value to the cloth-maker." The worst the *Iron Age* has to say of the results is that steel-bar buyers on certain sections of the Atlantic coast "may have a great deal of studying to do" as to where to go to buy goods—here or abroad. The N. Y. *Journal of Commerce* has interviews with leading business men on each of the schedules of the new tariff, and the composite picture they draw has far more of sunshine than of gloom, justifying its heading: "Business Men In All Lines Predict Trade Revival."

## "We Have Set the Business of This Country Free."

AS TO the effect of the new tariff on the cost of living, Democratic claims have grown very cautious, and the Republican challenges have



BEFORE ELECTION, AND—

THE GREAT AND ONLY ANIMAL TAMER IN HIS ANNUAL ACT

—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*



WILL THE NEW TARIFF RESCUE HIM FROM HIS NEMESIS?

—McCutcheon in *Chicago Tribune*

grown more and more positive. The general position taken by Republican and Progressive critics is that the bill must reduce prices in American markets or it will have failed to justify the claims made for it. The Democrats warn us not to expect too much reduction as an immediate result. It may be noted that President Wilson, in his brief address upon signing the bill, made no direct reference to the effect it would have upon prices. His claim is that it "sets business free" and gives competition a chance. We quote his address in part:

"I have had the accomplishment of something like this at heart ever since I was a boy, and I know men standing around me who can say the same thing—who have been waiting to see the things done which it was necessary to do in order that there might be justice in the United States. And so it is a solemn moment that brings such a business to a conclu-

tion, in which direction they shall be built and in which direction they shall not be built.

"We are now about to take the second step, which will be the final step in setting the business of this country free. That is what we shall do in the currency bill, which the House has already passed."

This utterance, Senator La Follette thinks, should not be taken too literally. "I am bound to believe," he remarks, "that President Wilson knows that the enactment of the House currency bill would not be 'the final step in setting the business of the country free.' . . . No, let us not deceive ourselves. With the new tariff law in force, with even a better emergency currency bill enacted than that which passed the House, this Administration will have barely scratched the surface of the great problem, the solution of which will 'be the final step in setting the business of the country free.'"

## MRS. PANKHURST CONCLUDES TO PAY US A VISIT

SOMETHING of a stir was caused last month when the announcement came from Paris that Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, still under the sentence of a British court to five years in prison, was about to sail for the United States on a speech-making tour. The British officials, she declared naïvely, were "quite willing" that she should come, and in America only the opponents of woman suffrage raised any opposition to her coming. As a matter of fact, some of the most outspoken opposition here seems to be raised not by the opponents but by the advocates of woman suffrage. When the question was raised whether the immigration of-

ficials might not exclude her as a criminal, the *Charleston News and Courier* scouted such action as "extremely improbable," the *N. Y. Tribune* ridiculed such a course as "absurd," and the *N. Y. Sun* denounced it as "peculiarly futile." Very few of the "anti" papers, indeed, have countenanced such a course, while, on the other hand, we find papers like the *Manchester Union* and *Louisville Evening Post*, that look with a very tolerant eye upon the progress of woman suffrage, asserting that Mrs. Pankhurst is an "undesirable visitor." "It is safe to affirm," says the *New Hampshire paper*, "that the suffragists themselves do not want her and will accord her a scant welcome."

sion, and I hope I will not be thought to be demanding too much of myself or of my colleagues when I say that this, great as it is, is the accomplishment of only half the journey.

"We have set the business of this country free from those conditions which have made monopoly not only possible but in a sense easy and natural. But there is no use taking away the conditions of monopoly if we do not take away also the power to create monopoly, and that is a financial rather than a merely circumstantial and economic power. The power to control and guide and direct the credits of the country is the power to say who shall and who shall not build up the industries of the coun-

Dr. Anna Shaw Regrets the Coming of Mrs. Pankhurst.

AS FOR the woman suffrage leaders in America, there seems to be a difference of opinion regarding Mrs. Pankhurst's coming. Mrs. Belmont, who considers her "the most wonderful woman in the world to-day," will gladly open wide the doors of her home, and the Woman's Political Union, with Mrs. Blatch at its head, has arranged a dinner in her honor. But Dr. Anna Howard Shaw frankly expresses her regret that Mrs. Pankhurst is coming at this time. She has two reasons for this regret: (1) because the suffragists need just now to focus all their attention on their own work and methods, and Mrs. Pankhurst will distract attention to other methods; and (2) because American suffragists need every penny that can be raised, and Mrs. Pankhurst comes here to raise money for England. "Why," asks Dr. Shaw, "all this talk of what we shall or shall not do for Mrs. Pankhurst? Why not do just as Mrs. Pankhurst does when we visit England? I have been there repeatedly, Mrs. Catt has been there, other presidents of our organizations have been there. But I have yet to know of a luncheon or a dinner or a reception being given by Mrs. Pankhurst or her society for any of us." When Mrs. Pankhurst was here before, Dr. Shaw goes on to say, in a *N. Y. Times* interview, dinners and luncheons and flowers and carriages were ready for her wherever she went. But American women who have gone to England to speak for suffrage have not only not received a penny for their services, but have never had a carriage to take them to the hall unless they hired it themselves, and even when they marched in parades had to buy their own sashes! In striking contrast, it is announced that Mrs. Pankhurst, before consenting to speak at Madison Square Garden, in New York City, required a guarantee of \$1,500, with ten per cent. of the receipts up to \$10,000 and 60 per cent. above that.

Will Mrs. Pankhurst Start a Militant Movement Here?

SOME anxiety, real or assumed, has been shown lest Mrs. Pankhurst intends to start a militant movement in this country. The suggestion is pretty generally ridiculed even by those who defend militant movements in England. In England, the *N. Y. Evening Journal* reminds us, all the laws for the empire are made in one place—the House of Commons. The suffragists must move all of England at once in order to win. Here one State may be carried after another. "What do you suppose the women of America would have to do if it were necessary for them to carry every state in the Union the same day? They

would have no hope at all—the only possible chance would be to work and to fight determinedly as Mrs. Pankhurst has done." Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked, now of California, formerly of England, does not see the matter in this light. Militancy, as now practised, he thinks has done "untold harm" in England. It has shocked the friends of woman suffrage and it has done "irreparable damage" to the women themselves.

Brutal Treatment of  
the Suffragists in  
England.

UP TO a certain point, says Dr. Aked, he supported the militant suffragists. When they began heckling politicians they were well within their rights; yet they were treated with "a brutality that passes all belief." They were thrown out of meetings with violence, mauled by blackguards, and subjected even to "indecent assaults" by filthy scoundrels who offered themselves as chuckers-out. In the prisons refined women were subjected to all sorts of personal indignities, including "the foul and disgusting practice of forcible feeding." Then the women resorted to violence, and here Dr. Aked parted company with them. He writes:

"They have committed assaults. They



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WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS GOING TO SCHOOL

The teacher is Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance. The pupils are woman suffrage leaders from eighteen States. The lady seated is Dr. Anna Shaw, if our eyes do not deceive us. The lessons are in the most effective methods of securing equal rights.

have resorted to fire. They have employed dynamite. They have attacked the innocent as well as the guilty, the openly sympathetic friend as well as the indifferent person or the avowed opponent of their cause.

"I cannot be a party to wrongdoing.

"While they were willing to suffer wrong, I applauded them. When they begin to do wrong it is impossible longer

to defend them. It is not right to do wrong. Bloodshed and crime, the torch, gunpowder and dynamite, are not the weapons which I care to see women employ—or men either—in advocacy of a mighty moral movement in the dawn of the twentieth century."

"A Campaign of  
Nastiness."

IF THE woman suffrage controversy in this country has not reached the violent stage it has reached in England, it has lately shown a marked tendency to enter what the N. Y. *Evening Sun* calls "a campaign of nastiness." Each side is charged by the other with the responsibility of dragging the controversy into one relating to social vice. As far back as last May, the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage issued a statement calling upon thinking men and women to realize that "back of the woman suffrage disturbance is the question of sex; or, rather, a distortion of the sex question." It was charged then that the suffragists "rely after all on their sex and on the appeal of their sex to men," and that the appalling increase in immodesty in dress, looseness of conversation and impropriety in dancing is but the revelation of a lowering of women's ideals and conduct which is due to the same reason as that back of the suffrage disturbance. The statement concluded as follows:

"It is a pathological fact that women, as a sex, must respect and revere the divine mission of their sex, which is motherhood. The moment they outrage or distort or deny the purpose for which they were created they become shirkers and drones. Misdirected government is a bad thing, so bad that the men of this country can be relied on to correct it whenever necessary, but misdirected sex is a national tragedy, which, if it is not checked, will degenerate the race."



BON VOYAGE!

—Barnett in Los Angeles Tribune





THE RIGHT OF WAY!  
—Powers in N. Y. American

Woman Suffrage and  
Social Vice Agita-  
tions.

MORE recently the same association, in an official statement, charges that "the policing of morals, the smirching of literature and the degeneracy of the stage" are due to woman suffragists who, as their great argument, advertize vice and describe it as an accepted fact. For this charge the N. Y. Times and World take the association sharply to task. But the N. Y. Evening Sun editorially supports the charge. Lately, it asserts, Miss Christabel Pankhurst has been studying all sorts of medical and semi-medical books and is now "treating her readers to a series of papers dealing with all sorts of sexual questions on

the pretext of promoting the cause of votes for women and chastity for men." Says the same paper further: "By every means conceivable Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughters have encouraged their more emotional admirers to revel in the discovery of all that is most foul in the sexual life of the neurotic and abnormal. We see but a faint reflection of the consequences in the unlimited nonsense that has lately been poured forth by some of our own suffragists on what is called white slavery. In England the case is much worse."

"She-Wolves of Satan,"  
Says Colonel Watter-  
son.

INTO this controversy Henry Watter-son leaps with a flashing pen, from which radiate such terms, in describing the suffragists, as "she-wolves of Satan," "crazyjanes," "silly-sallies" and "unmarried priestesses of the hell-roaring platform." Their philosophy is, we are told, free-love, and they "would abolish marriage and leave every girl to pick the father of her own baby." All this is rather revolting to the N. Y. Times, "anti" tho it is. Of the charges of this nature against the suffragists it says:

"It was not true of the women who led the suffrage movement in the last generation, and it is not true, to any appreciable extent, of the leaders of the present movement or the great body of their followers, that they are responsible for the vogue of indecency in dancing, literature, plays, and dress. . . .

"As for the other way in which vice is being made familiar, the needless public discussion, nauseating in its frankness, futile in its effect, of certain evils, we have not noticed that any large proportion of the woman suffragists take part in that. One or two of the least efficient have made pitiful public exhibitions of themselves, to be sure, but the suffrage movement is not to be condemned on their account."

## THE CRACK OF THE BASEBALL BAT GOES ECHOING AROUND THE WORLD

WILL you now, gentle reader, allow us to direct your attention to a series of four moving pictures from real life.

The first is in a public square in Portland, Oregon, where, on a bulletin board, is chronicled the progress of each baseball game in the world's championship series of last month. You will discern, in the crowd before this board, a number of blanket Indians, watching the bulletin intently. These Indians have come 150 miles for this purpose, for they know that Bender, pitcher for the Athletics, and Meyers, catcher for the Giants, are Indians, and every play in the game as recorded is followed closely and intelligently by them. The second picture

is a scene in Boston, where thousands of bankers are assembled to consider the new currency bill. From all sections of the country they had come for a momentous discussion concerning a topic of vital importance to their business. Here is an extract from a special dispatch to the N. Y. Evening Post, October 9: "It is fortunate that the bankers have only one day more of the annual convention here, for it is virtually impossible for the delegates to think of anything else than the baseball world's series. When the tickers told of the Giants' tenth-inning rally the banquet hall of the Copley-Plaza looked more like a lunacy asylum on a rampage than an august assemblage of bankers who had just been wrestling with the currency bill."

Baseball Interrupts Con-  
gress and Invades the  
Supreme Court.

THE third picture in our series is a scene in Washington, in the hall of the House of Representatives. This is an account of the proceedings that took place:

MR. MANN. A parliamentary inquiry, Mr. Chairman.

THE SPEAKER. State it.

MR. MANN. Would it be proper to announce that the score is now 4 to 1 in favor of Philadelphia in the fourth inning?

THE SPEAKER. Out of order.

MR. MANN. That being out of order, I would ask if it would be in order to announce that Baker, of Philadelphia, has just knocked a home-run and that the score is now 5 to 1 in favor of the Athletics?

THE SPEAKER. That is not a parliamentary inquiry.

When, later on, so the report runs, Mr. Mann rose to announce the result of the game, "a great roar went up and the galleries joined in, contrary to the rules of the House." But even that scene is less moving than our fourth picture. Scene: Rooms of the Supreme Court of the United States. Time: October, 1912:

"Unprecedented procedure was permitted to-day in the Supreme Court of the United States, when the Justices, sitting on the bench hearing the Government's argument in the 'bath-tub trust' case, received bulletins, inning by inning, of the 'World's Championship' baseball game in Boston. The progress of the playing was closely watched by the members of the highest court in the land, especially by Associate Justice Day, who had requested the baseball bulletins during the luncheon recess from 2 to 2.30 p. m. The little slips giving the progress of the play went to him not only during the luncheon recess, but when the Court resumed its sitting. They were passed along the bench from Justice to Justice."



"I SAY, OLD TOP, CAN YOU PLAY CRICKET?"

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle



THEY COME WITH THE STRIDE OF CONQUERORS

They are the world's baseball champions. Note the white elephants on their breasts. When the American League first organized a club in Philadelphia, partisans of the National League predicted its failure, saying it would prove a "white elephant" for its owners. That is why these gentlemen adorn their sweaters. It is generally admitted that they are the best baseball club the world has ever seen.

From the blanketed Indians of Oregon to the robed Justices of Washington seems a far cry; but in great national crises what do the little artificial distinctions of social caste amount to?

Baseball Becomes an International Sport.

THE four scenes depicted above, interesting as they are, do not give an adequate idea of the international character that baseball has begun to assume. It was but a few months ago that we were startled by the announcement that a club of Chinese students was on its way from the Chinese University in Hawaii to play our college clubs. It was still more startling to find, when the Chinese club came, that its members were wonderful base-runners, that in the tricks of the game they had nothing to learn from Americans, and that in many cases they were victorious over our college teams. But the Japanese are also growing to be keen lovers of the sport. Here is a paragraph from the *Japan Times*, May 24, 1913:

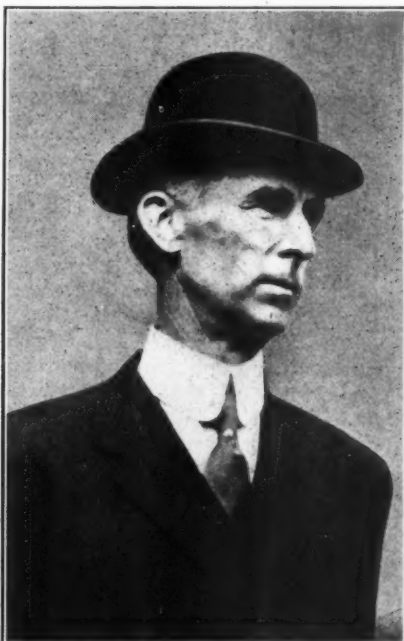
"The Filipinos played the Waseda University team this afternoon at the Kashiwagi grounds. Joropillo, the sensational southpaw artist, pitched for the Filipinos, while Kato was the choice of Captain Masuda for the mound. Kakeyama started the game by driving the sphere down into the left garden for two zabuton [cushions]. Miyake followed with a single, but was caught Rip Van Winkling at second. Gotoh waited for a ticket. Then the ball that Ora threw to third looked a sure thing to nip Kakeyama, but on a fluke it hit the runner on the shoulder and bounced away. The second run was taken in when Kusaka sent a clean-cut grounder through Regis. . . . Waseda won."

Last month we told of the 482 baseball clubs in the Philippines and of the importance of the game as a civilizing influence in the islands. Samoa has gone equally crazy over the sport. Lewis R. Freeman recently told of a game between the villages of Pago Pago and Fauga-Sa, which lasted for four days! "One feature was that of a

batter swatting the ball far over the council house into the sea, and a runner making five scores while a fielder swam out for the ball, and two more while the sphere was being returned to the diamond, only to lose the entire seven runs by slipping on a cocoa husk and spraining his ankle." Less amusing but perhaps more important is the item that nineteen baseball clubs have been playing in France this season and that the Giants and the White Sox are to make a tour there this winter.

Stars of the Baseball World.

DURING the season just passed, there has been no sign of diminution in public interest in baseball in this country. It is estimated that fifty million tickets of admission to the league parks of the country were



HIS FOND PARENTS CHRISTENED HIM CORNELIUS MCGILLICUDDY

But several millions of baseball fans have renamed him Connie Mack. He is probably the best baseball club manager in the world. His team—the Athletics, of Philadelphia—have for the third time won the world's championship.

paid for, the gross receipts ranging well up to \$15,000,000. In the world's championship series, won last month by the Philadelphia Athletics, of the American League, there were 150,992 paid admissions, making an average of 30,198 for each of the five games. The amount of money taken in was \$325,980. The winning nine is declared by McGraw, manager of the defeated Giants, to be, in his opinion, the best baseball nine that ever existed, and its second baseman, Eddie Collins, an ex-student of Columbia University, to be the best all-around player that ever wore spikes. The Athletics are the only club that has ever won the world's championship series three times. Thrice they have had to contend for it with the Giants; in 1905, when the Giants won; in 1911, when the Athletics won; and again this year. Three pitchers, Mathewson for New York, Bender and Plank for Philadelphia, have been the chief factors of the contest in each of these years, and the two duels this year between Plank, age 39, and Mathewson, age 34, ended in a victory for each. The length of a man's baseball life seems to be increasing. Lajoie has been playing in the major leagues 18 years, and stood sixth from the top in batting average this season, with a per cent. of 335. His batting average for the 18 years—344—has never been equalled by any other player for such length of time. Wagner has been playing in major leagues 17 years and his batting average this year was 300. He is the only player who has made an average of 300 or more each year for 17 years in succession, "Pop" Anson having made such an average for 15 years in succession. Ty Cobb, however, in the eight years in which he has been playing in major leagues, has made a batting average of 375, leading the whole field of baseball players in the average number of hits per year, of stolen bases and of runs. His batting average this year is 389. Many consider him the best baseball player of the world.



UNCLE SAM—WHAT OTHER GAMES HAVE YOU?

—Robinson in N. Y. Tribune

#### The Athletic Epidemic Spreads in Europe.

THE subject of athletics is one which is commanding increasing attention in the world at large. In more than one country the surprising successes of American athletes in the Olympic games have evidently been rankling and the national emulation which has heretofore found vent in military and naval preparations seems to be transferring itself in part to physical sports. The Czar of Russia, for instance, has recently issued a royal ukase creating a Ministry of Sport, and General Voyekoff, the first occupant of the office, has begun by forming a council of leading citizens to prepare athletes for the Olympic games at Berlin in 1916. In Germany the government has determined to encourage athletics, in the hope thereby of supplanting the duelling system in the universities, and \$75,000 has been appropriated from the imperial treasury to train athletes for the Olympic games. In Great Britain the Duke of Westminster and other eminent Britishers have sent out a stirring appeal for a fund of £100,000 for the same purpose, and they give a list of the sports in which supremacy has been transferred from Great Britain to other countries, chiefly America. It includes polo, yachting, lawn tennis, tennis, boxing, swimming, trotting horse and running horse, sprinting, hurdling and long-distance running, putting the weight and throwing the hammer. Since the list was made out, two of Great Britain's golf champions have been defeated in the United States

by Ouimet, an American amateur school-boy of twenty, in a series of sensational matches, and British pride has been stung anew. Even the championship in Rugby football has gone to New Zealand and South Africa, and that in shooting to Canada.

#### Moral and Physical Value of Athletic Sports.

IN ORDER to investigate our methods of training athletes, Germany has thought it worth while to send over an Imperial Athletic Commission,

which, after weeks of investigation, left last month declaring that the United States has the finest body of athletes in the world, and that it is no wonder we have gained preeminence in sports. In Germany, said Lieutenant von Reichenau, head of the commission, it has been the belief that it was unwise to stimulate athletic emulation among mere boys, lest harm be done by straining their immature bodies. Here, he says, we give our boys competent instructors and the result is very early development of their powers. Not only in our schools but on our public playgrounds the beneficial influence is seen. Says the lieutenant:

"First, you either help to keep the boy from the temptations of the street or you bring him from well-nigh the kindred harmful atmosphere of being too much indoors. You draw him out into the open air and you give him a chance to play in security, and then furnish him with facilities that make for a spirit of sportsmanship. Here too you watch over him and you see that he does not overdo the thing. These things in themselves are excellent, but you have other features that count equally in the harvest of benefits. You provide swimming-pools, lockers and other furnishings which encourage bodily cleanliness, hygiene and orderliness and a sense of ownership and responsibility. In short, you are laying a moral as well as a physical foundation and the results are patent in the wide social range from which you can muster your record-breakers and prize-winners."

The result, as the German commission sees it, is the creation of a sense of fellowship, tolerance, self-control and sportsmanship at an early age, that makes stronger men morally as well as physically, men of greater force and initiative, and "better parents in all that that term implies."

### GENERAL HUERTA'S CROMWELLIAN GESTURE IN MEXICO

NOT many days prior to the scene of violence attending the dissolution of the Mexican congress by General Huerta's order, his inspired press had referred to the deputies as "sunk to the lowest level of fanaticism and barbarism." That something masterful was in contemplation seemed obvious to those dailies which mentioned the recall of Felix Diaz. The sometime chief of police was then in Paris. A Mexican paper says he left at once for Vera Cruz, where his partisans arranged a military welcome. The catastrophe at Torreon had already taken place. A rebel force had come into being there at least twelve thousand strong. Whether the tale of massacre at Torreon be true or not—the despatches contradict one another—Huerta's position was rendered addi-

tionally critical by the event. He was severely criticized in speeches of an inflammatory character by several deputies and threatened, as one version has it, with removal or impeachment. The general made no concealment of his anger. He had arranged for a presidential election, observes the *Nación*. All the candidates were enjoying whatever rights the constitution guaranteed. Even the suspicious Francisco Vazquez Gomez, candidate of the anti-reelectionist group, was contemplating a visit to the capital. The Catholic party was promoting the candidacy of that Federico Gamboa who, as minister of foreign affairs, foiled the Washington scheme to discredit the Mexican government in Europe. (The inspired Huerta organ says it.) The provisional president, in a word, was effacing himself with the patriotism of a Regulus.



President Huerta and the Mexican Congress.

**S**ENSATIONAL charges were circulated among the deputies late in September regarding the provisional government's relations with certain oil interests. Deputy Zubiria y Campa had brought in a bill to divert into the national treasury vast sums which, according to him, went to private individuals. There was to be an investigation of British oil interests in Mexico. The cabinet was at that time considering with Huerta the arrangements necessitated by the coming presidential election. The *Nación* insinuated that the Liberal factions, fearing defeat, were preparing a trap. General Huerta himself came to the same conclusion, it seems. He doubted the good faith of the deputies who appeared more and more frequently as investigators on committees. One or two of them were even then in communication with rebel leaders. Names and dates are given in official reports from federal commanders which prove, according to the Huerta press, that scores of deputies have been guilty of treason. A decree dissolving the congress was under consideration as far back as the day of Gamboa's nomination for the presidency. As a last expedient, Huerta appeared before the deputies himself. He made an unexpectedly glowing report on the finances, but he conciliated no foe.

The Mexican Press Despairs of the Mexican Congress.

**N**EWSPAPERS inspired by General Huerta had for weeks before his coup denounced the chamber of deputies as a nest of traitors. "The native land weeps," observed the *Diario*, "the blood of her sons is pouring forth, fields and farms are disappearing in a great flame, brigands are despoiling us of our rightful, lawful possessions, the freebooter is violating our womanhood and bringing our maidens to shame—all on account of half a dozen windbags in the chamber and for their gratification!" The *Pais* felt called upon to observe that in the chamber were partisans of Felix Diaz who conducted themselves in a manner to suggest their lack of civilization. It is charged that the Felicistas are weaving a veil of secrecy for their leader so that the nephew of Porfirio Diaz may emerge from behind it at a psychological moment and dominate Mexico. The charge horrifies the *Tribuna*, and the *Independiente* ridicules it. All the world, the latter fears, likes the Diaz legend. Otherwise why is it clung to so lovingly? There was a debate in the columns of these dailies over the correct attitude of the executive to a chamber of deputies tainted by treason when Huerta dropped the dead weight of his censorship with the ruthlessness of the third Napoleon.

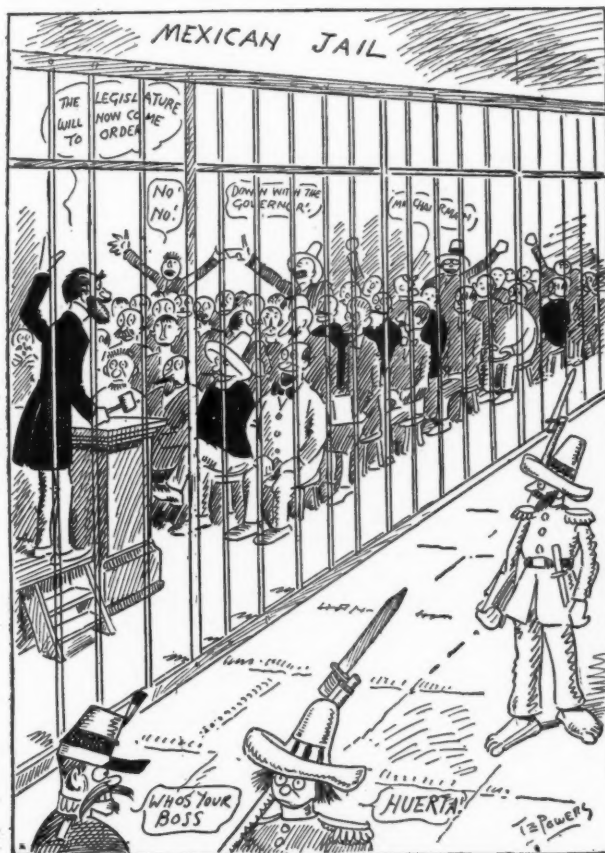
The Last Straw of Jacobinism of the Mexican Back.

**A** DISCUSSION of denominational education was revealing its trace of cleavage among the deputies along clerical lines when the dissolution came. One group introduced a resolution in opposition to the choice of ministers of public instruction from the ranks of the Catholic party. Why? The *Nación* tells us:

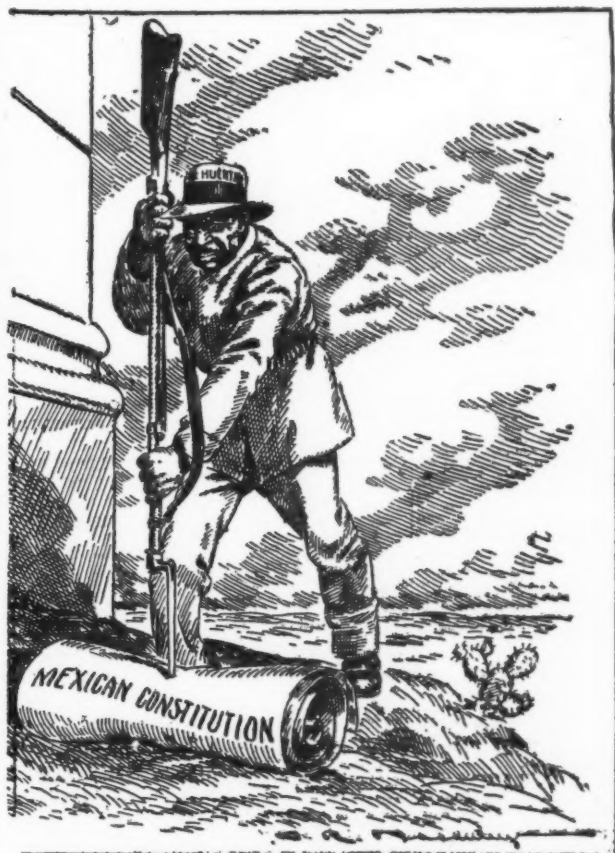
"Because Catholics are opposed to the lay school, because they do not regard with favor the corruption of the masses which liberalism has brought about within the past fifty years, because they contemplate with intense grief the relaxation of character, the poverty of spirit which unwholesome doctrines have produced and of which we daily observe the consequences.

"To be perfectly candid, the Liberals fear—fear is the word—not the downfall of our institutions, which they have never revered, not the decline of our laws, of which they have ever made light, not the change of our constitution, which they have violated whenever they had the opportunity, but the loss, in the open court of discussion, of the reins of government.

"The Liberals fear that the people, convinced by argument of all the evils which Liberalism has brought on the country, will, once for all, open their eyes and with commanding gesture drive the money-changers from the noble temple of the law."



THE MEXICAN CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES MEETS  
(Would it not be an improvement if some of our State Legislatures were to do the same? I don't know. I only ask.—T. P.)  
—Powers in N. Y. American



MURDERING MEXICAN LIBERTY  
—Macauley in N. Y. World

Clericalism and Huerta in Mexico's Policy.

IT BECAME obvious to observers of the situation in Mexico that the estimable and accomplished Eduardo Tamariz, chosen by Huerta as minister of public instruction, incarnated the issue with the deputies. Doctor Jesus Urueta, speaking for the reforming Liberals, insisted that, as a representative of the policy of the Catholic party, Tamariz was a foe to the lay school. He should not be made a minister of education in a land of separation of church and state because he was fighting the principle. Of the character and capacity of Tamariz there is so little doubt that the anti-clericals were willing to have him as minister of anything but education. The storm that broke over the head of Huerta over this appointment not so many weeks ago was the beginning of the end, so far as the congress is concerned. Foreign Minister Gamboa, candidate of the Catholic party for the presidency, stayed the hand of Huerta, as the gossip in the foreign dailies has it. The Liberals, altho they had no untrammelled organ for the expression of their views in the capital, circulated the speeches of their leaders to the effect that Mexico would revert to the clericalism of Spain under the most reactionary of the Bourbons. In the end the estimable Tamariz preferred to lose the ministerial portfolio; but the episode convinced Huerta that his congress must be got rid of.

Europe and the Mexican Crisis.

EUROPEAN newspaper comment upon recent events in Mexico reflects the same sentiment as does the *London Spectator*, to which President Wilson's treatment of the dilemma seems "unpractical." That treatment is summarized in the British periodical as a policy of exacting the results of compulsion without the will to apply compulsion. President Wilson appears to the anti-American *Saturday Review* (London) to have landed himself in a blind alley in Mexico, and to have no one to thank for it but himself, as he must now perceive:

"Why President Wilson should have embarked upon a course of action so inimical to the best interests of Mexico and the United States alike it is hard to understand; probably it is due to a pedantic view of what 'righteousness' demanded. The recognition of Huerta would really mean the recognition of a Diaz régime which has acquired its position by force. But then Madero ejected Porfirio Diaz by force, and it is impossible to establish or maintain any authority in Mexico at the present time by any means but force, and the President's theories cannot blind him to facts so remorselessly as to make him unaware of this. . . ."

## CHINA GETS A CONSTITUTIONAL PRESIDENT AT LAST

YUAN SHI KAI was not assassinated after all in the course of the inaugural ceremonies which imparted such pomp to his assumption, for a five year term, of the post of president of the Chinese republic. The excuse for the smartness of the military demonstration was the alleged discovery of a plot by one of the "tangs" to put Yuan under lock and key when he was well within the labyrinths of the forbidden city and starve him to death. The provincial papers of the Yang-tse provinces grow skeptical on the subject of these mysterious plots. Yuan has them manufactured, it is hinted, whenever he wants to punish the refractory elements in house or senate. His election by a very large majority was secured through intimidation, too. These, of course, are the comments of the disgruntled, finding expression in interviews with correspondents of London and Paris dailies. Yuan Shi Kai, they complain, owes his post to the foreigner. Foreign dailies tend more and more to be filled with protests to this effect from those Chinese patriots who have received a western education and who organize juntas of one kind and another in London, Paris and Berlin. One of Yuan's first measures was to pay the arrears of the liberal pensions voted to the deposed Manchus. Those princes are affirmed in the *Paris Figaro* to have been in a condition lately that bordered upon destitution. The eunuchs were going one by one because they could not get their stipends. So glad were the Manchus to get a little money that they sent a handsome deputation to attend the new president's inaugural pomps.

Native Dread of Reaction in Peking.

PEKING continued, despite the institution of a constitutional republic last month, "a place of precaution," to employ the official lingo. This means, explains the *London Post*, that a modified but drastic form of martial law prevails, much to the chagrin of the deputies. They find themselves liable to arrest for sedition at the pleasure of the executive, only to find Yuan disclaim all knowledge of the circumstance when they go to him with complaints. The President, moreover, secludes himself more and more from the committees of the national assembly. The arrest by a so-called martial court of eight deputies just before the balloting for the presidency caused a tremendous sensation. At last accounts these prisoners were under lock and key, deprived of counsel and unable to communicate with the outside world. Official intimations of

the discovery of plots to poison the prime minister as Yuan was poisoned some months ago satisfy nobody. This assumption by the president's military advisers of the right to put anybody and everybody in a dungeon is leading to some grave abuses of authority, it seems from the *London daily*. Forms of law are used to put even upright deputies not under suspicion into oubliettes.

Yuan and the "Tangs" at Loggerheads Again.

WHAT goes by the name of a political party at Peking is sometimes a clique of revolutionists voting in the national assembly. To this effect argues *The Peking Daily News*, an officially inspired organ. It dwells with indignation upon the fact that all the leaders of one recent revolt and most of their subordinates are members of the Kuomintang. That political organization exists largely to buy the muniments of war for rebels along the Yang-tse. It emerged suddenly into being barely two years ago. Bribery at elections for the national assembly, intimidation of the loyal voting element and the fomentation of schemes to put poison in Yuan's tea take up most of the time of the deputies it sent to Peking in such goodly number. It is said to inspire a newspaper issued at Shanghai when the censorship is not too severe in which Yuan is held up to the obloquy of Young China. The Kuomintang varies its procedure with the introduction of resolutions into parliament to the effect that Yuan should get out. His own view is that this "tang" is a revolutionary conspiracy masquerading in the form of a political party. That is why eight of its deputies languish now behind bars.

The Forces With and Against Yuan Shi Kai.

IF THE disaffected "tangs" in the national assembly of China have a fraction of the following of which they boast to European journalists in Peking, the administration of President Yuan faces a crisis, suspects the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels), a liberal daily which, like some other continental European organs, has doubts of the future in Peking. Newspapers in closer touch with international high finance, like the *London Times* and the *Paris Temps*, are not so pessimistic. To them the rebellion at one or two points in the south was improvised in a hurry by a traitorous "tang" or two. The Kuomintang itself, according to the *London Post*, was completely discredited even before the revolt came. "It had been repudiated in all parts of the country before



it resorted to arms." Its object is the satisfaction of the dreams of power of its leaders and not the promotion of any ascertainable principle. Native Chinese papers, inspired by Liang Chi-ch'o, adviser and press agent to Yuan, disseminate the same theory. He heads a "good tang," as the *Su-Pao* says. This Chinputang is attaining a position of power and prominence in the assembly. Its deputies are in some cases great editors.

#### Can Yuan Make Head Against China's Rebels?

ONE of the expedients of the fomenters of disaffection in Peking is the offer of a bribe to Yuan Shi-Kai's supporters to desert him. The Kuomintang offered to make Liang Chi-ch'o president of the republic if he would throw Yuan over. This we learn from the *Paris Débats*. Now that Yuan is in for a five-year term, the diabolical "tang" is busily undermining his position. Obstruction, opposition, the filling of the world with rumors that he is a dying man, the murder of his most valuable men—these developments are looked for during the weeks to come. Nothing will be left undone to convey the idea that China's masses do not want the republic if Yuan heads it. Not that the "tang" will deny itself the emoluments of office. Its members are clamoring for salaried posts in which they can foster disaffection. They are in league with certain Russian and Japanese elements, the story runs, to "put the screws" on Yuan. Thousands of ignorant coolies are enrolled in the south for a new effort to spread fire and sword. Fresh declarations of "independence" in a southern province or two may be looked for. They should not be taken too seriously, affirms the *London Times*, altho they may occasion embarrassment and even mislead foreign judgment for a time.

#### A Republican Chinese Indictment of Japanese Intrigue.

DENIALS of Japanese complicity in the ambitious attempt of southern rebels to overthrow Yuan's government are official but incredible, in the opinion of the *London Post*. This daily is in such close touch, through its Peking correspondent, with officials of the Chinese republic, that its comments and impressions may be accepted as inspired. The Japanese, it insists, despite their official neutrality, were actually behind the rebellion at certain points in the south. Prime Minister Hsiung Hsi-ling confirms the impression. Representatives of a "people's party" in Japan intrigued, he says, to cause a rupture between north and south in China. The object was the defeat of Yuan for the presi-

dency. Foiled in that, the Japanese emissaries reappear upon the scene of their defeat with purposes as sinister as before. They are hand in glove with the Kuomintang, financing their enterprizes, encouraging their leaders. That mysterious Tsen Chun Hsiang, who led the fiercest of all recent revolts, is described by Yuan's advisers as a tool of the Japanese. Native papers controlled by the cabinet appeal openly to the nation to put aside the temptation of Japanese bribes.

#### Japanese Indignation at Chinese Accusations.

NEVER did the officially-inspired press of Tokyo reveal more unanimity than is now displayed in denouncing those who charge Japan with duplicity in China. The *Jiji Shimpō* and the *Kokumin Shimbun* profess delight at the success of Yuan's republic, as they term it. Nor is the theory of Tokyo's villainy accepted by the *London Times*. The Peking government, it thinks, showed common sense in acceding to the demands of Tokyo for satisfaction with reference to the incidents at Nanking, Yenchowfu and Hankow. Yuan is already embarrassed, it is said, by the apologies, the punishments and the indemnities he agreed so generously to afford the Japanese. The doughty General Changhsun, who would have gone over to the rebels, apparently, but for the high command he got from Yuan, must be made to lose "face" before Tokyo will feel appeased. This puts the Chinese republic in a difficult position. It may have to lay hands upon certain deputies whom Tokyo loathes for their candor. Nevertheless, declares the great London daily, mouthpiece of Japan to Europe, Tokyo's policy in Peking is not aggressive. "Japan recognizes that her interests are best served by the preservation of peace."

#### A Coming Crisis in the Government at Peking.

SUCCESSFUL as he may be in conciliating native opinion, Yuan, despite the "good press" worked up for him at home, faces the gravest diplomatic crisis in his troubled history. An uneasy feeling prevails in St. Petersburg that events in China bode no good to Russian policy, according to the *Novoye Vremya*, and other papers in touch with the views favored by foreign minister Sazonoff. That statesman is said in London papers to interpret the Chinese crisis as a struggle between the great powers for just such a position of strategical advantage as is sought in Persia and in Asia Minor. An illustration is afforded in the contest brought on by Yuan's effort to import German officers for the instruction of his army. Powerful objection from a source unspecified halted

this undertaking. The Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* denies the story, to be sure, but the *London Times* insists that there is foundation for it. In Tokyo, again, as the *London Telegraph* reports, the anti-Chinese agitation shows no sign of abatement and is certain, sooner or later, to lead to far-reaching developments. Whether China satisfies the Japanese official demands now or not is unimportant, comments this authority. Public opinion in Tokyo is determined "once for all to terminate the attitude it is believed the Chinese will take up"—one of courteous defiance. Yuan, from this standpoint, thinks Japan is of little account in Europe and America. He takes his cue from the powers in all things. Japan is so anxious to revise Chinese ideas on the subject of Tokyo's importance that an explosion may come at any moment. Seldom has European press comment revealed a mood of more pugnacity in the Japanese. They are the victims of an impression that the only real appeal to civilization is through the bayonet.

#### What the Immediate Future of China Portends.

ALMOST any day is likely to bring news of a financial crisis at Peking so severe that the pecuniary difficulties of the past will suggest the temporary embarrassment of a Rothschild at having mislaid a five-pound note. In such pessimistic fashion does the *London Telegraph* account for the revolts in the provinces, the intervention by sundry great powers and the attempt at dynastic restoration implied in the Chinese dilemma. Even the *London Times*, disposed hitherto towards a policy of deference to Yuan's judgment in everything Chinese, begins to wonder whether his incapacity to finance a government may not prove fatal to his authority:

"The President, in circumstances of great difficulty, has succeeded in asserting his own authority, but he has done so by methods which cannot often be repeated. Money has been his principal weapon, and the result is that the Chinese are being taught that rebellion may be profitable. The surprising thing is that, having evidently concluded that his best arsenal is his cash-box, President Yuan is himself adopting courses which may prevent him from replenishing it. It is difficult, perhaps, to distinguish between the acts of the head of the Republic and those of some of his powerful subordinates, but clearly the attitude of the Chinese Government towards financial questions is becoming questionable. The advances made on account of the great Quintuple Loan have been quickly expended, but little attempt has been made to fulfil the conditions on which the loan was made. . . . The most depressing feature about the Chinese situation is that the high hopes which led to the negotiation of the Five-Power Loan are further from realization than ever."



## PROSPECTS OF THE COMING IRISH CIVIL WAR

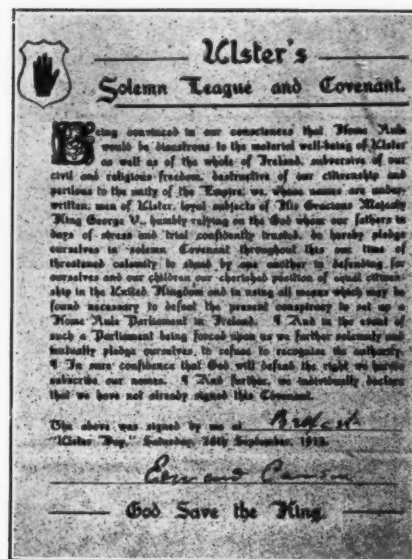
**T**HE first shot fired by the British Army on the citizen soldiery of Ulster will be the signal for such an outburst of anti-Irish and anti-Catholic feeling as has not been manifested in any part of Great Britain for over two hundred years. This prediction is made by an unusually well-informed correspondent of the *London Times*, a daily which comments upon what is to happen when war comes as if the eventuality were certain. That indefatigable champion of Ulster, Sir Edward Carson, laughing to scorn those threats to arrest him for treason which fill the *London News* and the *London Chronicle*, reviews volunteers at Belfast, approves plans for a provisional government and adopts those general measures which the history of South American republics renders so familiar. Even his manifestoes, as the sarcastic *Manchester Guardian* observes, have a suggestion of Bolivar in them and a touch of Cipriano Castro. Efforts at a treaty of peace were rendered abortive by Sir Edward Carson's flat refusal the other day to receive any emissaries from the British government who make a Dublin parliament and executive "an essential basis of discussion." Whether he means to found an independent republic or to establish nothing more ambitious than a crown colony in Ulster are themes upon which the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, the *Cork Free Press* and their Home Rule contemporaries expatiate jocosely. The swift changes taking place almost daily in the aspects of this crisis include the new face just put upon it by Winston Churchill's hint that a general election may, after all, prelude the establishment of Home Rule. Mr. John Redmond is loud in his protestations that no exception of any portion of Ulster from the Home Rule bill will be considered for a moment by the element he leads.

The Military Forces in  
Ulster in the Field.

**C**ONSTANT drillings of volunteers during the past six months have evolved a respectable military force in Ulster for the campaign, in the opinion of the *London Times* and *Post*. "On no previous occasion have the people turned out in such large numbers or shown such enthusiasm." Sir Edward Carson has no fear that his "army" will not prove a match for that Irish constabulary upon which the burden of suppressing the revolution must fall first. The review of the Belfast and district contingents of the volunteer forces indicates that the regiments have been well supplied with rifles and ammunition. Thousands of pounds in money fill the treasury. The Ulster unionists in the Commons are to walk out when the province "secedes." The spectacle is so impressive from a continental European standpoint that the Berlin government has had to rebuke a military expert severely for an indiscreet article on the tactical advantages to Germany derivable from the impending campaign. Imagine the uproar that would be raised in Germany, observes the *Kölnische Zeitung*, if a French journal published, say, a communication from a Lorrainer who was discontented with German dominion and drew from it the conclusion that it was gratifying to know, should war with Germany come, what good allies France would have in the enemy's camp!

Charges that Ulster is Play-  
ing a Game of Bluff.

**C**ONCEDING the gravity of the Ulster crisis, as some influential Liberal dailies in England are now disposed to do, they still incline to the theory of bluff in the light of which they have commented upon Sir Edward Carson's campaign from the start. Detached observers who have studied the situation at first hand, with-



### "ILLEGALITY"

Sir Edward Carson's justification in his defiance of the law, which, he says, Asquith dare not resent or punish.

out prejudice, profess alarm. For instance, the able Socialist leader and editor, H. M. Hyndman, a Home Ruler into the bargain, predicts a civil war. "I have no more doubt that Ulster will fight rather than submit to the present Home Rule bill," he writes, "than I have that Mahometans would resist a Christian occupation of Mecca." Unfortunately, he adds, the members of the Asquith ministry, in "their servility to the Home Rulers in the Commons," will not look at the facts, forcing themselves to forget that the Protestant and Saxon minority on the other side of the Irish Channel is by race, history and tradition a fighting stock. That is why so many Liberal papers in all parts of Great Britain are more favorable to the idea of a conference between their party leaders and the followers of Sir Edward Carson. One point emerges very clearly in the comment of the *London Times*: "The Unionist party will not join in any conference which starts from the assumption that the bill before the country is the only basis of settlement."

Calling for a General Elec-  
tion in England.

**F**INDING Sir Edward Carson an impossible person in a conference on Ulster's impending war, the Liberal London press scouts his suggestion that parliament be dissolved. The assurances of Prime Minister Asquith that the idea is preposterous can scarcely be reconciled with hints in Conservative and Unionist sheets that a general election may be precipitated at any moment. Meanwhile Lord Loreburn, the statesman who suggested the conference which so agitates British opinion, seems to have lost all hope for his idea. The deadlock is attributed by the ministerial *London Chron-*



SIGNERS OF THE ULSTER COVENANT WHO MEAN TO FIGHT

In this brigade of scouts to serve in the army that means to bring on civil war in Ireland we have practical evidence, according to Sir Edward Carson, that the shadow of a sanguinary doom is thrown athwart the Parliament of Dublin—if it should ever come into being.

icle to the fact—of which it is convinced—that Sir Edward Carson lacks insight. "His vision is contracted. He is wanting in imagination. His mind moves in a very narrow orbit." He has, none the less, the admirable quality of candor. There is, he says, a gulf yawning impassably between his views and those of John Redmond. Sir Edward professes he would make many sacrifices to come to an agreement, but the Liberal dailies see no evidence of that in his "usual Tory rant about an appeal to the people."

Realizing the Prophecy of  
Bloody Insurrection in  
Ulster.

**P**ROCEEDINGS in Ulster during the month just ended might conceivably be deemed part of a farce were the issues involved less tremendous. With this utterance, the *London Telegraph* begins the most alarmist of all prognostications of the Irish difficulty. To begin with, it points out, the commander of the Ulster army has been appointed. Sir George Richardson, K. C. B., is the general officer of the whole volunteer force. "Perhaps this is the most striking phenomenon of all, for General Richardson is an officer of distinction, who has served in many campaigns and holds a prominent position in the army." Another point: a Captain Craig, Sir Edward Carson's right-hand man, directs a movement in England to provide for the women and children of Ulster. "So near is the crisis," declares the London organ, bitterly opposed to Prime Minister Asquith, by the way, "so imminent is the peril of civil war that actual provision has been made that while the men of Ulster carry out their stern task, those who are dependent on them shall be looked after far from the actual scenes of bloodshed." Even the composition of the provincial government has been determined.

What Will Be Seen When  
Home Rule is a Fact.

**I**N PREDICTING the other day that Ireland is so soon to have a government of her own, Prime Minister Asquith exhibited a restraint at which the Unionist *Irish Times* (Dublin) professes amusement. There will be, it says, two governments in Ireland—one with a capital called Dublin, and the other with a capital called Belfast. In the north there is to emerge from the four counties of Ulster a council of five to draft a constitution. Even the Liberal Manchester *Guardian* is sufficiently staggered by the seriousness of the outlook to suggest that Ulster, while "sharing in the general direction of Irish affairs," might retain the control of certain of her own affairs. Hints in this sense do much to intensify the



DRAMATIZATION OF ULSTERIA

The Liberal organs which sneer at the theatricality of the demonstrations in Belfast against home rule will yet see that behind all the flag waving and the quotation of Bible texts is a grim purpose. Thus the friends of Sir Edward Carson; but the friends of Mr. John Redmond laugh sardonically.

suspicion in certain Irish Home Rule circles that Ireland is to be "dished" at the last moment. A faction in the Clan-na-gael has industriously disseminated this view for weeks, altho it finds no credence in the organs under the inspiration of John Redmond. The contingency, according to *The Freeman's Journal*, must precipitate a situation so extremely serious that the Liberal cabinet would prefer to face all the horrors of civil war in Ulster.

Defiance of the Law by  
Sir Edward Carson.

**N**O CONCEALMENT of the illegality of his procedure is made by Sir Edward Carson as he organizes his rebellion throughout Ulster. The government he is to set up will, he confesses, be illegal. The drilling he encourages is illegal. "I was reading an act of parliament the other day forbidding it," he told a delighted audience at Belfast last month.

"Do not be afraid of illegalities. There are illegalities which are not crimes. They are not sordid or mean. They are illegalities taken to assert what is the elementary right of every citizen—namely the protection of his freedom, the handing down what he himself has inherited." The British government dare not interfere with these illegalities, declared Sir Edward Carson, who seems to have gone to greater lengths in defying the law of the land within the past few weeks than even he has dared hitherto. The moment Prime Minister Asquith tries to stop the illegalities of Ulstermen, concluded Sir Edward, Ulstermen will fly to arms. England will then have proof that Ulster has not been bluffing and the moment that so much is understood, "the Asquith game will be up." Therefore, concluded Sir Edward, all Ulstermen are bound in conscience and from love of their Christian faith to defy the law.

## THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR SEES THE MIKADO IN TOKYO

**T**OKYO'S foreign office omitted no courtesy in the elaboration of the ceremonial arranged for Ambassador Guthrie's reception by Yoshihito. The diplomatic representative of the United States arrived when the heats of summer were over, when the Japanese court was beginning its preparations for the season of chrysanthemums. There had been a revival on a somewhat ambitious scale of the press campaign against California which makes the Japanese press such lively reading now and then. Ambassador Guthrie was accorded an ostentatious welcome and an audience with his Majesty at the palace, followed by an invitation to dine with the sovereign. Thus did the

foreign office give the lie to European suggestions that Washington and Tokyo were on the verge of an open rupture. Never was invention more fantastic, observes the inspired *Chuo Koron*, which intimates that an adjustment is at hand. The idea is unsupported by the press of London, Paris and Berlin. Japan, we are told, is picking with this country the same little quarrel she had with Russia before the attack upon Port Arthur—the mode of interpretation of a treaty. Russia wanted to do the interpreting then. America wants to do it now. Japan proposes to have a word of interpretation too. Thus is the difficulty of the moment analyzed by an authority in the *Paris Figaro*. Tokyo stakes her case upon the clause



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#### JAPANESE GENTLEMEN WITH VIEWS OF WORLD POLITICS

They fear the Japanese foreign office—in the background—is tenanted by persons lacking in capacity, perhaps in patriotism. Hence the gathering, which the persons inside think dangerous. Policy of no admittance. Groans from street. Talk of throwing stones, of California, of war.

in the Constitution of the United States which binds the courts and the legislators to the terms of a treaty as the supreme law of the land. There might be no trouble on that score if Tokyo did not insist on taking a disputed interpretation to The Hague. Ambassador Guthrie had to take up the question at once.

#### Japan Resents the Monroe Doctrine.

SUCH Japanese press opinion as is inspired by the politicians of the Seiyu-kai, "most political of the political parties in the parliament," criticizes Premier Yamamoto for subservience to Washington. He is afraid, they say, of the United States. Hence he would not let President Huerta convert the reception of a Japanese envoy into a demonstration against this country. He did not open his arms to Felix Diaz. The Monroe Doctrine is crushing Yamamoto. Vernacular dailies make much of these suggestions. Even the *Jiji Shimpō*, a very serious organ of the responsible element, has been telling the Premier that Washington makes a bogey of the Monroe Doctrine. It is used in the present controversy as a scarecrow to keep the Japanese not out of California merely, but out of South America and Mexico as well. In this enlargement of the scope of the Monroe Doctrine the *Jiji Shimpō* sees an unheeded warning of a crisis yet to come. Washington means to exclude the Japanese from the whole western hemisphere, be the cost in blood and treasure what it may.

#### Yoshihito Loses His Ablest Adviser.

KATSURA, so renowned as the Bismarck of Japan, had been in consultation with his sovereign on the latest aspect of the American crisis with a view to Ambassador Guthrie's enlightenment on important points.

The death of Katsura, while discounted because foreseen, removes a factor making for concord. He was the one man, observes the *Paris Débats*, who enjoyed the confidence of the sovereign, of the Jingoists and of the powers. He was loathed by the politicians because he never accepted party government. Deputies of the Seiyu-kai longed for a cabinet responsible to the parliament on the British plan. They made no headway owing to Katsura's belief that Japan was not ripe for so great a step forward. Unless a personality as forceful as Katsura can emerge, Premier Yamamoto, genial sailor that he is, might be swept from his political feet by a wave of Jingoism among the deputies. Katsura's death thus has a bad effect from a Washington standpoint. All foreign observers agree that the Japanese masses are in a state

of irritation against the western world generally. An idea prevails that a war would be a good thing on general principles as opening the eyes of the world to the fact that the Caucasian race includes the subjects of Yoshihito. Whenever, observes the French daily, a Japanese politician wishes to infuriate his constituents against America he has but to remind them that to the United States government the Mikado himself is racially no better than a Mississippi negro.

#### Isolation of Japan in World Politics.

DIPLOMATIC Tokyo is credited by a writer in the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* with an intention to thwart American policy everywhere in the far East. Already, it is alleged the attitude of the Japanese embassy in Peking reflects a purpose to convince the yellow races that their real enemy is in the western hemisphere. Young China is responding to the propaganda. It has penetrated as far as India, where the influence of the Japanese seems at times to be disconcerting to London papers. Slowly but definitely, there comes into view a coalition of the Asiatics under the auspices of Tokyo. The Japanese Premier, agrees the London *World*, is temporizing in the negotiations with Washington. Both sides are aware of the farce in which each plays so solemn a part. The inevitable conflict between the white and colored races of the world explains the increase in the Mikado's navy, explains likewise the eagerness of official Washington for three new battleships a year. For all purposes of diplomacy, the Anglo-Japanese alliance has ceased to exist. It was, avers the Manchester *Guardian* quite openly, a gross blunder.

### RUSSIA REVIVES THE MEDIEVAL CONCEPTION OF THE JEWS

ALL EUROPE followed last month the progress of that ritual murder investigation at Kieff against which the Jews of every leading nation in the world have protested so vehemently. The press of London, Paris and Berlin was represented by special correspondents in unprecedented numbers, not even the peace of Portsmouth, according to the *Paris Matin*, having sent so many journalists of distinction so far from the scene of their ordinary occupation. On the day after Mendel Beiliss had entered his plea of not guilty of the murder, by torture, of the boy Andrei Yushinsky, an additional sensation was created by the comment of the *Kievanin*. This anti-semitic organ of the so-called Black Hundred denounced the prosecution as inefficient. The whole world, it notes, has

seen in this latest of ritual murder sensations a test of the Muscovite case against the Jew. That case is compromised by the technical defects of the indictment. The mistake of the officials, it explains, is to be found in their indifference to what became of the defendant, provided that the practice of ritual murder be proved. This denunciation of bureaucratic incapacity caused the confiscation of the issue containing it. Long before the day set for the trial, however, newspapers in other lands had characterized the Kieff sensation as a touchstone with which to test the entire domestic policy of Nicholas II. The Manchester *Guardian* and the London *Telegraph* agreed that Russia must have entered the worst of all her periods of reaction before an episode like this could become possible.



#### Details of the Russian Ritual Murder Sensa- tion.

MORE than two years have elapsed since the discovery in the vicinity of Kieff of the mutilated remains of a little Christian boy. Every organ of the orthodox Russian party and the newspaper champions of the Black Hundred agreed at the time that the case was one of "ritual murder." Innocent Christian blood, these commentators declared, was required by the Hassid sect for their rite at the Jewish Easter. Andrei Yushinsky had fallen a victim. Thus began that agitation against the Jews which is said in the Paris *Humanité* to have accentuated the growing morbidity of the Czar's mind. The police in due time apprehended a worker in a brick factory, a forty-year-old Jew named Mendel Beiliss. Whether he was the actual murderer or merely participated with his brethren of the synagog in the mutilation has yet to appear in the terms of the indictment. The Black Hundred, notes the well-informed St. Petersburg correspondent of the London daily already named, were triumphant. The anti-semitic campaign thrived with fresh fury. The archives of centuries were ransacked to obtain incriminating evidence against the Jews. Reproductions of old prints portraying the immolation of Christian youths and maids by the rabbis were sent far and wide.

#### Russia Mobilized Against the Jew.

WEEK succeeded week after the arrest of the Jew Beiliss. He was refused permission to see any visitors, even his wife. It was officially announced early last year that the trial would occur in the following May and that it would be held with open doors. The jury was actually impaneled. Counsel for prosecution and defense had briefs prepared. Newspapers from all over Europe sent their representatives, for the sensation of the case was international and questions had been asked in the parliaments of the powers. At the last moment the trial went over until the autumn. This brings us to more than a year ago. Bail was refused. The reason for the postponement was that the medical witnesses were too busy. The Black Hundred at once began an agitation to prevent trial by jury, appealing to the Czar directly to attain their end. Their reasons, as set forth in the *Novoye Vremya*, related to the "internationally political" character of the case. The affair involved the safety of the state in the presence of a conspiracy of aliens. The anti-semites wanted a court of "class representatives." They stated in their memorials in various papers that whenever possible a piece of cloth soaked in innocent Christian blood is interred with the remains of the Jewish

dead. They made assertions not less harrowing concerning the composition of passover cakes.

#### Russian Ideas of a Ritual Murder.

IN JANUARY of last year an indictment against Beiliss was presented in detail. A description of the tortures inflicted upon Andrei Yushinsky, whose corpse was hidden in a cave outside Kieff, shows that he was discovered in a sitting attitude, the hands tied behind the back. This, according to anti-semitic pamphlets quoted in the Paris press, proves that the Jews did this murder. Nor was other "evidence" lacking. There were forty-seven wounds on the body. There were blood marks on the eyelids and marks of teeth on the chin. The skull had been penetrated several times with a sharp instrument. Chest, lungs, liver had been cut into. There was no blood at all in the veins. Medical experts testified that these tortures had all been inflicted while the little boy was alive. His schoolbooks and cap were found in the cave. His hands must have been bound during these tortures and several persons undoubtedly participated in the crime. It is affirmed positively by the medical experts that the boy was stabbed at some distance from where he was found, having been dragged to the cave after he bled to death. He was thirteen, the illegitimate son of a woman named Alexandra Priknodko. He set out for school on March 25th, 1911, and was never again seen alive by his people. He had died about four hours after his breakfast. Such is the crime of Kieff, which has wrought Russia to a pitch of frenzy and convulsed the European continent.

#### What Beiliss is Said to Have Said About Murder.

BEILISS has stoutly denied his guilt to all the officials who visited him in the course of his long imprisonment. He says he never even saw little Andrei Yushinsky. He has had to drive mischievous boys from his *usadba*, or holding, and he is black-bearded. These are the only points of concord between himself and his accusers. He denies that he drinks Christian blood. A former convict who spent weeks in the same cell with the accused insists that Beiliss confessed; and that he offered his fellow prisoner large sums to poison two witnesses and bribe the third. Beiliss also said, it is affirmed in the *Zemstchina*, a St. Petersburg paper which continually prints alleged details of ritual murders, that the Jewish people of the world are deeply interested in the outcome of the trial at Kieff and would pay any amount of money to get the prisoner off. These assertions commend themselves to the Russian paper just named as plausible and as based on evidence

to be brought forward convincingly at the trial of Beiliss. Ritual murder is frequent among the Jews, it adds, who stick knives into Christian children during the holy season.

#### Russian Resentment of Europe's Attitude to the Kieff Case.

RESPECTFUL as have been the remonstrances addressed to the officials in St. Petersburg by distinguished Europeans on the subject of the Kieff ritual murder case, they have received short shrift. A protest bearing the signatures of the Archbishop of Canterbury, of Cardinal Bourne and the Duke of Norfolk among others described the charge against Beiliss as "a relic of the days of witchcraft and black magic and a cruel and utterly baseless libel on Judaism." The *Zemstchina* retorted that the memorialists are either hypocrites or mercenaries. The appeal of the Jews in Budapest is said to have been ignored completely. Failure after failure has resulted from the efforts of influential French Jews to send a deputation to Prime Minister Kokovtsov. The Czar is said in the Manchester *Guardian* to be so firmly convinced of the loyalty of the Black Hundred to the throne that he cannot set himself at variance with such patriots. The fanaticism of the Russian people has been stirred to its depths by the case, says the Paris *Matin*. Foreign interference is made to look like a heretic insult to holy Russia.

#### The Morbidity of the Czar's Mind.

NICHOLAS II. happens to be in a frame of mind too morbid, according to the Paris *Humanité*, to appreciate the factors in the Kieff ritual murder case. The issue has been made one that involves the piety for which he is so famed. "He would be bold who affirmed that his Majesty has not a medieval mind." Nearly every conspiracy of which the Black Hundred are so active in exploiting the details seems to involve the Jews. At any rate, the imperial mind is brought to infer that. The Russian terror is noted for the employment of young Jewish "intellectuals" as propagandists or as instruments. Every upheaval is attributed to the malign influence of the Jew. The Kieff sensation coincided with a return by Nicholas to his grandfather's final policy of repression not only in Finland but at home. The activity of the interest of western Europe in the ritual murder mystery has not facilitated the labors of the prisoner's counsel, notes the London *Telegraph*. Russian piety and Russian patriotism are affronted by the foreigner. Furthermore, as our contemporary points out, many estimable Russians in high places seem to take the worst charges of ritual murder with perfect seriousness.

# Persons in the Foreground

## McCALL, TAMMANY'S LIFE-PRESERVER IN A SEA OF TROUBLES

THE municipal contest in New York City, now drawing to its close, has been a clear-cut conflict between the friends and foes of Tammany Hall.

As a rule, Tammany avoids such a contest by selecting a candidate for mayor whose hall-mark, if he has one, is not too obtrusive. Gaynor was not a Tammany man at all. McClellan was certainly not a typical Tammany man. Shepard and Hewitt were anti-, not pro-Tammany. But Edward Everett McCall is a real Tammany man and he does not blush to admit it. Mitchel, his opponent, tho a Democrat, is with equal certainty a foe of Tammany Hall. With the two candidates thus clearly defined, and with municipal issues such as subway and police rather obfuscated for one reason or the other, it is a contest, as we have said, over the single question of Tammany Hall's ascendancy for the next four years.

Tammany has been sailing in a sea of troubles. At the national Democratic convention, Bryan threw brickbats at its representatives and almost chased them out of the convention. President Wilson rewarded Bryan and gave the juiciest plum in New York federal appointments to an energetic foe of the Hall. Its own darling son, William Sulzer, after being made governor, has been striving to drive its henchmen to free board and lodgings at Sing Sing. Tammany is in need as it has not been for many years of a life-preserver. It looked upon Judge McCall, mighty of girth, rotund of face, and nothing if not buoyant of disposition, and it grasped him with the grip of a tired swimmer in a heavy sea. He tried to dodge, but he was too slow in his movements. "Goodness knows," he said, "there are plenty of good men who would serve as well as I, and I wish to Heaven one of them had been selected. I am accepting simply because it was put to me in such a way that I felt, as a good Democrat, I could not refuse." Even so might a life-preserver speak, if it had a tongue, when it feels the clutch of the sinking swimmer.

Like his rival, John Purroy Mitchel, Mr. McCall is a Roman Catholic. He confesses, quite contentedly, to being "a very normal man." All his in-

stincts are conservative, and one of his salient characteristics is a blunt forthrightness of speech. He is not subtle. He is not shifty. He is not a good dodger. Frederick Boyd Stevenson, of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, put to him the question of his attitude toward Tammany Hall. He replied:

"That is a perfectly fair question. I am an organization man. I have been an organization man for many years. I believe that organization is essential to party success and that a man should be identified with an organization so long as the organization does not interfere with his conscience. If I am elected Mayor, I shall go into the City Hall as the executive of the City of New York, and if at any time the organization should attempt to interfere with my conscience, from that moment I shall cease to be an organization man. I am no man's dog to come at beck and call. Those who know me know that. While I was on the bench I was out of politics. Not one suggestion led me from my independent thought. Since I have been on the Public Service Commission not one suggestion has led me from doing the things that I thought should be done. There has been no politics, no patronage, here, since I have been the chairman. In selecting a man for the public service, I don't give a damn what is his creed or what is his politics. There is only one question I ask: 'Is he efficient?' That always has been my policy, and I now say, without any vain boasting or ante-election posing, that it always shall be my policy."

Judge McCall's entry into the complicated municipal campaign in New York dates back to last February, when Governor Sulzer, in naming him as chairman of the Public Service Commission, described him as "big enough for any office in our country." He has known Sulzer from boyhood and has admired him; and he found himself, during the impeachment proceedings, in the embarrassing position of being the choice of Tammany, which was fighting Sulzer, and the choice of Sulzer, who was fighting Tammany.

The political philosophy of Judge McCall is based on what he himself would call "common sense." He believes that the paramount issue in the present campaign is the reduction of high taxation. The police problem he

would solve by "taking it out of politics and having one responsible head." He has "not had time" to go into the question of the social evil thoroly, but he disapproves of segregation and thinks that a morals commission composed of "philanthropic citizens with high ideals" would be able to cope with this problem. He believes in "personal liberty" when it comes to personal habits, especially in New York City.

Judge McCall's career is typical of that of many another American who has had to make his way on his own merits. He was born in Albany in 1863 and attended the public school. He came to New York when he was seventeen years old. At the New York University, in 1884, he was valedictorian of his class. Then he entered the practice of law with a classmate, William C. Arnold. The selection of his brother, John A. McCall, as President of the New York Life Insurance Company brought him into touch with the insurance world. He became counsel for the three largest insurance companies in the world, the Mutual Life, the Equitable Life and the New York Life, and in connection with the investigation of fire insurance methods in 1910, the scandal which embittered his brother's life touched his own name. A certain William H. Buckley was shown to have done much questionable lobby work at Albany in the interest of various fire insurance companies and some of the checks he handled passed through McCall's hands. He contended that he had helped Buckley merely as a friend and no proof to the contrary seemed to be forthcoming.

In 1902 Mr. McCall was elected to the New York Supreme Court Bench, and became more actively affiliated with the Democratic Party. While he claims that at this time he was "out of politics," the records show that he gave hundreds of refereeships and receiverships to Tammany men. His decisions as judge were regarded as strong and logical and his fellow-justices were unaffectedly fond of him. He was especially liked by young lawyers, whom he treated with consideration. In fact, nearly everybody likes him who has personal relations with him. He is big and red-faced and good-

natured and buoyant and full of generous impulses toward his friends—very much of a human being, with no frills on. He is not what you would call over-refined or austere; but he is likable.

The Judge's friends are busy pointing to the record of his work on the Public Service Commission as exemplifying his statement that, in public appointments, he puts "efficiency" first. He has had the chance to remove political opponents and swing many jobs in the direction of Tammany. But not once has he swung the big ax.

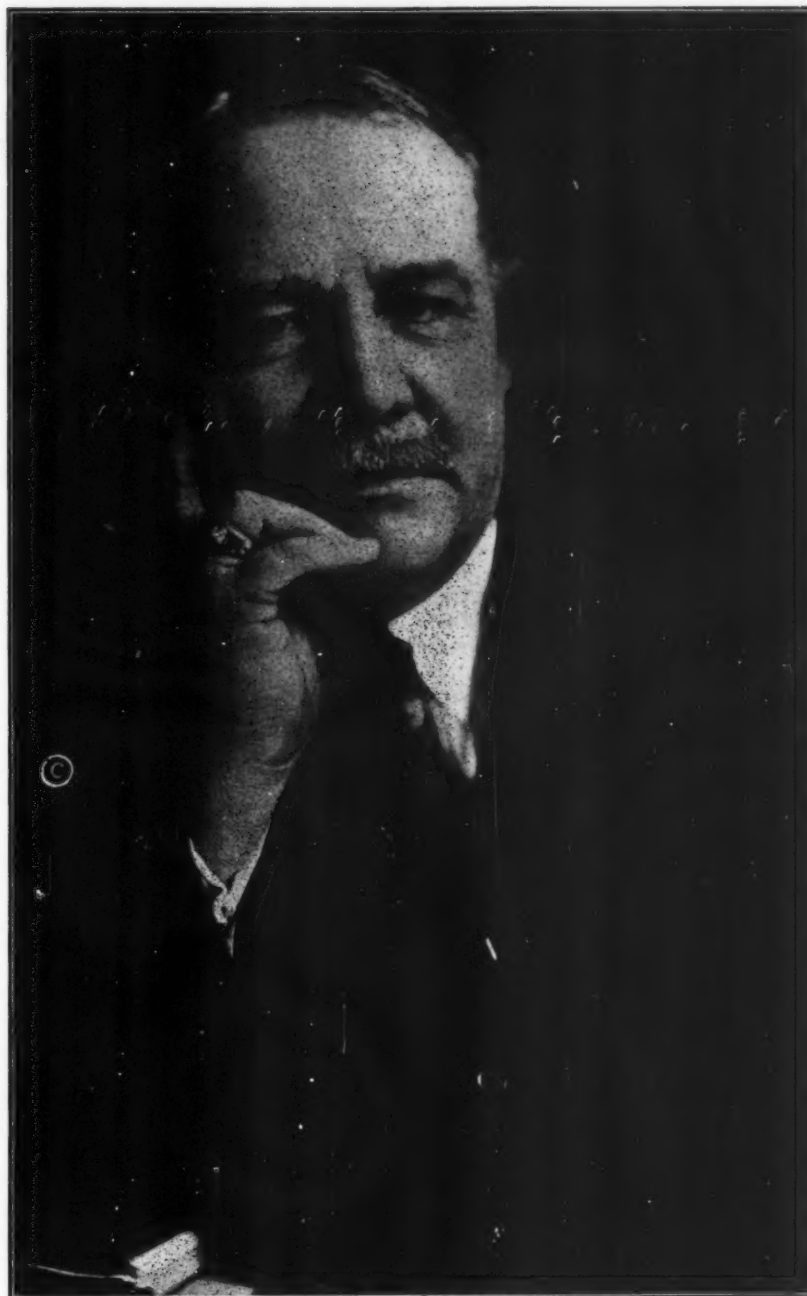
"Genial" is an adjective constantly applied to Mr. McCall. He can speak very sharply if occasion requires, but he has never cultivated that austerity of manner which comes to some men as soon as they don the ermine. Ceremonialism and the majesty of processions with an attendant rushing ahead crying, "Make way for the Judge!" never appealed to him. A writer in the *New York Times* gives us this picture of him:

"The most striking thing about Judge McCall's appearance is his girth, which is considerable. A man of fifty years, the hair on his head is scant and turning very gray, but the sandy tinge of his close-clipped moustach is left to testify to the original color. He has a twinkling eye and his face wrinkles into the friendliest of smiles.

"His greetings are hearty, whole-souled. There is a neighborliness in his manner that suggests somehow a smaller community such as his native Albany, the sort of over-the-garden-fence friendliness that is sometimes lost in the 'race with death,' which is the phrase he himself likes to use in describing life in America and particularly life in New York. He is affable, genial."

In this day of poseurs, the *Times* writer continues, Mr. McCall almost poses as a non-poseur. He has a staggering capacity for work, and tells how, in one crisis in his career, he dispensed with two nights of sleep. He is positive and aggressive, and is apt to have his own way in most things. There is nothing particularly exciting about his tastes. His favorite game is golf, but that has been overworked. Every one in public life plays golf, even Mr. Murphy. "His press agent would have a struggle to get copy out of the Judge's taste in books. A glimpse over Col. Roosevelt's shoulder at the book he is reading almost provides material for an impressive paragraph. Not so with Judge McCall. He has no Epictetus. When he gets home and settles himself comfortably with a mild cigar between his teeth, the book he reaches for is pretty sure to be fiction—and rather light fiction at that."

He gets home pretty often, too, it seems. In summer, the McCalls—there are Mrs. McCall, who was Ella F. Gay-



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#### THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO PULL A GUN ON HIM

Judge McCall, Democratic candidate for mayor of New York, said a few weeks before his nomination that he wouldn't accept it even if they put a gun to his head. The demand for him was too strong to be thwarted, however. Tammany needed a life-preserver and it turned to the buoyant McCall with appeals he could not resist. One of the things he always finds it hard to do is to turn down a friend, and all the Tammany leaders have been his friends for years.

nor, of Albany, and two young daughters, Constance and Ella—occupy a pretty cottage at Easthampton, Long Island, within sound of the surf. Mrs. McCall is described as a tall, rather slender, dark-haired woman with blue eyes and a radiant smile. She is as conservative as her husband; feels that a woman's duty is to create a home; and confesses to an interest in day nurseries rather than in women's clubs. "She thus far has betrayed no intention of rushing into the white circle of her husband's spotlight," concludes the *Times* writer; "theirs is too normal a home for that. That is one

of the difficulties in writing about Judge McCall. He is so like the rest of us—except for Tammany Hall."

Another of his delights is the national game. He was formerly an active participant in the sport, a sort of semi-professional baseball player. But the lapse of years and the growth of his waist-line have put an end to running bases and sliding in at the home plate, and he has to be content now with the rôle of a fan. Despite the campaign in which he is engaged, he was one of the most interested spectators at the world championship series last month.



## HUNT OF CINCINNATI—A NEW POLITICAL TYPE

THEY say that mines and factories, railways and steamships, and all the other adjuncts of advancing civilization are taking the picturesque out of life. But the destruction of one picturesque feature is not due to such things as these. We refer to the picturesque political leaders of the olden type. Uncle Joe Cannon still keeps up the tradition outside of Congress, and Sereno E. Payne does the same inside. But they and a few others look like survivors of a past era. The South still sends us specimens of the type and the middle West has a number of relics on exhibition now and then when a stirring campaign is on. But the old-time politician, whose trousers bag at the knees, who wears a string-tie, who looks slovenly of dress even when he wears a high hat and a frock coat, who has the gift of lurid speech of an effective but declamatory kind, who wears his hair long and runs his hand through it in moments of emotional stress, is becoming more and more rare, and in most of the large cities has become nearly extinct.

In his place we are getting a new type of man, the trim, alert college man, well groomed but not dandified, who can talk well but does not orate or shout, who has his hair cut once a month, who does not strut or pose or gyrate, who deals with political questions in a brisk, unromantic, business-like manner. One of this sort is Henry T. Hunt, the mayor of Cincinnati, the man who, when little more than a "kid," dared to practice sabotage on the political machine of George B. Cox, pretty nearly smashing the whole thing. He is running for reelection as mayor this year, and if he is beaten at the polls it will be a new experience for him. Four times he has gone to the bat, so to speak, against one of the wildest of political pitchers, who has all the out-curves and in-curves, down-shoots and up-shoots, spit-balls and fadeaways, that there are, and then some, and who is backed up by one of the best organized infields ever seen on a political diamond. Four times Hunt has scored, which gives him a batting record of 1000. But in each case there has been a close shave at the home plate. His majority has never been as high as ten thousand, and this time his opponents hope to reduce it to a minus quantity. Next to the mayoralty contest in New York, the interest of the country, especially of the reform element, is centered on Hunt's fight in Cincinnati and Blankenburg's in Philadelphia, and rather more on Hunt's than on Blankenburg's. In each case it is a fight, as in New York, for the elimination of state and national poli-

tics from municipal elections. In New York the machine carries a Democratic banner, in Philadelphia and Cincinnati it carries a Republican banner. Hunt is a Democrat, but his following is composed of all parties and his appeal is for honesty and efficiency in municipal affairs.

"A few years ago," writes Brand Whitlock in *The American Magazine*, "a young chap got home from Yale—a typical college man; trousers turned up over low tan shoes in the dead of winter, and all that. He began to practice law. A little later one of those fitful revolutions occurred in Cincinnati; it was momentarily successful, and as a result of it this young chap went to the legislature as a Representative from Hamilton County. He had made a hard campaign. It was difficult to get halls to speak in, hard to get money to meet the expenses of a campaign against Cox in those days. Business men were afraid, but this young chap used to stand on a store box on the corner talking to the people about Cincinnati, about what it used to be, and what it was going to be." Hunt was twenty-seven then, compact, athletic, of medium height, with black hair a little wavy, regular features, a good firm chin, engaging brown eyes, and strong, athletic hands. He had cultivated the art of boxing and, while not pugnacious, was not at all timid over the prospect of a scrap. Even now he occasionally puts on the gloves with the best boxers on the police force and can hold his own with them.

When he reached the legislature, he proceeded at once to urge bills for purifying elections, and he showed his independence by voting alone against a bill reducing railway rates to two cents a mile, not because he was especially fond of railway corporations but because he did not believe in that way of regulating their rates. At this time a group of men, mostly young men, had formed a Citizens' Municipal Party, to redeem Cincinnati from the Cox machine. Time and time again it had gone down in defeat; but this did not daunt its leaders, who had taken for a motto a passage from Seneca's writings: "Oh, Neptune, you may save me if you will, you may sink me if you will; but, whatever happens, I will hold my rudder true." The first defeat of Cox was brought about by the help of William H. Taft, then Secretary of War. It was that campaign that landed young Hunt in the legislature and started him on to fame. He tried to secure a legislative investigation of Hamilton County affairs; but failed. Then the reform group picked him for prosecuting attorney, and he was elected by a slim majority of 3,200,

having been helped by being locked in a cell for a few hours on the charge of "disorderly conduct," for making a hot speech in Lytle Park. As prosecuting attorney his hands were tied. Cox judges were on the bench. Cox jury commissioners selected the juries. Hunt was not even allowed in the Grand Jury room when the jury was balloting. But he managed to drop a little emery dust in the machine from time to time. He closed bucket-shops, raided pool-rooms, and made a crusade against disorderly dance-halls and gambling dens, spending \$1,300 of his own money in the process. He was re-elected by a majority of 6,800. Victory was now becoming a habit with him, and he grew more confident of his power. He even had Cox himself indicted, and tho the indictment was not sustained, it broke the hypnotic spell cast by the name of the boss and resulted in the election of Hunt as mayor by a plurality of about 4,000.

One of the first things he did as mayor was to clear out the leather divans and lounging chairs in the reception-room which had been for years a loafing place for political heelers. "This place," said Hunt, "looks too much like the annex of a harem. I want it to look like a business office." It not only looked like it soon, but it acted like it. Hunt called for expert advice in all important matters. He became a fireman for twenty-four hours, slid down the pole in the frosty hours of dawn, and helped fight the flames, just to get a line on firemen's duties. He became a street-cleaner one day and a policeman another day. That is the way he has studied his job. He organized a buying department for the entire city government, with a corps of trained men, and everything that is bought must be up to clearly defined specifications, from a bucket to an automobile. He has revived civil service examinations. He suspended the chief of police for testifying in court that he did not know that one of the most notorious gamblers was a gambler. "You are either a fool or something else," said the snappy mayor, "in any event you are not fit to be chief of police in Cincinnati." He has achieved a reputation for his work as an efficiency mayor that is national. "The work of Mayor Hunt," says the Springfield, Mass., *Republican*, "has been along the lines of advance that are endorsed by the best students of municipal conditions." The Economic Club, of New York City, when last winter it wanted speakers who could talk with authority on municipal government, invited three mayors—Gaynor, Blankenburg and Hunt, and Hunt received almost as warm a welcome as Gaynor himself received.

Hunt is a native of Cincinnati, having been born there thirty-five years ago. But his father, Samuel T. Hunt, an official of the Missouri Pacific railway system, and "one of the first foes of the rebate," took him to Kansas as a boy, and he spent many years in that State, then, as always, a hotbed of reform ideas. Young Hunt escaped becoming a radical, but he is a progressive, at least along municipal lines, and he is by instinct and training constructive in his methods rather than destructive. He wants to do things more than to undo them. He thinks for himself; had such a striking capacity for that even when he was in Yale that Owen Johnson, his classmate, has used him as one of the characters—Brockhurst—in his novel, "Stover of Yale." Hunt has physical courage as well as moral courage. He went to a hall in the eighteenth ward, the most dangerous part of Cincinnati, and before a crowd of opponents warned the burly police captain, Ike Valentine, that he would send him to the penitentiary if he ever tried again to vote a negro "floater." In a calm and almost indifferent manner he stood up before an audience at the University of Cincinnati and spoke as follows: "I always thought that, while the gang, of course, protected political crime, it at least frowned on burglary and murder. But I have found out a dozen cases where the prosecuting attorney had evidence that would send a man to Columbus for twenty years or to the electric chair, and he put it in his pocket and kept it there. Why? Why, don't you know? That man was useful; he could beat up a challenger on election day or send a trouble-maker to the hospital." Then, as his audience gasped, he added: "When the gang asks me to produce the proof for that statement, I will." He was never asked.



HAS A BATTING AVERAGE IN POLITICS OF 1000!

Henry T. Hunt, now fighting for reelection as mayor of Cincinnati, is but thirty-five, but he has already beaten the Cox machine four times at the polls, and has made a national reputation for efficiency in municipal administration.

## THE MEN WHO ARE STANDING BEHIND YUAN SHI KAI

**I**N LAYING aside his provisional capacity as President of the Chinese republic and in assuming the chief magistracy for a constitutional "term," Yuan Shi Kai added last month one more to the perplexities of the diplomatic corps in Peking. The proceedings, according to one correspondent of the *London News*, are a farce. Yuan was guilty of an usurpation. His inauguration was not "real" in the Chinese sense. He was put up to it by Liang Shih-yi.

So unfamiliar is the name of this Liang Shih-yi to western ears that surprise is natural when the *London Times* refers to him as the real ruler of China to-day. "His are the strong, supple hands which pull the leading

strings at Peking, and to his music dance most of those who claim to sway the destinies of China's millions." This has for many months been the conviction of the *Paris Débats*. Yuan is the mass of butter shaped into the form of a lion while Liang Shih-yi is the artist who sees to it that his creation does not melt. The world never suspects who does the roaring. Liang Shih-yi is too inscrutable a Cantonese to betray himself. He has the unction that suggests to our student of him the methods of an ecclesiastical statesman of the middle ages. A smiling affability sits upon his countenance. His figure, tending to portliness, is traditionally Chinese and implies good living. He has vast wealth, many villas. He

knows the world while professing to have traveled very little. He speaks English and French, pretending to know neither. He rules the country and gives himself the insignificance of a nobody. He has the secrets of the dethroned dynasty at his mercy. Reports credit him with knowledge of the whereabouts of the treasures that disappeared from the forbidden city when the republic came into being. Yuan does nothing until he has consulted Liang Shih-yi.

This mysterious man behind Yuan is wedded to Confucianism. He tolerates in his household only the customs, the manners and the ideals that found favor with the wisest of the Mings. He is a mandarin at heart, living a Chi-

nese life behind strong walls, surrounded by the priceless treasures of his country's art. He peers with sleepy eyes. He looks wise by the simple process of rubbing his nose. His intellectual life is one of devotion to the Chinese classics. He loathes the West and its ways, worshipping his ancestors piously. He dreams of the expulsion of the foreign devil but fawns upon him for the time being. Such is the character sketch in the Paris press. He is not an aristocrat in the classical sense and some of his relatives in the south are said to deal in rice and even to keep tea houses. He has the shrewdness of the Rothschilds in a financial transaction. His genius has tided the republic over. For the rest, he remains a shadow, the man in the prompter's box, giving signals to Yuan, emerging with smiles at each crisis and going back swiftly to his gardens, his flocks of birds and the Confucian classics that he loves.

Another type altogether is Hsiung Hsi-ling of Hunan—the most important and most bustling of beings in aspect, especially since his selection the other day as Premier. He would fit perfectly, it seems to the *London Chronicle*, into a comic opera of the Gilbertian quality. His colored buttons, the flowing amplitude of his official robe, the massive grandeur of his gestures in public and his staccato utterance lend him infinite spectacular importance. He looks the part, thinks our observer. He acts it, too, since it is but that of the figurehead. His taste was formed by an education in Japan years ago and his experience has been that of a borrower. He has spent a long official career in the negotiation of loans on preposterous conditions. By nature, it seems, Hsiung is timid and he has a miraculous facility in doing what he is told. His official existence is proof of the fact that the cabinet of which he is the head has been created as a sham.

Not that "Mister" Hsiung Hsi-ling, to give him a title that is in vogue at Peking, lacks character. Much is made of the fact that he is neither an opium sot, a mumbling octogenarian, nor a parasite. There is a gravity at the foundation of his character which suggests Necker to the Paris press—Necker, the serious, upright and somewhat absurd person who tried to save the throne of Louis XVI. by financial negotiations. Hsiung Hsi-ling was, in effect, minister of finance in the first republican cabinet. He was put out in summary fashion for speaking well of that "holy prince" whose Confucian lineage and Chinese blood, according to the *London Post*, might make him emperor in the event of a monarchical restoration. Republican fury has abated in the past year or two and Hsiung Hsi-ling got a roving commission to borrow money. He did unexpectedly

well until the refusal of the Wilson administration to work with "high finance" at Peking put the unfortunate Hunanese out on the sidewalk again. His "face" was saved by the post of lieutenant-general in Jehol, which he has just abandoned to become Premier. His assumption of a frock coat is said to be a trick to secure ratification by the house of representatives.

Chang Chien, who figures so conspicuously in the month's despatches from Peking, being the new minister of commerce, is a famous scholar. He was long distinguished for a bitter hostility to Yuan. They became reconciled upon the basis of their common belief that Young China is too Americanized to be practical. Chang was in his time an enthusiastic republican. He is suspected now of a belief, locked up in his bosom for mention to those only whom he trusts, that the monarchy ought to be restored in some limited form. He is given an amiable character by a writer in the *Figaro*. To this day he gives himself up to the severe study that won him his literary renown. He is very much of a fine gentleman in the Chinese sense, understanding the mode of address appropriate to the rank of anyone he meets and capable of improvising a poem suitable to any occasion. His gift for recitation is so magical that when he repeats sublime passages from the classics all who understand the language have to weep. All his culture is native. He seldom adopts a European mode of dress even on public occasions. He is said to disapprove of the tendency among the moderns to wear frock coats and high hats. The

uproarious students from the United States who go about with their hair parted in the middle and who play baseball deem Chang a reactionary because he no longer wears leather shoes.

The literary atmosphere of the new government is made additionally brilliant through the personality of Liang Ch'i-chao. He is, we read in the *London Times*, perhaps the most brilliant writer in China. His prose holds up the greatest in Peking to scorn in a style indicative of the utmost personal respect. In the western world he would be considered a successful journalist with a capacity for sarcasm. His talents have got him into the many difficulties which entail either flight to Japan or imprisonment in domestic dungeons. No one in public life has had such ups and downs—he has tramped in rags about the provincial highways peddling seditious pamphlets with a price upon his head. It is affirmed that he has picked up a precarious livelihood in some of the far eastern isles reading Chinese newspapers to crowds of refugee patriots. His periods of prosperity never inflate him. The humblest of his brethren of the pen may dine at his table and he takes pride in the number of men of genius whom he has expedited along the labyrinths of Chinese literature. Liang Ch'i-chao has the talents of the press agent and he exploits them now for the benefit of Yuan.

Sun Pao-ch'i is rather better known to European journalists than any other of Yuan's advisers because his talents enable him to cope with foreign devils. Sun Pao-ch'i is, indeed, renowned in Peking, says the *Matin*, for the per-



"DEAR MISTER PRESIDENT"

The problem of an appropriate form of epistolary address for Yuan Shi Kai, now that he is truly President of the Chinese republic for a five-year term instead of being a mere provisional president, vexed the deputies in Peking as a similar riddle agonized America in Washington's day. He was—that is, Yuan was—ultimately symbolized in a hieroglyphic resembling a three-winged gazelle, corresponding to the words in quotation above.



suasiveness of his powers in smoothing away complications that involve exasperated nations. The flavor of his urbanity is said to intoxicate. His courtesy is too Oriental to resist. He is rather proud of a very genuine and very astonishing ignorance. Appointed to negotiate a treaty with the French, he set out for Australia, under a geographical misconception. He made a spicy report on the subject of government in Germany before he had visited that country, where, by the way, he delighted Emperor William. Sun Poach'i seems rather fond of gorgeous attire, his variety of official and unofficial costumes making him conspicuous

wherever he is seen. He is frankly indifferent to principle, caring not at all whether his native land be a kingdom, a republic, an empire or a chaos. His devotion is always to human beings, whom he loves and who love him.

Unexpected importance attaches to the personalities of all these men through the somewhat alarming accentuation lately of Yuan's physical infirmity. He is young, as Asiatic statesmen go, being barely fifty-five. His native vigor is said in all recent despatches to have been sadly impaired by the systematic poisoning of which he was the victim. His fleshiness has become quite inconvenient, according to

the despatches in Paris papers. A drowsiness that is not conquered by the stress of rebellion itself gives him less chance than formerly to assert his supremacy in his own councils. He is said, too, to have lost appetite and to be unable to take necessary exercise, owing to excess of precaution against assassination. The result is manifest in the conspicuous self-assertion of "Mister" Hsiung Hsi-ling. That statesman gives splendid receptions in honor of public personages, never losing an opportunity to insist that he has chosen the cabinet and that Yuan Shi Kai is simply the executive head of the republic.

## THE SENTIMENTAL CRISIS IN THE CAREERS OF THE CZAR'S ELDEST DAUGHTERS

NO TIME was lost by the Czarina in denying that report of the betrothals of the Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana which suggested each of these princesses as a future Balkan queen. Organs of the high society of Vienna and Paris professed intimate knowledge of the dynastic policy dictating these unions. The young princesses were to incarnate the Romanoff dream of a Pan-Slavic alliance. Nicholas II. is reported in the Paris *Figaro* to make no concealment of the chagrin occasioned in court circles by the dissemination and persistence of these stories. His Majesty is, we read, an incorrigible romantic, like the head of the house that rules Austria and Hungary. The Czarina is profoundly mystical. The education of the pair of Russian princesses who, in the language of the French daily, are passing through the sentimental crisis of their careers, has reflected the fundamental characteristics of their parents. From their father, moreover, they inherit the romantic temperament. They look at life, too, through the mysticism of their mother. "My ambition for my girls," the Czarina is quoted in one paper as having said to a retiring French ambassador at her husband's court, "is that they may become Christian ladies." The ideal gives, we read, a clue to the mother's character. It reveals in a phrase the training the grand duchesses have received. The house of Romanoff is sensitive to insinuations that it retains amid its pomp some stain of the Mongol. Its daughters must disprove to the world any theory of Russian barbarism, of Russian lack of culture, with which western minds have been poisoned by uninformed historians who write of the second Paul and the great Catherine.

Those who insist that the Romanoffs have intermarried with German royalty so long and so frequently as to be really

Teutons find a living illustration, according to the *Matin*, in the Grand Duchess Olga. The lightness and perfection of her slim figure suggest the women of the house of Hapsburg. The arms of the grand duchess are rounded, dimpling at the elbow and white as those of Marie Antoinette herself. The fingers of the somewhat long hand—this last detail being a very royal characteristic—taper charmingly, as do her mother's. The shoulders are regal, reminding our authority of those portraits of Anne of Austria which adorn Vienna's great gallery. The neck is truly set and slender and the face, a delicate oval in which the eyes shine softly, lights up exquisitely as the princess smiles. Those who saw much of Olga when she romped with the officers of the regiment on guard at Tsarskoye Selo, refer to the gravity she affects at eighteen. There are indications, it seems, that the eldest daughter of the Czar has inherited the melancholy of his most characteristic mood, an impression which her dark hair and brows tend to confirm. She has the most agreeable voice in the family, although not the readiest smile.

Tatiana, now considerably past the age at which Marie Antoinette became the bride of the Dauphin, has been betrothed in newspaper despatches to no less than three future sovereigns. So volatile are her fancies, so successfully does the procession of her mood defy the swiftest camera, that we are warned by a writer in London *Truth* to contemplate her best photograph with suspicion. Even the color of her eyes will alternate from a deep gray to blue and then to violet as one strives to fix in the memory the significance of their expression. The rich texture of her plentiful hair is often tumbled about her face owing to the lightness and speed with which she dances from place to place instead of walking. She could never be lost, we read, too, be-

cause the laughter ringing so merrily and so constantly from her lips must surely betray her whereabouts. When she is not laughing with her lips she is laughing with her eyes, and when she is not dancing with her feet her arms subserve that function. Lacking, perhaps, the majesty of her elder sister, she has all the seductiveness of a sprite, an impression accentuated by her wit, her brilliance in conversation and her perfect ease in the presence of the most austere. It is affirmed of Tatiana that her instincts are less royal than human. Olga's grave deportment reminds all of her august origin, whereas Tatiana is uneasy unless she be accepted not as a princess but as a young lady. Etiquette depresses her and ceremony makes her think of medicine.

Few young ladies have been so tutored as these grand duchesses. When they wore short dresses and played with their ponies in the gardens about Tsarskoye Selo, Olga and Tatiana had the benefit of an English lady's companionship. There was also a Prussian governess. The monotony of life was varied by long voyages up and down the Gulf of Finland in the imperial yacht, and by visits to the Crimea. One result of the outdoor life, according to the French paper, is to reduce to absurdity a popular impression that the royal house of Russia is a prey to scrofula, to tuberculosis and to one or two other hereditary maladies. Olga and Tatiana impress all beholders as hardy girls. They still ride out daily with their father, the Czar, who sticks to his carriage while the princesses gallop around on their ponies. They appear on such occasions in the uniform of the regiments in which they hold brevet ranks, never, however, riding astride.

The note of that piety for which the Czar and his consort are so famous has been profoundly impressed upon the education of their daughters, observes our high authority. Olga and Tatiana



THE COLONELS

One is in command of a regiment of uhlans and the other is at the head of that Preobrazhensky regiment which figures in the despatches as the pet of the Czar. The shorter of these colonels is Olga and the other is Tatiana. Both are capable of putting their men through the drills and tactics prescribed by the manual and both have figured conspicuously at the army maneuvers under the direct command of their father.

are alike in the exemplification of their piety through devotion to Saint Seraphim and through a regular approach to the sacraments. The occult has, as is well known, always made an irresistible appeal to the piety of Nicholas, nor has he been discouraged by the somewhat unblushing charlatanism of a few adventurers who abused his confidence and that of his consort by the phantasmagoria of the showman. His Majesty is convinced that on one occasion, at least, he beheld the spirit of his grandfather and he cherishes, it is understood, hopes of a further experience of this kind. The loftiest functionaries at the Russian court take refuge from the irreligion of the age in the mysticism to which their sovereign is so prone. It is but natural,

therefore, that in an atmosphere so pious the young grand duchesses should evince their faith in forms unfamiliar to the West. No ecclesiastic who achieves renown by his piety is overlooked in their training.

One seldom sees a frock from France on the form of the grand duchesses, as one modiste in Paris complains to a local reporter. The explanation is that the men dressmakers of that metropolis are extreme. The Czarina will not allow her girls to don gold gauze or flaunt in the colors of the Avenue d'Alma. She evinces an antipathy to French taste that might compromise the Dual Alliance were the state of world politics less delicate, notes this observer. Olga, the eldest girl, has so exquisite a throat that her dresses tend

to be open-yoked. She is a being of lace frills and elbow sleeves because her figure justifies that much exposure. Tatiana's hats are noticed in the St. Petersburg correspondence of the Paris press. She wears her diagonal coats with a natural elegance, it seems, and prefers mouse-colored effects for the open air. There is not a dressmaker in Paris who could have sent out from his shop to St. Petersburg the coats and skirts the grand duchess now wears. She could not have been fitted so perfectly from such a distance. The inference is that the dresses of the young ladies must still be made under the supervision of their mother, as they were ten years ago. Olga has been seen in black hats of small dimension developed in velvet, the effect being so unbecoming that again, we read, no French taste could have been responsible for such millinery.

The exigencies of palace life in St. Petersburg and at Tsarskoye Selo, where the possibility of assassination must never be left out of mind, forbid the etiquets and protocols of other courts. There is no separate establishment for the Czarina, apart from the Czar. Neither is the existence of the grand duchesses relegated to the purely domestic plane. The ambassador who gains an audience with the Czar, therefore, observes a writer in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, must expect to transact state business with him while one of his daughters or all, as the case may be, hover in the vicinity or race in an out of the study. This apartment is on the ground floor at Tsarskoye Selo. There his Majesty will toil until far into the night, the rays from an oil lamp on a table streaming outwards to apprise the sentry on guard that all is well. From time to time the Czarina descends to convince herself that no new tragedy has darkened history while she slept. These nocturnal expeditions are made occasionally in the company of one or the other of the two eldest girls, whose apartments immediately adjoin that of their mother. The Grand Duchess Olga, we are told by this observer, has often revised and arranged her father's papers and even stood on guard outside his door in times of unusual stress. Under the Romanoff dynasty, it is explained, the women rule as truly as the men. There was a Catherine the Great as well as a Peter the Great. Nicholas II. has his daughters instructed in the mysteries of statecraft with all the care bestowed upon their military education. The rank of colonel, borne by Olga and Tatiana, is not a formality, a mere honor to a company or two of Cossacks. The royal ladies can actually put their men through the drill. It is conceivable to the Vienna observer that the grand duchesses might take their father's place on the throne with the same ease.

# Music and Drama

## "THE FAMILY CUPBOARD"—A PLAY OF THRILLS AND LAUGHTER

**A** SKELETON rattling in the closet is no laughing matter; but Mr. Owen Davis, in his "Family Cupboard," dexterously interpolates his thrills with incidents and character portraits which appeal irresistibly to the sense of humor. He takes the step from the ridiculous to the sublime without effort, and he succeeds in carrying his audience with him. Mr. Davis has long been known as a successful writer of the outworn forms of melodrama. In this play, according to the *Theatre Magazine*, he has succeeded in establishing himself as an author capable of better things.

In the first act we are introduced into the luxuriously furnished dwelling of the Nelson family. In spite of their fashionable surroundings disaster is hovering over the Nelsons. The wife gives her whole time to bridge and is seldom at home. The husband, finding no companionship in his own house, spends most of his leisure hours at the club and finally establishes an independent household with a vaudeville actress. Kenneth, his son, is a snob; the daughter, Alice, alone has remained real human. She is about to be married to Tom Harding. In a heart-to-heart talk with her mother she points out that her father has no function at home except that of holding the purse for the family. Mrs. Nelson is a little grieved and shocked, but promises to consider the matter after the wedding. At this moment Mr. Nelson comes home unexpectedly. Mrs. Nelson greets him with surprise: "Why, Charles, what are you doing here?"

NELSON. I happened to be passing.

MRS. NELSON. Nonsense! Aren't you well?

NELSON. Quite. But for the novelty I thought I should like to meet my family. I hear that they are extremely interesting persons. I shall dine at home.

MRS. NELSON. I am sure I don't know what you'll get. Alice and I are dining at the Burgers.

NELSON. And Kenneth?

MRS. NELSON. At his club, I suppose. I'm sorry.

NELSON. You will be late to-night?

MRS. NELSON. Very — dinner — the opera, and we really must stop for an hour at the Horton's.

NELSON. Then you must give me a moment now.

MRS. NELSON. Of course, dear.

NELSON. I must have fifty thousand dollars. This house is in your name. I must ask you for your signature. Johnson, of my office, will call on you about noon to-morrow.

MRS. NELSON. Raise money on the house?

NELSON. Don't look distressed. It is a very fashionable habit. It is that or sell my stock in the Construction Company, and that happens to be my only way of making my living—and yours.

MRS. NELSON. Charles. (She speaks with real sympathy.) You are really in trouble about money?

NELSON. Naturally, or I should hardly have trespassed upon your time.

MRS. NELSON. I did not know. You never told me.

NELSON. I asked you to make an effort to be more careful in your expenditures.

MRS. NELSON. I did try.

NELSON. Look! (He smiles bitterly and holds up a package of bills.)

MRS. NELSON. Miss Burke had no right to—

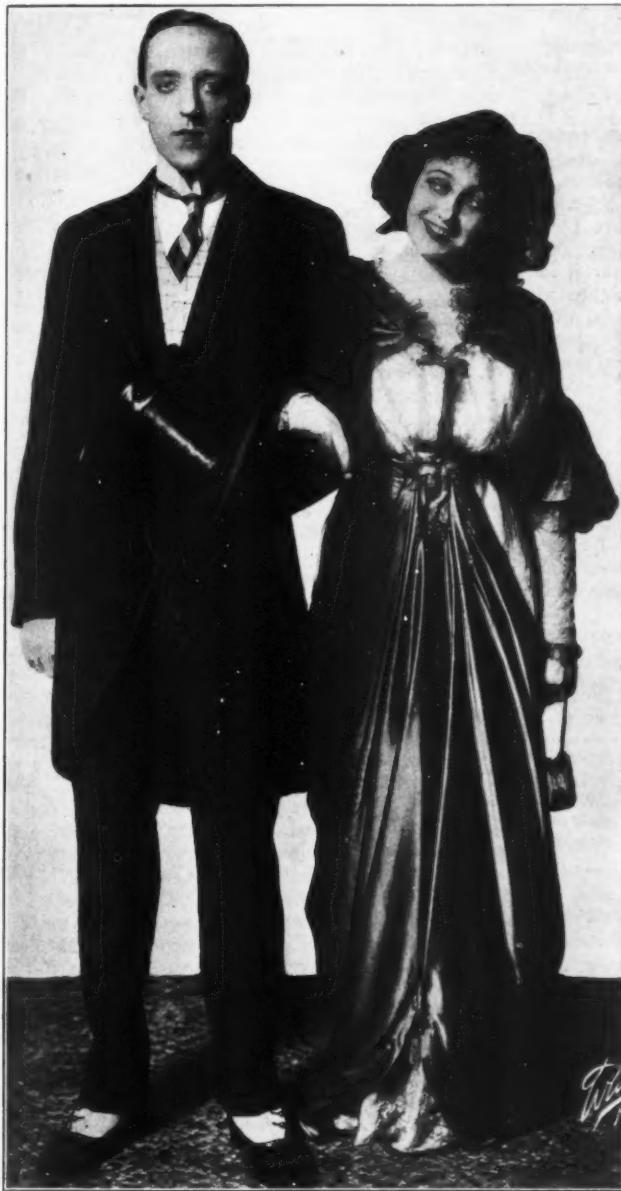
NELSON. Why? They must be paid, fortunately I can manage, but it is probable that another time I could not. Please remember that. You must try to get along on half your present allowance, for a while at least. (She turns away.) I know how all this bores you; it is even unpleasant to me—it completes the list of my failures.

MRS. NELSON. What failures?

NELSON. As a husband and as a father.

MRS. NELSON. That isn't fair.

NELSON. You flatter me. That is all I think. (He starts toward door.)



KITTY CAPTURES KENNETH

In spite of her lively appearance, Kitty is the skeleton in the Nelson family cupboard.



MRS. NELSON. Charlie! (*He stops surprised.*)

NELSON. Charlie?

MRS. NELSON. (*Smiles nervously, goes front of table.*) That is your name, isn't it?

NELSON. It was once. I haven't heard it, except at the club, for a long time.

MRS. NELSON. Alice has said that of late I have failed in my duty.

NELSON. Social duty?

MRS. NELSON. As your wife. Sarah Harding says that you and I are—are not what we used to be to one another.

NELSON. Remarkable penetration.

MRS. NELSON. (*Thoughtfully.*) I wonder if it has all been my fault?

NELSON. Why to-day? Why discuss it now?

MRS. NELSON. Now? Do you mean—that it is too late to change?

NELSON. Emily, why distress yourself?

MRS. NELSON. You are a hard man. If things are different, agreeing that the fault is mine, you, with your strength, could have stopped me.

NELSON. No. I tried, Emily.

MRS. NELSON. (*Brokenly.*) They—they used to laugh at us, Charlie, because we loved one another so.

NELSON. Yes.

MRS. NELSON. Then the babies came, and you began to make money. After a while, when I could leave the children, I started to go out. You were too busy, or too tired, to go with me. I have been happy always. I thought you were. But you are bitter, Charlie. I can hear it in your voice. What Alice said frightened me—that you worked without pay, that we took everything and gave you nothing.

NELSON. My dear, we live as many, perhaps as most, persons in our position live. Your life has been filled rather too completely. A few years ago I resented it; now—

MRS. NELSON. (*Afraid.*) Now!

NELSON. I have grown accustomed to it.

MRS. NELSON. I will be careful about money, Charlie. I am sorry—and—and I am going to stay at home and dine with you.

NELSON. You have an engagement; surely it is best that you keep it.

MRS. NELSON. After Alice's wedding, can't we begin all over again? I am afraid.

NELSON. Of what?

MRS. NELSON. (*Puts her hands on his shoulders, looks up at him.*) Of you. I am a foolish woman, but I did not mean to lose you, dear. I don't want to do that.

Mrs. Nelson is called from the room. Kenneth returns, obviously intoxicated. Unaware of his father's presence he attempts to kiss his mother's secretary, Mary Burke. Nelson upbraids the boy, but Kenneth is in no humor to listen to a parental sermon.

KENNETH. Why wouldn't I go out for a good time? Would I get it here? Ask Alice. She'll tell you. We've had to go out. How much are you ever here, or Mother?

NELSON. Stop that.

KENNETH. Don't you dare to think I'm

blaming mother. She's worth a million like me, or you.

NELSON. You're drunk.

KENNETH. Do you know why? Because I'm ashamed. It's a fine thing to be a man's son and hear what I heard last night. That's why I didn't come home. I'm no good, I know that. If I was I'd take my mother out of this place to-night.

NELSON. What are you saying?

KENNETH. I know now why things are so rotten here. I wouldn't believe it until I had to. You're keeping a woman—a chorus girl—in a flat on Ninety-fifth Street. (*As he speaks, Mrs. Nelson, now in evening dress, with an opera cloak over her arm, comes downstairs. Attracted by her son's raised voice, she looks over the bannisters, and as he finishes she is in doorway. She steps into the room with a cry.*)

MRS. NELSON. Kenneth! (*There is silence for a moment as they turn to her.*)

KENNETH. No, I lied. It isn't true.

MRS. NELSON. (*Throws cloak on sofa.*) Charlie!

NELSON. Kenneth is—

KENNETH. I've been drinking, mother.

MRS. NELSON. Yes, I know. Gentlemen drink, they don't lie. (*She appeals directly to Nelson.*) Is my son a liar?

NELSON. Emily!

MRS. NELSON. Is he?

KENNETH. Yes.

NELSON. No.

MRS. NELSON. Then what he said is true?

NELSON. Yes. (*He turns away. She sits by table then, quite suddenly begins to sob, hiding her face. Kenneth goes to her, then turns angrily on his father.*)

KENNETH. That's what we've done between us. We're a fine pair!

NELSON. Go, please.

MRS. NELSON. No. (*She looks up.*) I do not want to be left alone with him.

NELSON. That is what I meant when I asked you how much you could forgive.

MRS. NELSON. How long has this been going on?

NELSON. Two years.

MRS. NELSON. Two years—you—my husband!

NELSON. Was I quite that? I do not defend myself, I have been ashamed, always. You have elected to call me a strong man. Is a strong man less human than a weakling? There was no place for me here, I was just the money-getter. Well, I took some of my money and bought myself a welcome.

MRS. NELSON. I shall not argue with you. (*She rises coldly, now quite composed.*) Blind yourself with your own sophistry if it pleases you. To me you are a man unclean. You must go to your mistress to hear yourself called a martyr.

KENNETH. Mother!

NELSON. So there is no forgiveness.

MRS. NELSON. I came to you a few moments ago and begged you— Oh, I am ashamed! All the while you were laughing at me.

NELSON. No. I suppose it is quite hopeless to make you understand. The woman is less than nothing to me.

MRS. NELSON. You admitted—

NELSON. My unfaithfulness, not any love for her, nor any less than I have

always had for you. Emily, I was shut out of your life. I am not old. You draw yourself away from me!

MRS. NELSON. You are a beast.

NELSON. No, just a man.

MRS. NELSON. (*As outside door is heard to open.*) Thank God I did draw myself away from you. Go back—to your woman! (*Alice and Tom have entered.*)

ALICE. Mother! (*She comes forward distressed.*)

MRS. NELSON. This man—

NELSON. Emily! Not to her!

MRS. NELSON. She must know. All New York must know. I am going to divorce your father, Alice. We are going to leave this house to-night.

NELSON. This house is yours. I shall make the best arrangements I can for you, but I am the one to go.

The next act takes place on the following morning at the Alpine Apartments, where Nelson has made his home after the scene with his wife. A friend of the family attempts to bring about a reconciliation. Unfortunately Mrs. Nelson meets in the lobby Kitty Claire, her husband's mistress, whose identity is revealed to her by overhearing a telephone conversation. Kitty, at heart a good sort, offers to leave Nelson, but Mrs. Nelson disdainfully sweeps out of the hotel. Alice now appears on the scene. She has definitely decided to cast her lot with her father. Nelson, however, sends her away, so that the breach between mother and daughter should not be made irreparable. Kenneth appears in order to have a talk with his father. Kitty looks at him on his way to the elevator and is pleased with his good looks. She also meets an old vaudeville acquaintance, Dick Le Roy, whom she sends away unceremoniously when at last Nelson comes down from his room in response to her call. She tells him of the encounter with Mrs. Nelson.

NELSON. (*Anxiously.*) What did she do?

KITTY. Gave a grand imitation of an ice-making machine. I'm sorry. (*She says this earnestly, putting her hands on him as she speaks.*) Awful sorry; and now we won't have to keep under cover.

NELSON. I don't understand you. (*Drops his arms.*)

KITTY. She'll name me, of course. I don't pretend I like it, but what's the use? I don't care if you'll only be nice to me, Charles.

NELSON. It is all over, Kitty. You're a good girl, in your way, and I'm sorry, but it's all over!

KITTY. You've got it wrong. She's thrown you. Of course it isn't over.

NELSON. Yes.

KITTY. Why? Why?

NELSON. Several reasons. I can't explain. I am in trouble—money matters.

KITTY. I'm no grafter, I'll stick.

NELSON. No.

KITTY. (*Goes to him.*) You mean you're going to quit?

NELSON. Yes.

KITTY. You can't! Not now. I can't

let you go. I love you. (*Puts her arms about him.*)

NELSON. (*Gets away.*) I never deceived you, never from the first gave you the right to—

KITTY. Oh, I know what I was to you, but I don't care. I know you don't care for me that way. It used to make me mad, but I don't mind even that any more. I know you'll go some time, but not yet. I can't let you! I just—can't.

NELSON. I think that you exaggerate your feelings.

KITTY. You're sore because she knows, but I tell you it wasn't my fault!

NELSON. I know it.

KITTY. You needn't fool yourself. She won't forgive you.

NELSON. No.

KITTY. Then why can't we go on, just the same as we have for two years? I'll be good. I won't look at any other man. I won't drink, not even a cocktail, if you say so. I can't let you go! Oh, my God, how hard you are!

NELSON. It must end. Had I known how you felt, it would have ended long ago. Here. (*He takes out pocket book, selecting several bills.*) I am not able to do what I would like. I can't afford any more. (*He puts the bills into her hand.*)

KITTY. (*Rises.*) Keep your damned money! (*She throws it on the floor so that the bills scatter.*) You can't treat me like that! You can't throw me down!

NELSON. Kitty! It's bad enough. Don't make it worse.

KITTY. You're a man! Something's coming to you! What wrong have you done her! She's a lady—and I'm—nothing; but it's my heart you are hurting; it was only her pride.

NELSON. I can't listen to you. I am sorry, good-by.

KITTY. (*Stops him as he starts up.*) Wait! If you go like this now, when you don't have to go at all, I'll get square, I'll—

NELSON. Don't make a fool of yourself.

KITTY. I'll make a fool of you. If you quit me like this, like I was a dog, when I've done nothing, I'll get you! I will! I'll get you some way, if it's the last thing I ever do.

NELSON. Good-by!

KITTY. No! No! (*She clings to him.*) Don't get me mad! Don't make me hate you! Don't leave me all alone! You don't know! You don't know how hard it is! Charles! Charles! (*He unclasps her hands, as gently as he can. She falls sobbing wildly into chair. He exits. For a moment she is racked by wild weeping, then she rises and her face grows set and hard.*) Damn him! (*She starts unsteadily and, once more sobbing, turns back and picks up all the money she threw away—hunting about, creeping on her hands and knees until she has it all. She rises and again starts, then stops, and returns to mirror—takes a powder puff from her vanity bag, sighs, goes quickly to door and draws curtains. Just at this moment the elevator comes down. The door opens and Kenneth steps out. They meet face to face. She steps back as she sees him, on her face a sudden determination. Kenneth eyes her with admiration. As he passes her she deliberately drops her*

gold vanity bag at his feet, then steps back. He stoops and picking it up raises hat and holds the bag out to her.)

KITTY. Thank you. (*They stand together. Just inside reception room.*)

KENNETH. Not at all. Pretty little trick, isn't it?

KITTY. Do you think so, Mr.—Mr. Nelson?

KENNETH. (*Pleased and surprised.*) You know me?

KITTY. How silly of me! But I have heard so much about you I feel like we were old friends.

KENNETH. That's a good way to feel. Who has been talking about me?

KITTY. Billy Webb.

KENNETH. You know Billy?

KITTY. Yes, of course. (*She eyes him shamelessly.*)

KENNETH. Then we don't need an introduction, do we, Miss—?

KITTY. May—Kitty May.

KENNETH. Cute little name, isn't it?

KITTY. Silly boy! Well, I must be going.

KENNETH. Anywhere special?

KITTY. (*Turns at door.*) I haven't had my lunch yet.

KENNETH. How will Sherry's hit you?

KITTY. Fine.

KENNETH. Come on! (*They exit to hall and out, Kitty clinging to his arm and laughing up into his face.*)

The action shifts to a Bohemian hotel where Kenneth has made his home. One month has elapsed since his luncheon with Kitty. He is madly in love with her, and determined to marry her. Meanwhile her old father, Jim Garrity, whom she passes off as her chauffeur, and Dick Le Roy pluck Kenneth according to all the rules of the game, much to the distress of Potter, the old family butler, who, at Mrs. Nelson's request, has followed Kenneth to his new abode. Kitty fails to understand Kenneth, who is a bird of strange feather among her Broadway companions. "I wonder what you really think of me," she asks.

KENNETH. (*Ardently.*) You know.

KITTY. No, really I don't. You see you are only a boy, and I guess the girl's you've known are a whole lot different from me.

KENNETH. (*Bends over her chair.*) Not one of them so pretty.

KITTY. I'm serious. Those girls, they wouldn't one of them come here, to your home, like this.

KENNETH. I may be young, but I'm not so foolish as not to know that the narrow little world I lived in wasn't real life at all. That's why I got out of it.

KITTY. Are you sorry? (*Looks up at him.*)

KENNETH. Sorry I met you! You are right when you say you are different. You know the real world! That is why I am afraid.

KITTY. Afraid?

KENNETH. Of you. I am nobody. I've never done anything in all my life—never even wanted to until I met you. I love you.

KITTY. You're like all the rest. (*She rises.*) I thought I could trust you!

KENNETH. I want you to marry me. (*She looks at him for a moment, then goes over to the couch and sits. In another moment she begins to laugh nervously.*) What is it, dear?

KITTY. It's—it's funny. I didn't know it would be so funny!

KENNETH. (*Sits on couch beside her.*) You knew I loved you?

KITTY. Yes.

KENNETH. You must have known I would ask you to marry me.

KITTY. No, I didn't! I didn't!

KENNETH. But you will?

KITTY. Marry you? (*She turns on the couch so that she faces him.*) Kitty May marry Charles Nelson's son? I'd like to do it, but I can't. I haven't got the nerve.

KENNETH. Why?

KITTY. Reasons enough. One of them is we couldn't live, you couldn't earn ten dollars a week, and your mother wouldn't stand for me.

KENNETH. She would! She will when she knows you, when she finds out all about you.

KITTY. I guess not, Kenneth. She wouldn't stand for me, even if I had always been a good girl, and she'd soon find out that I haven't.

KENNETH. (*In horror.*) What are you saying, Kitty? (*He rises.*) Why did you say that?

KITTY. Because it's true, and I'm tired of lying. You ask me to marry you. I had to tell you why I couldn't. That's the reason.

KENNETH. I don't believe it.

KITTY. You're a dear boy. (*She rises.*) I'm almost sorry now I ever knew you. (*For a moment she is perfectly honest.*)

KENNETH. (*Sinks onto couch.*) You! Oh, my God!

KITTY. Anybody but you would have known it, Kenneth. I've known it so long myself that I didn't ever expect to be ashamed of it again, but somehow I am, right now.

KENNETH. I knew you were different, that you went around and had a gay time, but I—I didn't know.

KITTY. That's why I got to like you, I guess, because I didn't want to like you. You'd better keep away from me, boy! Quick! Right now! You'd better put me out!

KENNETH. I—can't.

KITTY. All right. (*She pulls herself together and her face hardens.*) All right. I guess I needn't be a fool. Nobody ever did much for me. I tried to do more for you, just now, than I ever thought I'd do for anybody.

KENNETH. What can I do?

KITTY. Nothing, any more than I could when I was a kid. There are some things you can't change, and I didn't have a chance. You are in trouble, now, because you didn't know what a rotten joke life is. I didn't know it either—once. I was working—cash girl in a big store. I wasn't sixteen, and a rich man came along and—

KENNETH. (*Rises.*) Damn him!

KITTY. (*Fiercely.*) Some day I am going to tell you who that man was. (*The telephone bell on the table rings. They turn toward it. It rings again.*)

KENNETH. Hello! No. No. Not at home. No! I won't see anybody. (*He rings off.*) My sister.

Alice arrives with her fiancé. Both start to leave at once when they see Kitty. They are joined by Nelson.

NELSON. Take Alice home, Tom. *(Tom and Alice go. Alice looking back at them nervously. Nelson turns in a cold fury on Kenneth.)* How dare you introduce your sister to this—woman?

KENNETH. What right have you to insult this lady?

KITTY. Huh!

NELSON. I must have a talk with you, Kenneth. Will you come to me tonight?

KENNETH. No. If you talk to me at all it must be here, before the lady who is to be my wife.

NELSON. Your wife? *(After a pause, turns to Kitty hoarsely.)* You said you would "get me," and I think you have.

KENNETH. You know her?

KITTY. Does he know me! *(She rises.)* Do you know why that man would rather see you dead than married to me? Because he knows just what I am. Do you know how he knows? Do you? Because he's the man who made me the thing he sneers at now!

KENNETH. *(To his father.)* You! *(To Kitty.)* You!

KITTY. Yes, yes, yes! *(Kenneth raises his arm and strikes his father a hard blow across the face with his open hand. Nelson looks at him for a moment, then leans heavily on chair by table. His head falls forward. In the perfect stillness his sobs are heard. Kitty laughs, a nervous, hysterical laugh, ending in tears. The anger dies out of Kenneth's face and is replaced by horror and shame.)*

KENNETH. My—my father! My father!

KITTY. You love him, in spite of what he did. I know. I loved him in spite of what he did, and he left me as if I were a dog!

KENNETH. Don't! Don't!

NELSON. Kenneth, do you care to come with me?

KENNETH. No, I can't. But I—I'm sorry I did—that.

NELSON. The day will come when both you and I will be brave enough to be glad you did—that. That blow is going to give me back my son. It is going to open your eyes, and make you give up this life and this woman.

KITTY. *(To Kenneth.)* You said you didn't blame me—that no decent man could blame me!

KENNETH. Hush! It is all right, Kitty. You are going to be my wife.

NELSON. You have no money. I am not going to give you any. I am going to see that your mother does not. You want to be married, you two young people? Very well. You must work, Kenneth—and you, Kitty—you must wait.

KITTY. I'll wait.

NELSON. *(Smiles sadly.)* Kitty, you don't know how. *(He turns to Kenneth.)* You are going to do a lot of thinking, beginning right now. You are going to remember, not so much that it was I who gave you the life you are wasting, but the love we always had for one another. What real friends we used to be, from the time you could first toddle along with your chubby little hand in mine. You are going to remember that I worked hard to gratify every wish

of your heart and that you repaid me with a blow. That is going to hurt, that memory, but in the end it is going to open your eyes.

KITTY. I love you, Kenneth, honest, I do.

NELSON. Then, when you see things quite clearly, you can come back to me, all the more easily because of my fault, and we can be then not so much father and son as two men who have learned to forgive one another, who have learned to be ashamed of the rotten things they have done. *(He turns and goes, shutting the door quietly after him. Kenneth has bowed his head on the table. Kitty slowly tears her handkerchief to pieces.)*

In the last act, three weeks later, Kenneth is in dire financial straits. Neither his father, who has recouped part of his fortune, nor his mother will come to his aid as long as he clings to the idea of marrying Kitty. As he goes to pawn his last piece of jewelry, Dick Le Roy enters and asks Kitty to go away with him. He teaches her a new song and paints an alluring picture of their success in vaudeville. The two dance together, and Kitty is persuaded to leave her now penniless lover.

KITTY. It's going to be fun, Dick! It's going to be fun!

DICK. Sure it is. Don't leave nothin' valuable.

KITTY. Leave that to me.

DICK. *(Calm and collected.)* Him and me's about the same size.

KITTY. He's got some nice shirt studs. *(She opens drawer, throwing things out recklessly until she finds them.)* Here! *(Dick pockets them.)* I guess I've a right to get something. You needn't be afraid.

DICK. I should worry. Get some towels, kid, we'll need 'em for the dressing room.

KITTY. All right. *(She runs out into the bathroom. Dick selects a suit of Kenneth's pajamas, some socks and a few other articles. As he goes down toward trunk, Kitty comes in with an arm full of towels, a rubber bath sponge, and Kenneth's bathrobe and slippers. Jim Garrity enters. They do not see him, but go to trunk and begin to pack the things.)* Hurry up.

JIM. *(At door.)* You forgot the piano.

KITTY. Hello, there! *(She locks trunk.)* Come on.

DICK. All ready? *(He picks up one end of trunk.)*

JIM. Here!

KITTY. Good-by!

JIM. You ain't going to leave me again, Kitty. What can I do?

KITTY. I guess you can go to hell! *(She and Dick go laughing, Dick dragging the trunk. Jim, seriously distressed, sits in disgusted loneliness, then rises and goes sadly up to closet in bedroom, selects a coat, vest and hat from Kenneth's things and goes slowly back. Kenneth enters.)*

KENNETH. *(Looks about.)* What's this?

JIM. Gone! Run away with Dick Le Roy!

KENNETH. With Dick Le Roy! Left me—for Dick Le Roy!

JIM. Yes. He's been playing for it for a week. *(Kenneth sits by table laughing bitterly, looking down at the money he brought in, in his hand. Jim, attracted by the bitterness of his laugh.)* Kind of tough on you, but it was coming to you. She never sticks—she don't know how.

KENNETH. What have I done—what have I done with my life! *(He drops the money on the floor, hiding his face in his hands.)*

JIM. She's just the same with me, quits me cold, like this—then by and by she'll come back and give me all she's got!

KENNETH. *(Looks up.)* Why should she give you anything?

JIM. I'm her father. *(Kenneth looks at him for a moment, then laughs bitterly.)* Sure! She's ashamed to have the gentlemen know it, so she takes me on as a servant when she's keepin' house with one of 'em.

KENNETH. One of them? Good God! *(He springs up.)* One of them! Has there been more than one?

JIM. The first one was when she was about sixteen.

KENNETH. I know.

JIM. Workin' in a store on Twenty-third street.

KENNETH. Yes.

JIM. He weren't a bad sort. He'd a married her, I think, only he died.

KENNETH. No! No! He didn't die!

JIM. Sure he did. I was to his funeral. Fine, big feller, name Livingstone—Big Sam Livingstone. Then there was Ben—

KENNETH. Don't! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha! Don't! It's funny. It's too funny. Don't tell me any more!

JIM. She's drifted around, sort of, for the last two years. She's a bit older than she lets on, but she never makes anything. She's smart, but she's always on the move. I think a lot of Kitty. She ain't always been very good to me.

KENNETH. She never struck you, did she? She never struck you?

JIM. No, she wouldn't do that. *(Kenneth laughs again, hysterically.)* Well, I got to go look for a job, I guess, till she drifts back again. Jobs is hard to get nowadays. All I know is driving a cab an' these damned taxis—

KENNETH. Here! *(He stoops and picks up the money he dropped to floor and holds it out. Jim takes it, wondering and slowly counts it.)*

JIM. Twenty-five dollars. You ain't a bad sort. Thank you. Say! Go home, kid!

KENNETH. No! No!

JIM. Home's a swell place, boy. You'll know it when you get old, like me, and ain't got one.

When the full meaning of all that has happened dawns upon Kenneth he makes up his mind to put an end to his own life. He starts to write a note to his mother, when she suddenly enters. Divining his intention, she makes desperate efforts to hold him. Overcoming her pride, she sends a cry of distress over the telephone to his father. Mr. Nelson arrives just in time to save his son. Thus father and son as well as husband and wife are again reconciled.



## FORBES-ROBERTSON'S ADIEU TO THE STAGE

**T**HE greatest of living actors in the English tongue has decided to bid farewell to the stage. His swan-song, heard in Chicago, in New York, and in other American cities, will have many variations. For Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson will recapitulate once more all his great successes before he retires. New York has thronged to see him in "Mice and Mine," in the dramatization of Kipling's "The Light that Failed," in "Cæsar and Cleopatra," and, above all, in "Hamlet." For it is with "Hamlet" that the name of the actor will be most intimately associated in the memories of playgoers. Hamlet, as Forbes-Robertson himself points out in the *New York Review*, is a universal type: "Hamlet," he says, in an interview, "will always be what he is, a human document of tremendous importance. There is a little of Hamlet in every one of us, and his message to-day is just as important as it ever was. The same great issues threaten humanity to-day that faced Hamlet and wrecked his life. The identical situation in which he finds himself in the play could not be duplicated in modern life, but the question of suicide is one that worries the minds of millions of people. Not a day passes but countless people ask themselves, as Hamlet did, whether it is better to bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of." Forbes-Robertson accepts the theory of Frank Harris who claims that in Hamlet Shakespeare portrayed himself.

We shall always recall Sir Johnston, remarks the interviewer in the *Review*, as he is to-day, at the full height of his powers, a figure noble and impressive among the players of his generation, a man of the highest character, culture, broad-minded, quick in his sympathies, possessing in abundance the artistic temperament necessary to histrionic success,—and the greatest Hamlet since Booth. So closely is the figure of the actor identified with his most celebrated interpretation that Mr. Montrose J. Moses actually discovers a startling personal resemblance between Sir Johnston and the Prince of Denmark. Pacing the floor of his room as nervously as

Hamlet ever did the ramparts of Elsinore or the halls of the castle, one sees in the actor that intensive spiritual quality, that activity from within, always found in highly sensitized persons. There is, Mr. Moses asserts in the *New York Times*, a light in the eye, which burns deep rather than shines



THE GREATEST HAMLET OF THE ENGLISH STAGE

Forbes-Robertson is considered to be without match on the English-speaking stage in the portrayal of Shakespeare's most complex and contradictory hero.

outwardly; there is a mobility to the mouth that is austere and at times sadly ironical.

"Beneath the transparency of his eyes, dark shadows make the expression even

more visionary. There is a world-worn look on the face of Forbes-Robertson; when he smiles it is as tho the indulgence of a moment's humor had given way to the more accustomed manner of seriousness. He talks with abounding hope for the future; he is alive to the issue of the present. But there is a reminiscent aspect to the actor which is closer to him. The very sound of his voice comes from within, a rich, sepulchral tone; he breathes deep when speaking, as tho parting with something of himself. Hamlet had the nervousness of the philosophic mind, something of its aloofness. So has Forbes-Robertson. At the hotel I saw before me a Hamlet in gray cutaway and white spats. As we talked, his hands, in gesture, in repose, conveyed his feeling. Tall and lean, loosely knit in movement, he paced up and down with long strides; now he would lean against the wall with folded arms; again he would glance out of the window, giving one the feeling that he was dimly conscious of your presence, but thoroly aware of your question."

In spite of these Hamlet-like qualities, Sir Johnston is by no means a pessimist. He believes in the modern drama and joyfully envisages the retreat of the Puritan before the advance of the theater as a social agent. Everything, he declares, is now much more advanced than it was thirty years ago. "I came in on the era of Tom Taylor and Robertson—at the very height of what has proved to be the beginning of the realistic movement. There are always developments in the theater, experiments of varied sorts. But there have not been many radical changes. Life means more to the dramatist, and

the plays are more alive than they used to be. I think that nowadays I hear more of the theater as an educator, but the functions of the theater have not changed—it is the mental attitude toward the theater that has changed." The functions of the theater, in the opinion of its greatest English exponents on the boards, as outlined to Mr. Moses, is to entertain, not to amuse. The one word includes the other and yet means philosophically so much more. The stage, the actor thinks, is decidedly the proper medium for the advertising of certain ideas; it should represent life in its manifold complexities.



THE LIGHT FAILS, BUT THE END IS HAPPY

Kipling's story has been adapted to the needs of American audiences by the addition of a happy ending. Forbes-Robertson must think highly of the play, because he makes it part of his swan-song.

## BERNARD SHAW WRITES A FABLE FOR CHRISTIANS

**T**HERE were those who felt not long ago that Bernard Shaw's bright candle was flickering to its finish. Then came "Fanny's First Play," with Shaw as bright as ever. Now again the candle flares up with new brilliance. In his new play, "Androcles and the Lion," that has startled, shocked and amused all London, Bernard Shaw not only surpasses his old wit but strikes a new note. We knew, as one critic remarks, Mr. Shaw's sympathies for animals, but little suspected so keen an understanding of the realities of Christianity. The play, another writer remarks, is not merely interesting; it is positively exciting. As usual, Mr. Shaw keeps his critics guessing. To some the play, described by the author as a "Fable for Christians," is merely a farce; to others it possesses the profoundest human significance. Some regard the play as offensive; to others it is a reverent presentation of the basic doctrines of the Nazarene. If, remarks the *Daily Chronicle*, one were to imagine a free skit on "The Sign of the Cross" and "Quo Vadis," with little glimpses of tremendously earnest reality peeping out at every turn, and over the whole a well-spread tangled net of typical Shavian argument, one would get a surface view of Mr. Shaw's fable play, "Androcles and the Lion," as produced at the St. James's Theater. Bernard Shaw's play, severely remarks the *London Times*, is not founded on a Bible story. But, as a matter of fact, it deals with subjects and with thoughts far more intensely spiritual and sacred than anything in Mr. Parker's version of the Old Testament story, and at the same time deliberately and constantly aims at provoking uproarious mirth.

"It makes no difference that Mr. Shaw does not laugh or expect his audience to laugh at the sacred names and words and prayers that he puts into the mouths of his Christians. The mistake that he makes is to think that it is seem-

ly to follow up each of the sacred lines with a line of comic relief, which is practically what he, and his Christians, and his Romans, and his lion, are doing all through the play. The effect of that can only be to make his audience feel uncomfortable, as Mr. Shaw no doubt knows perfectly well."

The Academy wonders whether Shaw has been jeering at Christianity or fulfilling a very noble office in demonstrating that Christianity, as an organized endeavor, has never yet been practised; that its organized exposition is the one thing on this earth of which we can emphatically say that it is not Christian, whatever other strange thing it be; and that Christianity depends on its individual exponents, who are denounced as dangerous and offensive men as truly now as ever at any time. A radical religious publication, the *Christian Commonwealth*, on the other hand, takes up the cudgels for Shaw. The action, we are told, moves with such swiftness, broken by no long waits—for the play is not divided into acts—that one has the sensation of watching a continuous flow of events which tighten the tension until, toward the end, one finds oneself breathing more quickly and rising, so to speak, on tiptoe, to see the conclusion.

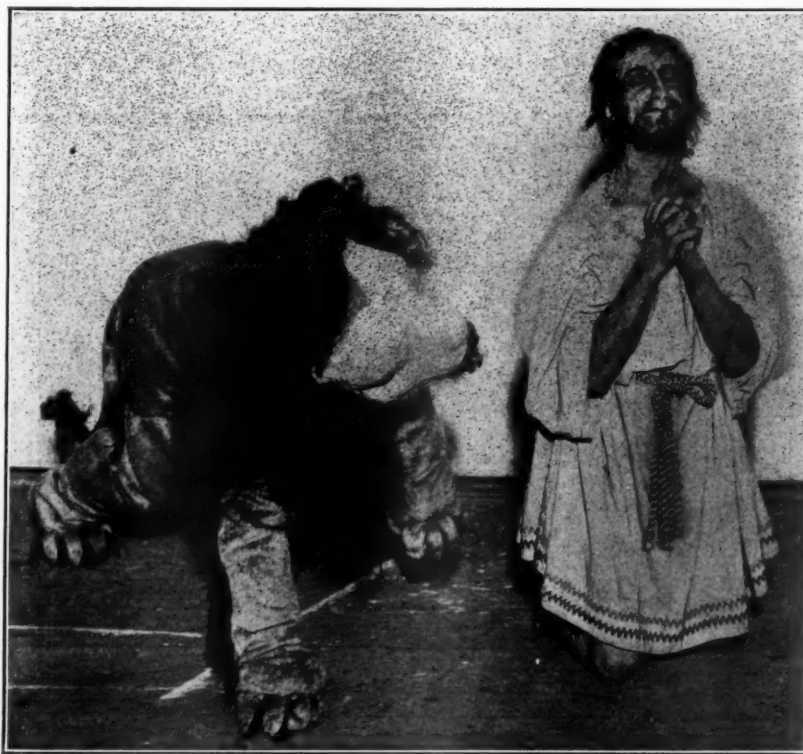
"From the first fearsome roar of the poor suffering lion on the edge of the

jungle, at the rise of the curtain, to that magnificent beast's loving exit with Androcles at the close, the spectator's faculties are stimulated into wakefulness, and receive a succession of sharp prods, so that relaxation is impossible. And the stimulus is not applied to one faculty only. One laughs—one laughs immoderately; but several times the fineness of feeling, the really deep beauty and truth, and the driving passion behind the play give one a strangled sensation in the throat. It is a baptism of fire for the spirit; it gives one the rejuvenation of grateful laughter and the brimming up (tho not the overflow) of the fount of tears; but it puzzles and torments the intellect."

The *Standard* appreciates Shaw as the Puck of the Theater. Half hidden behind the curtain of a box on the right-hand side of the stage, Mr. Shaw watched with a satiric smile the effect of his play on the audience. It is a smile, the writer goes on to say, about equally compounded of kindness, contempt and sheer love of mischief, and it exactly expresses the frame of mind which makes Mr. Shaw's later plays at once delightful and irritating.

"'Androcles and the Lion' is, really, an enormously clever insult thrown in the face of the British people, or, at least, of that section which annoys Mr. Shaw by its stodginess and prejudice. The period is some time after Domitian, but needless to say Imperial Rome is only modern London in fancy dress. The Roman dandy is really the 'nut' of Pallmall in a toga, and the early Christian martyrs are any people you can think of with a kick against the existing order of things. They resemble militant suffragists as much as anything, and there are undoubted traces in the dialog of Mr. Shaw's newspaper polemics against the Government and the 'Cat and Mouse' Act. The play, in fact, is a pamphlet in dramatic form setting forth Mr. Shaw's reasons for holding that man, and the Englishman in particular, is a very ridiculous animal.

"The old fable of Androcles, as given by Aulus Gellius, is retained in its main outlines as the flimsy framework of this elaborate squib. The curtain rises on the agonies of the lion, a wonderful creature



THE LION RECOGNIZES HIS BENEFACTOR

Instead of devouring the Christian Androcles, Shaw's lion joyfully embraces the tailor who once in the desert removed a thorn from his paw.

of a mild vegetarian sort of countenance, roaring with the pain of the thorn in his foot as gently as any sucking dove, and occasionally rolling a pathetic eye in the direction of Mr. Shaw's box. Androcles nears the lion's den in company with his wife, a red-haired shrew who is very angry because she has had to leave her comfortable home on account of her husband's religion. She loudly complains that Christians are the 'lowest of the low.' Androcles, a deliciously mild professor of the faith—with some gift, however, of repartee—reminds her that in his unregenerate days he was a toper. 'I could forgive that,' she replies, 'I can understand a man being addicted to drink, but I can't understand his being addicted to Christianity,' and so on and so forth. Then the lion emerges, and Androcles, trembling for his life, performs his feat of surgery, afterwards waltzing joyously about the stage with the King of Beasts."

The action shifts to imperial Rome, where a party of Christians have just arrived for the next performance at the Coliseum. There are all types of Christians, from the fair patrician and intellectual Lavinia to hermits in sheep-skin coats and a squalid little wretch whose Christianity has been chiefly displayed in what Androcles calls a gay time in the way of robbing temples. "The militant suffragist flavor is very strongly marked just now. The Roman Captain is on good terms with his prisoners, but warns them that now they are at Rome the license allowed on the march cannot be permitted. Above all there can be no singing of those profane and blasphemous hymns. 'But they march better for it, Captain,' says the comic Centurion, whom Mr. Shaw conceives as a kind of sergeant. 'Yes, that's true,' admits the Captain. 'An exception may be made to the march tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The words, however, must be altered, and I suggest the substitution of 'Throw them to the lions.'"

"Then follows an exchange of Shavian argument between Lavinia and the handsome Captain, who suggests that the whole trouble might be overcome by cast-



THE NOBLEST AND MOST AMUSING STAGE ANIMAL OF MODERN DAYS

Shaw's lion, as a critic points out, is a jolly creature. He is not a sentimentalist like Maeterlinck's dog, nor a shrew like the cat; he is not so portentous as Wagner's dragon, as self-immolating as Brunhilde's horse or as obviously comic as a pantomime donkey.

ing a little incense on the altar of the gods. 'If you can't cast incense as a matter of conviction,' he pleads, 'you might at least do it as a matter of good taste.' He points out the absurdity of suggesting that there is any persecution in the disciplinary measures taken by the Government. 'In throwing you to the lions the Divine Emperor is merely upholding the interests of religion,' he explains. 'Of course, if you were to throw him to the lions that might be called persecution.'

"Then comes the scene in the 'wings' of the Coliseum, where the Christians are awaiting their fate amid the bustle of a

very modern sort of theater, the call-boy rushing in announcing the next 'turn,' and the acting manager full of anxiety lest anything should happen to spoil the show. It is spoiled, in a sense, by the old warrior Ferrovius. Aware of his weakness, he has decided to enter the arena unarmed and without harness. But once in, the old fighting spirit comes on him resistlessly, and he kills no fewer than six first-rate gladiators, much to the delight of Divus Cæsar himself, who in delight pardons all the other Christians, and announces himself as a protector to a creed which can produce such swordsmen."

One victim, however, has to be found, and poor Androcles, as a Greek and tailor, is selected. The lion, of course, spares him and together they wander through the mazes of the circus, senators and courtiers fleeing in terror from them. Domitian himself bounds from pillar to post with the lion after him, and is only safe when he embraces Androcles with affection. But, the writer goes on to say, having given the public its fill of amusement, Mr. Shaw proceeds to puncture its hide with little pins of sarcasm.

"Poor Ferrovius is in an agony of self-abasement. While others are calling him a hero, he denounces himself as a renegade, and, having been false to 'the god that is to be,' he decides to serve 'the god that is,' and accepts the Emperor's offer of a post in the Prætorian guards.

"Lavinia, too, while in the moment of danger she does not blanch, seems to be far from an orthodox Christian. She is, in fact, just a mouthpiece of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Spintho, the disreputable fanatic, the author claims to be no malicious invention of his own but a character easily to be paralleled in the records of the Fathers of the Church. So far as it is anything, 'Androcles and the Lion' is a protest against any kind of persecution."

According to the *London Nation*, Shaw designed to write a play on Young Christianity coming athwart Old Paganism, and, like all fresh things, half routing the ancient faith and being half-defeated by it.

## HOW THE DRAMA LEAGUE IS ORGANIZING THE AUDIENCE

IF A RECORD had been kept of the various societies for the improvement of the stage that arose—and sat suddenly down again—in the last few years in New York alone, it would show that everything about the theater, from the morals of plays to the methods of ticket-selling, has been under fire. There is not a detail in the theatrical business that has not been declared ripe for reform by reformers enough to start a club. The American public is ready to do anything to the theater except stay away

from it. This happy exception keeps the theater going on much as before, while the societies die from over-exertion in uplift. Meanwhile one society, the Drama League of America, has spread from a suburb of Chicago over every State in the Union, and into Canada, has 80,000 members in America, and now invades England, largely because it has shifted the point of attack and uplifted the audience.

It is absurd, thinks this reasonable body, according to Clayton Hamilton in *Vogue*, to ignore the commercial as-

pect of the theater. Shakespeare did not, nor Molière, each being a successful actor-manager who gave his public what it wanted enough to pay for, this being after all the crude but convincing way of showing what one wants. The only way of getting good plays from the gentlemen who represent Shakespeare and Molière in America to-day is to convince them that there are enough people ready to go to such plays as to make their production worth while. The audience must be educated not only as to the value of plays



but as to its own duties as a supporter as well as an uplifter.

The Drama League, whose earlier activities have been noted in *CURRENT OPINION*, proceeds on the plan that an audience has power for good in proportion as it is organized; that if the great body of citizens who spend money to see plays could know beforehand what they were to see, they could act more wisely in the purchase of tickets; and if, knowing that a play was to be produced likely to need what some of the best plays do—support from friends of art in the critical second week of its run—they could offer that support as a body, it would be more effective than if offered as well-meaning individuals. All this can be done and it has been done for three years with increasingly good results by the League's bulletin system. Within three days of a first performance in the various producing centers, the play is attended by a volunteer committee, meant to be representative of a good audience—authors or playwrights, business or professional men and those who simply like to see a good play. They do not accept free seats. Within a day or two the report is ready to mail to members, a detailed statement under heads such as General Ideas, Plot, Dialog, Production, and so on, the form flexible enough to give a concise statement of what sort of a play it is, how acted, and how staged. That is, the report is mailed if the play is recommended to the attention and support of the League. Otherwise the committee says nothing. It never censures, apparently following out the principle that the hiss is an imported institution, the American alternatives being applause or silence.

No one is under obligation to attend recommended plays, but that people do so is proved from a recent post-card referendum in Chicago, showing that 678 members and their friends were induced to purchase 17,182 tickets for the fifteen plays bulletined. This was 40 per cent. of the plays attended; 95,445 reports were sent out there. Philadelphia bulletined 60 per cent., a larger proportion than other centers. Numbers like these show that the League is already a factor in the theatrical situation, and in smaller cities often the determining factor. It believes in real theater-parties, to tone up entire audiences to appreciation of a play and communicate an inspiring effect to the actors. A Drama League theater-party, as a speaker at the last annual convention expressed it, arrives in time to see the curtain rise and stays till



SHE HAS MORE POWER THAN THE ENGLISH CENSOR

This lady, Mrs. A. Starr Best, is the president of the Drama League, a national organization which firmly takes into hand the American drama. Until the present the League either approved of plays as worthy by issuing a bulletin of recommendation, or condemned unworthy plays by its silence. In spite of newspaper reports to the contrary, the League will maintain its policy of contemptuous silence toward the plays it condemns.

it falls, goes to see the play, quiets the inopportune laugh, leads the due applause, and by its sane and thoughtful attitude helps the play to success. In short, it seems to afford such a claque as there might be in Plato's Republic should that up-to-date ancient license any theater at all.



Photograph by Aime Dupont

#### HOLDING THE CENTER OF THE DRAMATIC BATTLEFIELD

William H. Bliss is the chairman of the New York Center of the Drama League. Starting in a small Chicago suburb, the League has established branches in almost every state of the Union.

For this bulletin service, together with many advantages such as study courses, or advice from specialists on selecting plays for amateurs, members pay one dollar a year. Anyone can join. The Secretary for the New York Center is Miss Laura V. Day, 6 East 44th Street, New York City. Started in April, 1910, the outgrowth of a woman's club in a Chicago suburb, it had to stand up under the New York *Sun's* title of "The Drama League of America—otherwise Evanston," and make way in spite of the fact that the Atlantic Seaboard, while willing that the course of cultural empire should westward take its way, hates dreadfully to see it start there and come towards the East. There are now centers at Ann Arbor, Athens, Atlanta, Boston, Bridgeport, Brooklyn, Chicago, Denver, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Hartford, Jacksonville, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Louisville, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, Raleigh, San Francisco, Superior, Washington, and one recently formed in New York City by uniting over 30 separate societies. Its latest development is its impending invasion of England. Two years ago the Poetry Society of England had

already interested itself strongly in the work of the League. Lord Avebury, Lord Dunsany, Maurice Hewlett, John Galsworthy, wished for it in England, or at least an interchange of reports between this and the Poetry Society there. Now the *Westminster Gazette* not only describes the work of the American society and outlines its history, but strongly advises its acclimatization in London and the provinces. The censor still looms large in Britain, and there are too many stage societies in London that seem to have only one rule of selection—to produce anything the censor turns down, with the result that some appallingly dull plays have been made to die on their feet instead of perishing decently in the dark. The writer exhibits an alarm so far not felt by American critics of the Drama League.

"American women are commonly supposed to be prudish, and it might be feared that under the circumstances the working of the League, tho it would operate against the simply erotic forms of entertainment—and in that respect be preferable to our censorship—would also follow the lines of our censorship and exhibit an extravagant terror of indelicacy in the treatment of serious subjects. Certainly there would be some, if not great, danger of this if the Drama League were founded in England. So far as I can judge, the American League is broad-minded."

# Science and Discovery

## WHY THE APE-LIKE PROGENITOR OF MAN MUST HAVE WALKED INSTEAD OF CLIMBING TREES

**S**O insistent have zoologists been in pronouncing our ape-like ancestors arboreal that a whole literature has grown up respecting the tendencies we derive through these tree-climbing propensities. Thus "field fear" or the disease called technically agrophobia is said to be a survival of the instinct for taking refuge in trees from the perils of the ground. This notion, like others connected with the arboreal theory of our ape-like ancestors, must be abandoned. The ape-like progenitor of man was a pedestrian. He walked wherever he wanted to go. Such is the conclusion of that distinguished British man of science, Professor R. I. Pocock, one of the illustrious living authorities on everything connected with what goes by the name of the "missing link." The world of zoologists has been misled, like the world of anthropology, he says, by concentrating attention upon the skull of the ape. The skulls that come to light from time to time, inspiring debate as to their human or animal character, still further divert attention from the true source of knowledge on this point. The structural differences between man and the ape are not confined to cranial characters like the prominence of the chin, the projection of the jaws, the size of the teeth and the cubic capacity of the brain case. All these vary considerably in different races of men. It is noticeable, on the other hand, that the hands and feet do not vary in man to quite the extent observable in the cranium. Professor Pocock enlarges on the subject in the *London Outlook*:

"Many zoologists of the pre-Darwinian generation laid great stress upon the importance of the hands and feet in seeking to settle man's place in the animal kingdom; and, eager in their vanity to make the most of the differences and the least of the resemblances between man and ape, set the former aside by himself in an order named *Bimana*, or two-handed, and associated the ape with the monkey in another order named *Quadrupedia*, or four-handed. This classification, altho not admitted nowadays, very clearly expressed the fundamental difference in function between the hands and feet of man which are respectively adapted for prehension and terrestrial locomotion, and

the hands and feet of apes and monkeys which are primarily adapted for arboreal climbing. The human hand has a large and highly efficient thumb, and the foot a short great toe, closely juxtaposed to the others and not opposable to them. In the apes and monkeys the thumb is small and weak, and the great toe diverges from the inner side of the foot so that there is a wide space between it and the rest of the toes to which it is opposable. These differences in the structure of the extremities are intimately connected with differences in mode of life and in methods of locomotion between man on the one hand, and apes and monkeys on the other; but, judging from the hands and feet alone, no one would suspect that there is also a very great difference in these respects between the apes and the monkeys themselves."

Such, nevertheless, is the case, and the difference, which fits in with the modern view that the apes must be separated from the monkeys on structural grounds, is full of significance when we attempt to understand the nature and mode of life of the "missing link." The probable characters of this extinct species, which is denominated an ape-like progenitor of man, have often been discussed from the purely anatomical standpoint. The majority of laymen who have considered the matter, and many zoologists who have not, take it for granted that this ancestor of ours was essentially an arboreal animal. This conclusion, however, is hardly borne out, affirms the eminent English scientist, by a study of the habits of living apes as compared with those of monkeys on the one hand and of man on the other. Let us see, then, what the apes have to reveal to us on this head:

"The four existing kinds of apes—namely, the gorilla, chimpanzee, orang utan and gibbon—form, with man, a little group of mammals—the *Anthropomorpha*—differing from the monkeys of Africa and Asia in certain structural features it is needless to enumerate here. Of the apes the gorilla is the most manlike on the whole—tho the chimpanzee runs him close in this respect—and the gibbon is the most monkey-like; and the differences between the gibbon and the gorilla are almost as important as those between the gorilla and man. Moreover, the 'links' between the gibbon and monkeys, and be-

tween the four apes above enumerated, are 'missing,' just as the link between man and the ape is 'missing.' Setting aside the structural points, let us see wherein the chief differences between gibbons and monkeys are shown by their habits. The monkeys are essentially quadrupedal animals adapted for climbing trees or rocks. Their legs are never actually shorter than their arms. They are able to stand erect, but very seldom walk on their legs, tho they can be taught to do so. When on the ground they habitually move like ordinary four-footed beasts, and when climbing they act in the same way. In true quadrupedal fashion they leap from one branch, stiffen and extend the tail in the air and alight on the upper side of another branch, first on their hands and then on their feet. And all the good leapers, be it noted, are furnished with a long tail. A gibbon on the contrary is tailless, has arms of prodigious length, and leaping powers of the feeblest kind. When passing from branch to branch he launches into the air with a weak 'take-off,' and, with a long arm upstretched, catches the bough aimed at, swinging his body beneath it. If he wishes to alight upon it he maintains the hold of his hand, and the weight of his body carries him round and up the other side of the branch, so that he comes down upon it in a sitting or standing posture. If, on the other hand, he wishes to pass on from the second branch, he quits his hold as his body passes beneath it, and is carried by its momentum towards the third branch, which he grasps with the other hand. Now the 'swinging' method of the gibbon and the 'leaping' method of the monkey are equally efficient means of speedily traversing a forest, and it is impossible to believe that the latter was ever directly changed for the former. A gibbon can no more leap with its legs like a monkey than a monkey can swing with its arms like a gibbon. The gibbon's method is unique, and is not derivable from the monkey's, which has been inherited from some long-tailed, more primitive ancestor."

Clearly, then, the peculiar acrobatic style practised by the gibbon has been acquired from some other source. The gibbon's method of climbing may be described as the style of the other apes perfected. The gorilla, the chimpanzee and the orang utan never leap from branch to branch like a monkey. They are incapable of it, the weakness of the legs, the weight of the body and

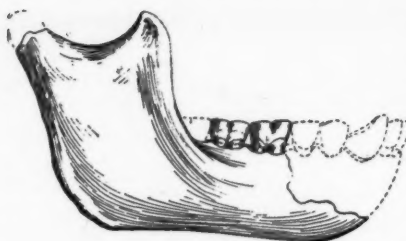


the absence of the tail making it impossible for them to steady themselves and balance upon the upper side of a branch when alighting upon its hands first. They therefore climb by reaching from bough to bough with their long arms and strong hands, swinging from one to another with the body suspended beneath in mid-air. Their method of climbing in fact is essentially the same as that of a gibbon, due allowance being made for the fact that they never venture to let go the grasp of one hand until the other is securely placed.

"In these apes, indeed, may be seen the beginning of the new style of climbing which has been carried to perfection in the gibbon. These facts seem to point unavoidably to the conclusion that the immediate ancestor of the anthropoid apes—the ancestor, that is to say, of the stock to which man belongs—had forsaken in a great measure the arboreal mode of life and lost the special climbing methods and leaping capacity of the typical monkeys, while retaining at the same time, as man has done to this day, the power to ascend trees slowly.

"The entire disappearance of the tail in ape and man is another significant feature. All the active climbing monkeys have long tails. But in those species that have taken to the hills and live among rocks the tail tends to shorten until nothing but a stump may be left. The Gibraltar monkey is a good instance of this. Hence the absence of the tail in the ape and man bears out the view that their ancestor was not an expert arboreal climber, but had adopted at all events a semi-terrestrial mode of life.

"Not less remarkable than the gibbon's way of traversing forests is his way of moving over the ground. He never gallops on all fours, like monkeys and baboons, but stands upright on his legs like a man, and runs, often with great speed, with his arms held up in the air. He also walks along a branch or a tight rope in that attitude, using his arms as a balancer, like a rope-dancer using his pole. Thus in two of the most widely divergent types



A FIND

As originally restored by Dr. A. Smith-Woodward: the jaw of *Eoanthropus Dawsonii*—two-thirds natural size. The missing teeth are shown by the dotted outlines. Readers of *The Illustrated London News* which we follow here will remember that there has been much argument as to what manner of man owned that part of a jaw and portion of a skull which were found not long ago in a gravel deposit near Piltdown Common. It was not long before keen controversy arose between Dr. A. Smith-Woodward, keeper of the geological department of the British Museum, and Professor Arthur Keith, conservator of the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. Both these gentlemen made reconstructions. Dr. Smith-Woodward's showed that the Piltdown man (or woman) was half man, half ape; Professor Keith's that he was a man with a brain as big as that of modern man. So it came that at South Kensington the fragments of bones were made the basis of what a layman would call a "missing link"—"*Eoanthropus Dawsonii*"—with a brain-capacity of 1,070 cubic centimeters; while at the Royal College of Surgeons they were made the basis of a large, well-modeled skull with a brain-capacity of 1,500 cubic centimeters. This was labeled "*Homo Piltdownensis*."

of the Anthropomorpha—namely, man and the gibbon—terrestrial locomotion is typically bipedal; and it is hardly credible that they have independently acquired that very unusual gait from an ancestor that went about on all fours. In the other apes the power to stand and walk erect is much less pronounced."

The adult orang utan—by far the most specialized climber of the three and at the same time least adapted for movement on the ground—is practically incapable of standing or walking erect. Gorillas, on the contrary, can do both. The important thing to note in connection with these apes is that young individuals stand and walk upright with much greater facility than the adults. The significance of this lies in the fact that, in young animals, characteristics of the ancestor, which are lost in later life, are often temporarily retained.

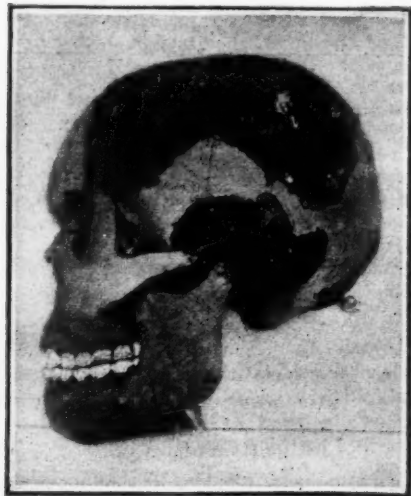
Man is, of course, not the direct descendant of any living ape. Nor is any one of the living apes descended from another. We are all cousins many times removed. But, tracing our lineage back to a common and very remote ancestor from which we have inherited our common likenesses and habits, we have diverged from them, some more and some less, in accordance with the degree of our adaptation to different modes of life and to different environments.

This ancestor was probably a large ape without a tail, much larger than a gibbon, which had taken to living on the ground and could both stand and walk erect. He had for the purpose rather strong legs and arms of medium length and was adapted for life among the rocky river gorges of some range in central Europe or Asia. He was

probably more monkey-like than is the chimpanzee in his method of progressing on all fours, and at the same time excelled the gorilla in his ability to walk upright, but fell short of these two in climbing trees. From a creature of this kind—the "missing link"—the apes have departed mainly in the structural modifications connected with their return to forest life and arboreal habits, the orang utan and the gibbon being the most highly organized in this respect. The ancestor of man, on the contrary, kept to the open and gradually perfected bipedal locomotion, with its accompanying modification of the feet, legs, spine and other organs and especially of the hands which, no longer subservient to locomotion, were available for molding into prehensile organs of the highest efficiency. Yet there are authorities who do not attach such importance to the factor of foot and gait. They judge prehistoric man by his jaw. To quote an instance from *The Illustrated London News*:

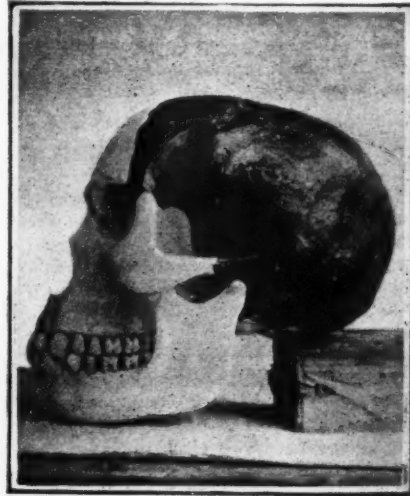
"If posthumous fame is better than total oblivion, then *Eoanthropus Dawsonii*, the harmless and obscure individual who departed this life some few hundred thousand years ago, in Sussex, did not die in vain! We have fragments of his skull, but none of his history, which we are trying to make for him. In this we are only doing what the Herald's College is so often called upon to do for obscure persons whom fame has suddenly transformed into personages.

"According to Professor Arthur Keith, of the Royal College of Surgeons, *Eoanthropus* might have edited a newspaper. According to Dr. Smith-Woodward, of the British Museum, he would have made a very poor "printer's devil." Who shall decide between them? All must depend on the nature of the evidence—or rather, on the interpretation of the evidence. Professor Keith chooses to measure the man of the past by the standard of today. Given certain fragments of a human skull, he elects to reconstruct therefrom the cranium of an intellectual giant."



ANOTHER IDEA

As originally restored by Dr. A. Smith-Woodward: the skull of the Piltdown man—ape-like in jaw, and of small brain-capacity.



THE FIRST COMER

As restored by Professor Arthur Keith: the skull of the Piltdown man—man-like both in jaw and in brain-capacity.



## THE TREE AS A COMMUNITY OF INDIVIDUALS LIVING TOGETHER LIKE BEES OR ANTS

**I**F WE dismiss from our minds all current notions of plant life as erroneous, or at least as assumptions, it will be easy to understand the latest botanical conception of a tree as a community of individuals living together as do some familiar insects. The idea may be novel and in fact revolutionary, admits its sponsor, the botanist, Doctor H. C. Davidson; but it is in accordance with a law of life of relatively recent discovery—symbiosis. This may be defined as an association of individuals of two different species for their mutual benefit. Certain bacteria associate themselves with certain leguminous plants, with advantage to both.

Amid all the differences of opinion regarding vegetable life, there is one point on which there has been agreement. We associate life and movement together generally, yet we except plants. The exception would be a very curious one if it were true, says Doctor Davidson, whose paper appears in *The Contemporary Review*. It certainly is true that if a tree be a complete individual it does not move at any stage of its existence. As life and movement are inseparably connected in the rest of the organic world, that fact alone should raise a doubt as to the correctness of the hypothesis. If, however, a tree be a community, much of its visible part being merely the dwelling in which its members live, we should not expect it to move any more than we should expect the comb in which bees live to move. But we should expect the individuals forming the community to move, and the units of the tree community—what Doctor Davidson calls the plantagens—do move. That is to say, they change their position—it may be by some power inherent in themselves or it may be simply by the intervention of the multiplying cells. There is a definite order in their movement—a regularity both in the length and the direction of their journey—which suggests that the motile power is in themselves. When they eventually come to rest they enter upon a new phase, each becoming an incipient bud and developing a feeding and breathing apparatus—a leaf—by which means it is enabled to grow and under favorable conditions to propagate its race and to make itself generally useful to the community. But if the conditions are not favorable, as in autumn, it loses the feeding and breathing apparatus, which it no longer wants. In the bud stage the "plantagen" is visible enough, but in its earlier motile stage it is hidden within the common bark, amid the structures which it and its fellows have

erected. We should thus think not of "a tree" but of a community of plantagens. Says Dr. Davidson:

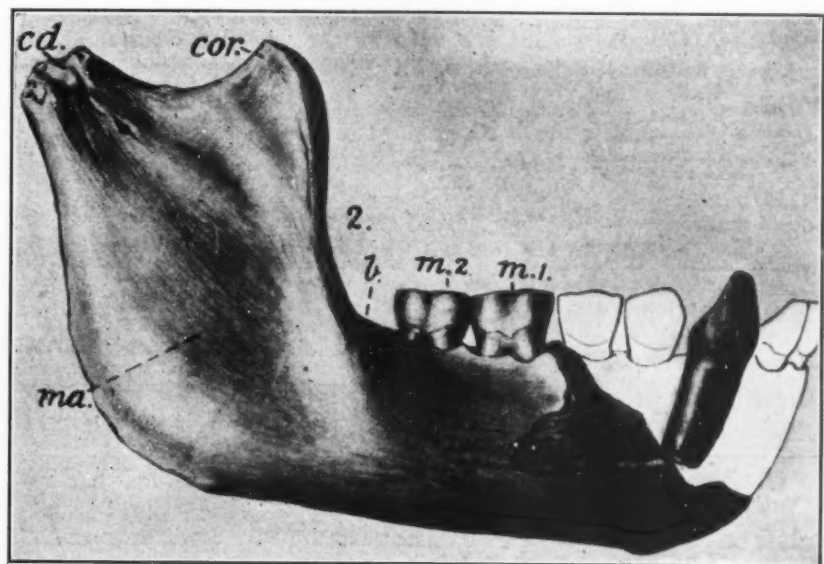
"The wonderful changes which they undergo seem to endorse the view that they are separate entities. Closely connected as the world of plants and the world of insects are, often merging into one another so gradually that it is almost impossible to find the dividing line, we should naturally expect to see in both the same classes of phenomena, modified of course by the different conditions under which they live. We are, therefore, driven to consider whether in plants there is anything similar to the amazing metamorphosis of insects—the change from a caterpillar to a chrysalis, and finally to a butterfly. Is there, then, no such sequence in the vegetable world? Surely there is. Not if a plant be an individual entity; but if it is viewed as a community, the fact rises to the eye at once.

"It is then impossible to escape the conclusion that, comparing one stage in the existence of a plantagen with a similar one in that of an insect, the flower corresponds to the butterfly. The fact that both are more or less brilliantly colored and beautiful in form may not have much significance, but there are others which are of more importance. The plantagen, like the caterpillar, goes to sleep at the approach of winter, and in the flower-bud, as in the chrysalis, are provided the essentials for carrying on the race. In both cases, as soon as the winter's sleep is over, the final change comes swiftly—from the bud issues the flower and from the chrysalis the butterfly, the latter with its eggs to start the cycle afresh and the former with its seeds. It would be unreasonable to ascribe these two series of extraordinary

events to coincidence. They must be similar effects produced by similar causes.

"In both cases, tho the tendency to change in this particular manner must have been acquired and is now apparently passed on by inheritance, the actual change is brought about not by any internal mechanism but by a change in the external conditions—in the environment. If a caterpillar is supplied with an abundance of suitable food and kept at a suitable temperature, it will not enter the chrysalis stage until long after its usual time, as indeed naturally happens in the case of certain wood-boring caterpillars which, surrounded by food and protected by its means from great variations of temperature, undergo no metamorphosis for at least two years; and if a tree is grown under similar conditions, the buds which it bears do not enter the stage which results in flowers—they merely increase in number. That is, the tree keeps on growing."

Amid the close general resemblance here, a difference may be detected. Caterpillars increase in size as the result of feeding. They do not increase in number. The difference is merely between the plantagen and the particular class of insect which has been taken as an illustration and not between it and all insects. The butterfly and the moth families propagate only sexually, but there are many other families of a lower order which propagate asexually as well as sexually, and it is between them and the plantagens that the resemblance is closest. Among them is the rose-aphis. In spring the wingless female, without the intervention of a male, starts at a terrific rate to propagate the species by



RESTORED

Showing the newly-discovered canine tooth which Dr. Smith-Woodward believes proves the truth of his restoration: the final restoration of the jaw of *Eoanthropus Dawsoni* by Dr. A. Smith-Woodward, showing the newly found tooth in place and the missing teeth in dotted outline.

a process known popularly as budding and technically as parthenogenesis. The young are soon able, also without the intervention of a male, to propagate in the same manner. As the summer advances the rose-aphis feels the need of a change of diet. It deserts the rose and flies to certain grasses, feeding on them for weeks. After mating, it returns to the rose, where it begins a different mode of propagating—by means of eggs. When we re-

member the effect that a change of food has on bees, converting an ordinary worker or undeveloped female into a queen capable of egg-laying, it is a fair inference that this is also the cause of the remarkable change in the structure and habits of the rose-aphis. So long as the insect was content with its usual food it merely continued to grow, but when it turned to other fare it produced eggs. Our student of this theme continues:

"As the same sequence occurs in the vegetable world, the conclusion that it consists of cause and effect is irresistible. So long as the supply of liquid food is abundant and more or less equally distributed in the 'tree,' plantagen follows plantagen in rapid succession, as in the case of the rose-aphis, each taking its share in the general work of the community and propagating the race, but incapable of doing so except by the asexual method to which is given the name of parthenogenesis."

## PRODUCTION OF CANCER IN THE RAT THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THE COCKROACH

**A** CERTAIN threadworm, known technically as a nematode, has an intimate connection with cancer of the stomach or gastric carcinoma in the rat, according to the reports of elaborate experiments by Doctor Johannes Fibiger in the Berlin *Klinische Wochenschrift*.

Stated technically, the discovery is that a nematode of the genus *spiroptera* has an intimate connection with gastric carcinoma of the rat, the cockroach being the intermediary host of the parasite.

Doctor Fibiger's work is striking, apart from its sensational implications, says the Berlin medical paper, owing to its intrinsic difficulty and because of the caution he has exercised in completing his chain of proof. It has been suspected before that there is a causal relation between a threadworm and cancer, but never as yet has any proof been produced of the fact in connection with a living organism.

A few years ago, in conducting the post-mortem examination of three laboratory rats, Doctor Fibiger (who is professor of pathological anatomy at

through only a portion of the cycle in the rat. It dawned upon him, after much speculation, that the cockroach might prove an intermediary host.

The first set of investigations undertaken on rats that had fed on one variety of cockroaches gave negative results. This explains why a failure of the theory was proclaimed in some official bulletins at the time. On examining later no less than sixty-one rats from a different locality that had been feeding on another species of cockroach, it was found that twenty-one were normal, that the original kind of parasite was present in forty, and that in eighteen of these there were signs of tumors, while in nine of this last group advanced tumors were found of the original type.

Fifty-seven laboratory rats were then fed on the cockroaches. They duly died and were examined with care. In three neither parasites nor tumors were found. In fifty-four the parasites appeared. Eighteen of these were normal, but the remainder showed growths—the growths in seven of them being very well marked. The original variety of cockroach, experiments with which had before given negative results, were then infected. Several rats were fed on them and a proportion similar to that of the previous experiment gave evidence of infection, while in a control experiment carried through with uninfected cockroaches, no pathological changes in the stomach took place. Professor Fibiger gives a detailed account of the histological characters of the growths, concludes the Berlin medical organ, and it is beyond doubt, it adds, that in the advanced cases at least he had to deal with cancer—that is, true malignant tumor. It was a condition to which the other formations might well have attained if the animals had not succumbed to intercurrent maladies.

Nothing is as yet known as to how the parasite produces its effect. It may act as a carrier of bacteria or as an irritant. Professor Fibiger thinks it most likely that the parasite, like other nematodes, secretes a poison.



A ZEPPELIN'S INNER STAIR

The huge bag filled with water for experimental purposes lies like a great head at the bottom under the central car. As the eye travels upward we come to the release and bomb-dropping gear inside the central car. The longitudinal girder is within the wire framing, or, rather, the one is braced by the other. The outer fabric is stretched over the wire framing. The balloonet has been removed to show the ladder tunnel from the central car to the top. The ladder tunnel attached to partition is shown cut in half from a certain point to reveal the ladder.

## IS THE ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP BASED UPON A FUNDAMENTAL FALLACY?

**T**HE terrible disaster off Heligoland, the eighth—or, if we count a reconstructed ship, the ninth—which has overtaken the Zeppelin airships, reopens, observes an aerial expert in *The Broad Arrow* (London), the whole question of rigid as against non-rigid airships and of airships against aeroplanes. "The first reflection of the ordinary man looking at the Zeppelin record must be that there cannot fail to be something gravely wrong with a type of airship which, out of sixteen constructed, shows nine utterly destroyed." Moreover, the long record reveals no improvement in the type itself.

The Zeppelin which went down at Heligoland had been less than a year in commission. It was taking part for the first time in extended maneuvers with the fleet. It was claimed that it could keep in the air for three days and nights. It dropped to the surface through leakage of gas and was sunk after keeping aloft for less than a quarter of that time. It was claimed for it also that it could rest on the surface of the water, and it failed to do that. The land airships built by Zeppelin are no better, according to this pessimistic British observer:

"What are the fatal defects in the Zeppelin type? The first and most obvious is that which differentiates it from all other airships—its rigidity. It cannot give under a strain—it must simply bend or break—which is the same thing, because aluminium, of which its stays are made, is not a malleable metal, and if it is bent cannot be straightened again. Mooring it on the ground in the open is like mooring a ship on a rocky shore. Its buoyancy, without which it could not rise into the air, puts it at the mercy of the wind, and the wind breaks it to pieces where

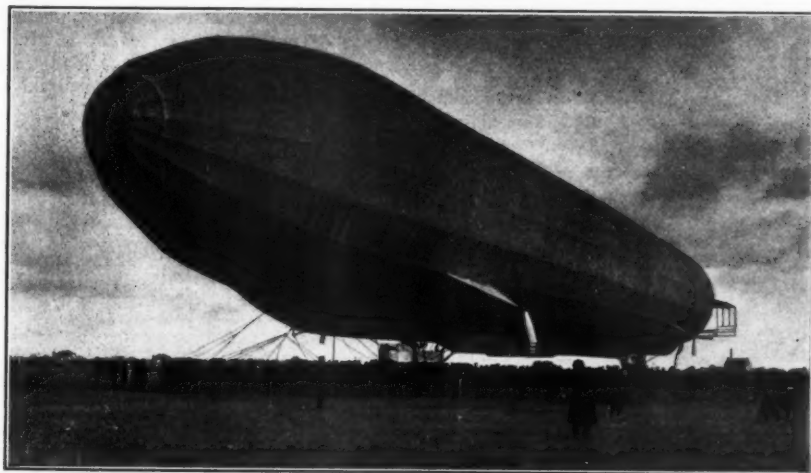
a non-rigid airship like our own or like the German Parseval, which we have acquired, would give before the strain, and can always in the last resort be deflated, and the Zeppelin, unlike a collapsible airship, loses its buoyancy where its envelop is torn. Had a Parseval come by this accident at sea its cars must have floated till help could reach it. There is nothing to drag them down. The Zeppelin's twenty-two tons of metal girders of course sunk at once; it had no more chance of surviving for rescue than a girder bridge would have which fell into the water. The second great defect of the Zeppelin renders it even less practicable for naval and military purposes: it cannot be taken from one place to another except in the air. You cannot take a damaged Zeppelin home to its base as you could our Delta or the Parseval or the 'Astra Torres,' which was packed up in boxes the other day at Farnboro and sent to Paris to be treated. You may take it all to pieces, but if you do, putting it together again is simply building a new ship. Readers will remember the Zeppelin which landed on the French parade ground at Luneville three months ago, and the complaints made that the French authorities had allowed it to go back to Germany in the air. It could not, of course, have gone back any other way."

When it is remembered that Count Zeppelin has been experimenting longer than any other constructor in Europe, that he has had more financial support, including some million and a half dollars subscribed by the public, than anyone else, no other conclusion is possible, insists this expert, than that there is something wrong from top to bottom in the principle on which he is working. Nor is this view merely British. The French experts who examined the Zeppelin at Luneville—they are the only independent observers who ever had the opportunity to make a technical observation—reported grave

engineering defects. These seemed to show, according to the Paris *Armée*, that, granting Zeppelin's hypothesis, his building is bad. The girders which supported the cars containing the motors were no stronger than those on top of the balloon, altho they had more work to do. The great size of the balloon, with all its attendant disadvantages in landing, was the result of the need for carrying a disproportionate amount of gas to raise the vast weight. Nevertheless the inability to retain enough gas to keep the huge bulk in the air is the only reason it went down.

All this, however, is to overlook a fundamental consideration with reference to the Zeppelin. It is an instrument of war. So remarks that student of the subject, Fred T. Jane,\* whose impression is that if the German army can utilize the Zeppelin for purposes of reconnaissance, the ship is a success. For, says he, the airship, like the aeroplane, is now seen as an exploded dream. All sorts of misunderstandings with regard to it are corrected in the light of disillusionizing experience. The performances of the aeroplane are as much a source of chagrin as are the failures of the Zeppelin. We must not condemn the one without considering the other. The human race has lived in a fairyland of aviation only to emerge at last with its wings clipped:

"Every amateur building an aeroplane (or even merely intending to build one) in his back garden was a possible 'conqueror of the air.' The aeroplane was going to oust the motorcar as a sporting vehicle—everyone was quite certain about that. . . . To-day everything is completely changed, and, except as a war machine, the aeroplane is of little interest or use to anyone. A few civilian aviators are still flying, but in practically every case they are doing so in connection with the business aspect of the question. There is no 'sport of aviation' such as the prophets foretold a few years ago. An increasing number of people obtain their pilot certificates, and lists of these are still given, altho the title of 'aviator' is in the bulk of cases somewhat of a courtesy one, since so few keep on flying once they have secured their brevets. It is as a war machine that the aeroplane has come into its own. The Italian aeroplanes over and over again proved their utility in Tripoli. Altho in the Balkan War aircraft were less in evidence than many expected, this may be attributed to the peculiar circumstances of the campaign and also to the scarcity of available machines. Every country is now engaged in forming its aerial fleet. . . . The real problem is twofold. First, of course, is the possession of trained and efficient aviators."



ZEPPELIN'S MASTERPIECE

This dirigible, named in honor of a conspicuous member of the German imperial family, is said to compare with airships generally as the "Imperator" compares with steamships.

\* *WORLD'S AIRSHIPS*. By F. T. Jane. Macmillan.



## KINETIC EFFECTS OF CROWDS IN RELATION TO PUBLIC CATASTROPHES

**A**GAINST what loads, horizontal and vertical, should an engineer design a structure which is likely to have to carry a dense crowd of human beings? A reply to this query took the form of a recent address before the American Society of Civil Engineers by the expert on this subject, C. J. Tilden, which is extracted in part here from the official proceedings of that body.

In some cases, we read, the forces exerted are impulsive in their nature, being exerted for only a small, tho finite and measurable, fraction of a second. Direct multiplication of individual effect by the probable number of units in the crowd is in such cases erroneous, for in order to get the full effect of such impulsive efforts from a crowd of people, it is necessary to have perfect synchronism of motion in every individual, a condition practically out of the question. Further, the denser a throng of people the more individual motion is restricted, so that in the more closely packed crowds, giving the higher static loads per square foot, the increase resulting from kinetic effect is much reduced. On the other hand, that the static load only shall operate, perfect quiescence must be assured, a condition quite as impossible in any crowd as that of absolute synchronism in movement. The duty of the engineer is to provide in every case for the maximum possible load effect to which his structure may be subjected. Speaking of a

series of experiments made for the purpose of determining the kinetic energy exerted by a crowd in motion, Mr. Tilden says:

"The first experiment—that of rising from a crouching position—altho suggestive and interesting, hardly has a practical bearing. That particular form of motion could take place only in a sparse crowd, and even then would be highly improbable. Its main value lies in showing rather strikingly the importance of some consideration of kinetic effect.

"The case of a man rising suddenly from his seat, however, is of considerable importance. No one who has watched a grandstand full of enthusiastic football 'fans' can doubt that a spectacular play may bring nine-tenths of them to their feet with such a close approximation to unanimity of motion that the total kinetic effect must be considerable. However, if the usual allowance of 3 square feet per sitting is made, and each spectator is assumed to weigh 165 pounds or 55 pounds per square foot over the whole structure, an increase of 65 or 70 per cent. (over the 55 pounds per square feet) may be assumed without reaching the static value of 100 pounds per square foot for which such a stand would probably be designed. Provision against horizontal effect, however, is not commonly made, and the importance of some such provision is illustrated by the experiment. To be on the safe side, a backward horizontal impulse of 70 or 80 pounds for each sitting might wisely be guarded against.

"The 'jouncing' movement, while it has a high kinetic intensity and is possible in a much denser throng, is nevertheless of much shorter duration; the effect is that of a rather sharp, quick blow. On this account, practically perfect synchronism of movement is necessary to get the maximum effect, and this, of course, is quite impossible in any ordinary crowd.

"The horizontal effect resulting from a man walking is probably not of general importance, except in the case of a large number of men marching in cadence, as a body of soldiers. The evil effect of this on bridges has been recognized for generations, and the tactical requirement of 'breaking step' during the passage of a bridge by infantry is well known."

At the time of a boat race, river pageant or similar exhibition, a crowd of people will naturally gather on a bridge, ranging themselves along one side. As the spectacle moves under the bridge, the en-

tire crowd will cross to the other side and the motion is likely to be fairly rapid. What effect has it on the structure?

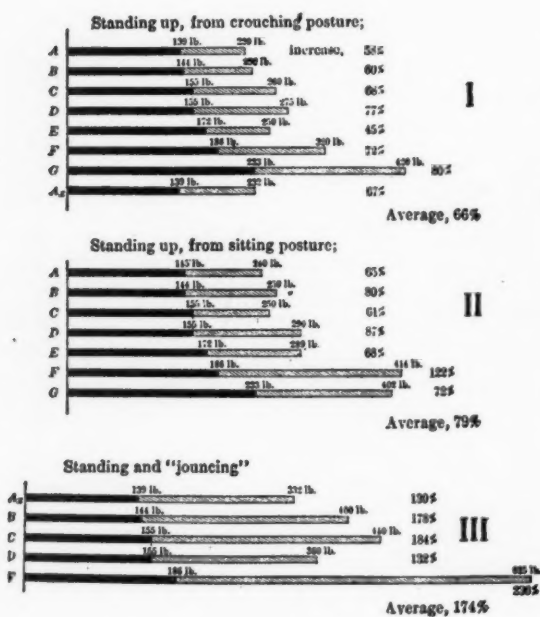
The experiment of running across a bridge is perhaps rather more difficult of application to a crowd. If a line of men, each weighing a hundred and fifty pounds, were distributed at intervals of, say, eighteen inches along the railing of a bridge, and, at a given signal, turned and ran to the other side, bringing up sharply against the opposite rail, the lateral force exerted might even exceed the usual allowance made for the wind. Something of the kind may undoubtedly occur under certain conditions, but to what extent it should be guarded against is a matter of individual judgment based on the exigencies of a particular problem.

A further application of this experiment may be mentioned. A wharf or pier, used for excursion boats, may collect a large number of people who enter from the land singly or in groups and come to rest on the structure. In coming to rest, a horizontal force is exerted, that is, kinetic energy is destroyed, tending to push the wharf out into the water. This force is exerted as a succession of blows, all in the same direction.

"The same is true of any elevated platform, or structure, built for the accommodation of men and women, the entrance to which is restricted to only one line of movement. Such a structure is bound to receive shocks or impulsive horizontal forces in the manner indicated. That these effects are generally so small as to be of no importance is quite true; but that they may also on occasion reach considerable proportions, and especially that the cumulative effect may be serious, seems to be equally beyond question. It may be that a bridge, or pier, or platform may be fully capable of carrying all ordinary loads, even to a densely packed crowd of people; but some day it gives way under a much less (static) load. . .

"For nearly a century the accepted value for the weight of a dense crowd of people has been about 100 pounds per square foot, conservative designers often assuming a slightly higher figure, and their more daring brethren a considerably lower one. The investigation of Stoney, Kernot and others long ago showed that this was by no means the maximum value, and the elaborate work of Johnson, published in 1904, showed that an intensity of 183 pounds per square foot was within the range of possibility. The effect of Johnson's investigations was to raise slightly the load intensities prescribed by some specifications, but this effect was by no means general.

"Thus far, the purely static effect of a crowd is the only one that has received careful study by engineers, and the 'dead weight' is the loading assumed."



KINETIC EFFECTS OF CROWDS

Graphic representation of effect of several sudden changes in position.

## THE INSECT'S PREFERENCE OF THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE TO THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE

NOTHING is so surprising in the many estimates of the work of Henri Fabre, greatest of all the world's entomologists, as the doubt they bring to light respecting theories of evolution. It seems reasonable to the *Paris Cosmos* to infer, for instance, that evolution does not "work" as Darwin first suspected. Herein we have the unique result of Fabre's studies. He has proved, apparently, that insects prefer the pursuit of pleasure to any struggle for existence in the Darwinian sense. Thus do the writings of Fabre, to follow another commentator in *London Knowledge*, "give a thought-kindling vision of the mystical life of another creation." They indicate also the vastness of the gulf between what would be intelligence in a mammal and that instinct which directs the activities of insects.\* Fabre has brought entomology, moreover, up against a blank wall through the tremendous range of his observations on what goes by the name of "the problem of instinct." Is instinct a pursuit of pleasure or is it a tendency to struggle for existence or has it nothing to do with either?

With a workmanship inimitably delicate and dexterous the caterpillar weaves a silken cocoon within which, secure from outside foes, it may pass those months of trance and change which precede its glorious rebirth into a new element. But should an artificial rent be made in its unfinished winter home the spinner will take no pains to repair the breach. After completing its routine labor the caterpillar, on the contrary, will quietly settle down to sleep in a chamber which has become a tomb. It cannot reflect, cannot modify functional habit to meet the unforeseen condition. Does it know what has happened? May its state of mind be compared with the ideas of those who argued in the time of Columbus that this earth is flat? The blunder of the insect is not more terrible than blunders attributable to man.

Insects are shown by Fabre to display a power of discrimination. This is conspicuous in those insects which show an "elective affinity" with certain plants. In his perception of powers suddenly acquired and as suddenly lost by some insects, Fabre seems to the British paper to have found manifestations which conflict with the doctrine of evolution. It is true, as *Paris Nature* notes, that early critics of Fabre found him too "poetical," but his facts are reliable. He is one of the first to

demonstrate the value of imagination in science, but the fact that we may rely upon his observations is shown by his caution in dealing with the life of the spider. He marvels at the geometry of the epeira's web, but he is careful to say that the instinct in this case practises higher geometry without knowing or caring about it. What shocks Fabre is the immorality of the insect world—its cruelty, its ruthlessness, its insanity, varied with displays of wonderful hedonism or love of pleasure. "The story of that unspeakable hypocrite, the praying-mantis, is one of cruelty, license and grotesque horror, such as human annals cannot match." Moreover, the intelligence of the insect, when it has any, is exploited in deeds of lust, cruelty, murder. Crime is the "note" of insect life—cannibalism being incidental in many instances. Not that Fabre helps us to interpret the mass of information he has gathered. He seems to have begun without preconceived opinion, and has worked his way gradually to an idea that the life of the insect unsettles evolutionary theory by accumulating facts impossible of generalization in Darwin's terms. Fabre has put his view in many forms, most succinctly, perhaps thus:

"Because I have stirred a few grains of sand on the shore, am I in a position to know the depths of the ocean?"

"Life has unfathomable secrets. Human knowledge will be erased from the archives of the world before we possess the last word that the gnat has to say to us. . . .

"Success is for the loud talkers, the self-convinced dogmatists. Everything is admitted on condition that it be noisily proclaimed. Let us throw off this sham and recognize that, in reality, we know nothing about anything if things were probed to the bottom. Scientifically, Nature is a riddle without a definite solution to satisfy

man's curiosity. Hypothesis follows on hypothesis; the theoretical rubbish heap accumulates, and truth ever eludes us. To know how not to know might well be the last word of wisdom."

Without presuming, then, to frame a generalization in place of the Darwinian one, Fabre points out that what decides destinies in the insect world is not a struggle for existence but a pursuit of pleasure. For pleasure the insect will gladly surrender its existence. And all insects act more or less in the same way—without intelligence, as we understand the term, but with a keen sense of personal gratification in various forms of activity. His conclusions are thus set down with authority by a naturalist in the *London Mail*:

"The insect is neither free nor conscious in its industry. For it the external functions are regulated with almost as much rigor as the internal functions, like those of digestion, for example. It builds, it spins, it hunts, it stings, it paralyzes just as it digests, just as it secretes the venom of its weapon or the silk of its cocoon—always without knowing anything about the means or the goal."



THE INSECTS' HOMER

Fabre is at once the greatest expert and the greatest poet in the domain of entomology. He loves the grasshopper even while he holds its selfishness up to scorn. He admires the praying-mantis although he execrates its cruelty and rapine.

\* FABRE, POET OF SCIENCE. By C. V. Legras, Century Co.

LIFE AND LOVE OF THE INSECT. By Henri Fabre. Century Co.

LIFE OF THE SPIDER. By Henri Fabre. Dodd, Mead.

## ART AND INSANITY IN THE LIGHT OF AN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY LUNATICS

SOME of the most eminent physicians and psychologists in Europe visited the exhibition of works of art by lunatics which attracted such attention in the medical press of London this autumn. In the absence of histories of the patients who exploited their capacity with the brush—pictures only were shown—for the edification of the profession, it is not possible, so we are reminded by *The British Medical Journal*, to speak dogmatically of the pathology involved. Moreover, although none of the pictures on exhibition manifested the slightest indelicacy, in their selection those displaying what are called "sexual" tendencies were excluded. The absence of the smallest impropriety may have been the result of the rigor of the censorship. It appears, none the less, that the exhibition was vouched for by the authorities of the medical profession who had it in charge as genuinely representative of lunatic art. Every artist was, at the time his work was done, an inmate of an asylum for the insane. Drawings of merit were shown, as well as work with the brush. The general impression was left on the expert mind, according to the organ of the medical profession, that pictures might prove a fruitful, unexplored line of study and a good index of the patient's state. After all, it says, drawing is a mode of expression in which the individuality of the person is well marked.

It may be premised, adds our authority, that insanity, even strongly marked, does not of necessity impair artistic skill. Thus there were several drawings by a well-known deceased artist (who cut his father's throat) which do not differ from his earlier work either in execution or conception, though a few—as, for instance, one depicting a lunatic in chains—would hardly have been conceived in his saner times. Other features of the exhibition are thus described:

"There were others by different artists which, though slight, are of very high artistic excellence—as, for instance, some studies in colored chalk on tinted paper of Coquelin in various parts, and a tender little landscape of Bethlem itself under an evening light. But it may be observed in passing that landscape is much less represented than figure subjects; the repose of landscapes does not seem very often to appeal to disordered minds.

"There was a pen-and-ink head of Gladstone, wild and cleverly conceived in a spirit of moderate caricature, but this might have been done by any one with the requisite skill whose admiration for that statesman was qualified by difference of opinion. There were also some excellent designs for posters or advertisements."

"Leaving these pictures upon which lunacy has set no stamp, we come to a few in which the draftsmanship is still good but the motive more doubtful. Thus there is a clever pen-and-ink sketch comprising several figures, with legends such as 'A 10 per cent. commission to doctors sending patients here,' and the like. But perhaps the most interesting of this class were a series of outline drawings, all from the same hand, strongly reminiscent of the work of the Post-Impressionists. They are nude figures, in which the easy flow of line shows marked facility combined with a disregard of correct drawing; the limbs are out of proportion and do not join up properly with the body, and yet it is not in the least the incorrect and cramped drawing of a child or of an unskilled draftsman. One is ex-



DRAWN BY A LUNATIC

This exquisite figure is the work of an inmate of Bloomingdale Asylum.

cuted in squares, and is absolutely a 'Cubist' drawing, though much more intelligible than many of those which recently found a place on the walls of the Grafton Gallery."

It would be very interesting to the medical paper to know whether the patient who executed these Cubist drawings had seen the Post-Impressionist exhibitions or had heard of them, or whether he evolved the manner from his own inner consciousness. It would be going too far, it thinks, to say that these pictures are any proof that the Post-Impressionists owe their peculiarities to disordered minds. Yet it is an uncomfortable fact that of the three artists who are recognized as the founders of the school, one expatriated himself and lived the life of a native in the South Sea Islands, the second, after committing a murderous assault with a razor upon the first,

died by his own hand while under confinement. The third, however, appears to have a clean record.

There is a goggle-eyed face, much like Post-Impressionist work, which comes from the hand of another insane person. From other hands again an Impressionist peacock and some weird creatures more or less bearing the same stamp of extravagance in fancy and disregard of correct drawing suggest the "modern." Then there are several drawings of some decorative merit but with less evidence of artistic skill which are combined with a geometrical figure such as might be found on old astrological prints. The geometrical figures are executed with care and precision, but the intention of the whole thing is hard to divine. The lesson to be learned from them seems to be that a certain consistency running through the whole series and care in execution are compatible with unintelligible design.

For the purpose of careful psychological study, the exhibition of lunatic art was, thus, incomplete. There had been a mild censorship. There were no "case records." Yet the "show" was important from the standpoint of psychology as well as of pathology. It has been argued by a writer in the *London Times* that from the artistic standpoint there may be a gain for the artist in being unfettered by the necessity of pleasing the public eye and in not caring in the least what others think of his work. On these grounds he defends the Post-Impressionists. Nevertheless, rejoins *The British Medical Journal*:

"It is true that early man in his drawings upon bone and on the walls of caves did display a rude artistic power, and the Japanese are able, though disregarding perspective, to please the cultivated eye. But there are not wanting examples of good artists who from senile degeneracy have come to paint in the manner of the Post-Impressionists, or of children, or of the inmates of asylums; further, the work of infant prodigies, however remarkable, always lacks that something which is needed to satisfy the educated eye. It does not, then, seem worth while to go back to the outlook of the child or of the savage in order to escape the academic trammels. At all events, this exhibition lends no support to ideas of this kind.

"In the absence of histories of the patients it is not possible to speak without fear of contradiction; but, so far as can be judged from inspection of the drawings, every one worthy of consideration from the artistic point of view betrays the practised hand, and does not suggest the spontaneous evolution of an art expressive of untrammelled ideas."



# Religion and Ethics

## THE "LATEST AMERICAN RELIGION" AND ITS CRITICS

A DIRECT and almost defiant challenge is flung in the teeth of present-day Christianity by Winston Churchill's new novel, "The Inside of the Cup" (Macmillan). This, remarks the Chicago Presbyterian weekly, *The Continent*, is a book that the Christian church in America cannot ignore. The fame of the story has penetrated to London, where *The British Weekly* devotes a leading article (presumably written by Sir W. Robertson Nicholl) to "the latest American religion." Admiral Mahan, in the *New York Churchman*, subjects the main arguments of the book to keen scrutiny, and pronounces them dangerous and misleading. A clergyman, in the same paper, calls Mr. Churchill's sentiments "anarchistic." Yet all would admit that "The Inside of the Cup" is not the product of an enemy of the church. It is written by a distinguished literary man who happens to be one of the church's own sons.

The significance of the book is increased by the fact that Mr. Churchill frankly identifies himself with the clergyman hero of the novel. He writes, that is to say, not merely as a novelist but as a reformer and a seer. He essays the statement of a new religious attitude. He attempts a fresh interpretation of Christianity. "The Inside of the Cup" is compared by many critics with "Robert Elsmere." But whereas Mrs. Humphry Ward would destroy and reconstruct the church, while maintaining the present social order, Mr. Churchill attacks both society and the church. His position is not far from that of a social revolutionist.

The Rev. John Hodder, the hero of the story, is sketched as an idealist in conflict with his environment. We see him, at the opening, in charge of a prosperous Protestant Episcopal church in one of the cities of the Middle West. His congregation includes rich and important people. He has been trained in the strictest orthodoxy, and finds the atmosphere about him overwhelmingly conservative. But he begins to be assailed by doubts—doubts as to the truth of Christian doctrine and the justice of the existing social order.

He is particularly worried by the dogma of the Virgin Birth of Christ. How is it possible, he keeps asking himself, for a reasonable man to believe in such a doctrine? A clever lady in his congregation increases his skepticism. He invests, with a sense of guilt, in books written by European rationalists. As he reads the foreign volumes he feels an acute, almost physical, pain, as tho a vital part of him was being cut away. The Virgin Birth continues to turn up irrepressibly throughout Mr. Churchill's tale.

Difficulties connected with Hodder's efforts to reconcile Christian doctrine and practice prove equally troublesome. His chief supporter, Eldon Parr, is a millionaire who has made his money by questionable methods. Mr. Hodder notices that while working people accept the philanthropic benefits of the church—the kindergarten and the gymnasium and the reading rooms—they refuse to become worshippers. When Eldon Parr proposes to endow a new settlement, his own

daughter indicts him and tells him that the social system by which he thrives is diametrically opposed to Christianity. "Your true creed is the survival of the fittest. You grind these people into what is really an economic slavery and dependence, and then you insult and degrade them by inviting them to exercise and read books and sing hymns in your settlement house, and give their children crackers and milk and kindergartens and sunlight." Mr. Hodder listens to this "tremendous arraignment" with indescribable feelings.

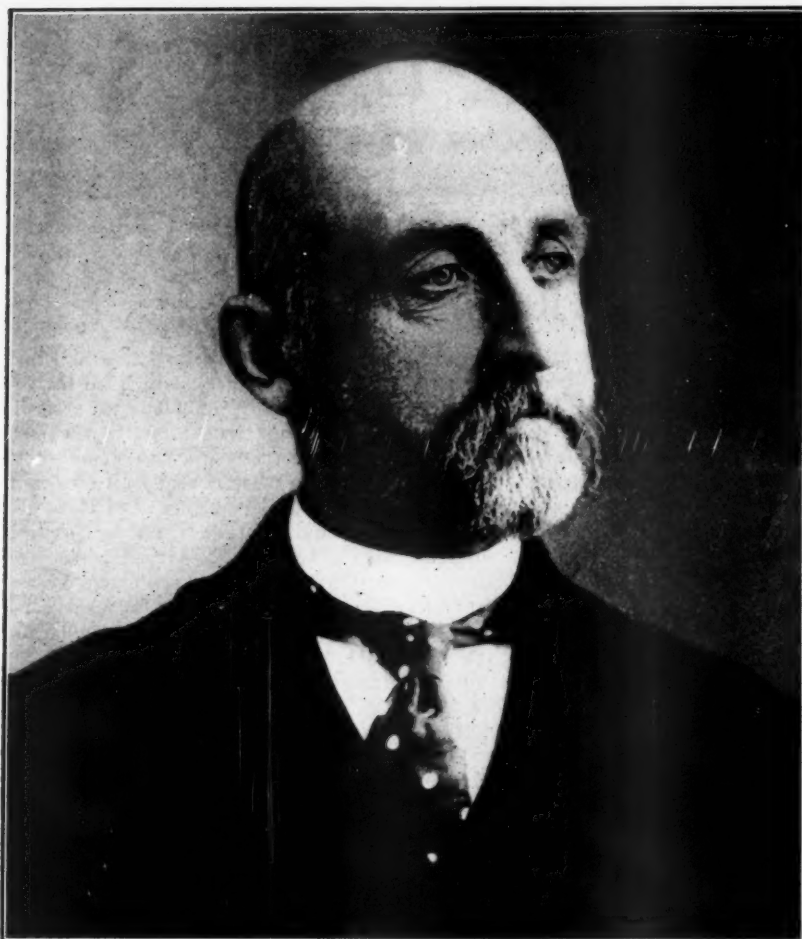
As Hodder's views grow radical, his position becomes more and more difficult. On all sides he is criticized. But he refuses to resign. He holds that a clergyman who resigns his post because he sees deeper truth is guilty of "the great refusal." He is finally impelled to explain to his church the conclusions at which he has arrived. He tells his people that they need not trouble about the birth of Jesus, for the physical could never prove the spiritual. He summons them to service in behalf of a new ideal. That ideal is "the true Protestantism—democracy." What is needed, he says, is rebirth into a spirit of service. Christianity is individualism carried to its ultimate, but it is also solidarity and altruism. The time is ripe for a crusade against "economic slavery—yes, and the more horrible slavery of women and young girls in vice." We need to learn that there is something infinitely more sacred than property, and that the man who puts property first cannot be a good Christian.

Hodder falls in love with the daughter of Eldon Parr, and the last chapter of the book chronicles a remarkable dialog between them. "I have always had queer views," Alison Parr declares. She goes on to express her dissatisfaction with the argument that an indissoluble marriage under all conditions is good for society. "That a man or woman, the units of society," she says, "should violate the divine in themselves for the sake of society is absurd. . . . It is absurd to promise to love. We have no control over our affections." She believes in divorce, but she does not believe that those divorced should marry again. The



A NOVELIST TURNED REFORMER AND SEER

Winston Churchill, in "The Inside of the Cup," attempts a new and revolutionary interpretation of Christianity.



THE OPPONENT OF WINSTON CHURCHILL

Admiral A. T. Mahan objects to Mr. Churchill's new novel on the ground that it tends to undermine faith and to "identify inclination with love."

clergyman replies: "The alpha and omega of Christ's message is rebirth into the knowledge of the Spirit, and hence submission to its guidance. And that is what Paul meant when he said that it freed us from the law. You are right, Alison, when you declare it to be a violation of the Spirit for a man and woman to live together when love does not exist." The book concludes with Alison's affirmation of trust in Hodder: "You are my faith. And faith in you is my faith in humanity, and faith in God."

So much for the content of the story. *The British Weekly*, while conceding that its spirit is "all that can be desired," and that "there is much in it with which every Christian must sympathize," criticizes the book on fundamental grounds. With Mr. Churchill's "Socialism," it says, it has no quarrel. "The present social order must go." But "the weakness of Mr. Churchill and many other social reformers is that they do not put Christ in the foreground." *The British Weekly* continues:

"It is through Christ and his doctrine that social reform will be carried through. It is foolish to worship democracy. It is not by any means certain that democ-

racy will make an end of the old order and bring in the new. Mr. Churchill knows very well how poor a fight his own people are making against the trusts. There is nothing necessarily divine in democracy. A godless democracy will give the spoils to the strong. The poor will raise themselves up against the oppressor from time to time, but they will be trampled into the dust.

"But we fall back on Christ, and we fall back on him because in the Incarnation he has come near to men. He has closed the gulf between God and man. He is the Eternal Son of the Eternal. We should never think of putting the doctrine of the Virgin Birth foremost among the doctrines of Christianity. R. H. Hutton, in his old age, used to say that the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection are both to be approached from the story of the Passion. But the story of the Virgin Birth is congruous with what is central to the Christian Gospel, that in Christ heaven and earth, God and man, have been brought together. If Christ were only a creature, God still remains at an infinite distance from the race. The hope, and we were going to say the sole hope, of the social reformer is in the Incarnation."

Admiral Mahan, in his article in *The Churchman*, expresses his conviction that "The Inside of the Cup" is

equally misleading in its religious and in its social implications. The whole "gigantic fabric of faith," he feels, trembles when such pillars of support as the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection are undermined. And when an effort is made to "identify inclination with love," the result can only be disastrous. The Admiral explains:

"The tree is known by its fruit. The book closes with an interview between the hero and the heroine, who have become engaged. She makes to him a prenuptial statement—in which he acquiesces—that if she ceases to love him she would feel divorce imperative. It is true, she feels that another marriage should not be, but the sentiment rests upon her own conviction solely. They are a law unto themselves. The grave mistake here is the identifying of inclination with love. 'We have no control over our affections'—inclinations. In a measure this is true, but only in a measure. We can at least withdraw ourselves from influences that tend to draw our affections astray. We can do more; we can engage in acts which tend to develop affection. But in the eyes of Christ love is no mere inclination. 'Love ye your enemies'; a command surely, a command to control affection. How? By training and by action. Repeated action, tending to habit, is training, and so the command continues by prescribing suitable methods: 'Bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you.' Love therefore is not merely inclination, and may exist without it as well as with it. God's love is thus immediately defined in the context: He maketh his sun to shine on the evil (His enemies) and on the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and upon the unjust. Here is no indifference to evil, nor inclination to evil men; but here also is love. And it is to be remembered that acts of benevolence, of good-will, breed love toward the object of them.

"So in marriage. If one partner or the other undergoes the unhappiness of finding inclination—falsely called love, and often largely animal—to fail, the command stands: Bless, do good, pray. Separation, divorce, in such case is justified in 'The Inside of the Cup' by a travesty upon St. Paul's thought, 'If ye are led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law.' This travesty underlies the whole book. The 'reborn' in it are those who are led by an inner feeling, also travestied as 'inspiration,' which sets them above external law—even the law of Christ, as in divorce. Here is seen the fruit of the tree, the result of sapping the uniqueness of Christ's position."

The *Chicago Continent* welcomes the book, in spite of its shortcomings. "Even tho Mr. Churchill's blows fall painfully on tender sensibilities," it says, "the church owes gratitude to the man who smites it awake to realize its absolute and undiminished obligation to live according to every word that proceeded from the mouth of its Master."

## APPRAISALS OF SIR OLIVER LODGE'S ADDRESS ON IMMORTALITY

**F**EW if any discussions of purely theoretical themes have ever received the instant and vivid attention given to Sir Oliver Lodge's recent address on the immortality of the soul, delivered before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The essential parts of the address were cabled to the ends of the earth. Religious and secular journals have vied with one another in volume of comment. Newspapers like the *London Times* have treated the whole discourse as a protest against intellectual arrogance. The religious press has been almost a unit in interpreting Sir Oliver's utterance as a reaction from materialism and a return to a more spiritual philosophy. And yet, after all the comment is gauged, can it be truthfully said that the address has increased faith in immortality? One answer to this question is expressed in the opening words of an editorial in the *San Francisco Chronicle*: "The long-heralded address by Sir Oliver Lodge on the immortality of the soul has been delivered, and tho it represents the ripest fruit of many years' reflection by one of the most eminent thinkers of the day, it is as disappointing as the proverbial Dead Sea apples. That is, so far as the promised proofs are concerned. As a stimulus to deeper thought on the eternally fascinating problem of human destiny, it is a masterly contribution to contemporary literature."

The "proofs" of immortality Sir Oliver did not pretend to give in his address. For these we must turn to his earlier writings, and, in particular, to his book, "The Survival of Man." When one carefully studies the book, it becomes evident that he has no positive evidence as yet showing that individuality persists beyond the grave. He never saw a "ghost." He never witnessed a "materialization"—or at least gives no credence to that branch of psychical activity. He has had no experience in automatic writing. He does not regard spirit photography as proven. He takes a very sceptical attitude toward so-called "physical" phenomena.

On what, then, does he rely? The answer seems to be: On Mrs. Leonora Piper, the Boston woman whom Professor Hyslop once called "the human telescope," and who has been in the employment and under the scrutiny of the Psychical Research Societies on both sides of the Atlantic for no less than twenty-five years. "The Survival of Man" is saturated with Mrs. Piper. Another lady, "Mrs. Verrall," also receives a good deal of Sir Oliver's attention, but is not revealed under her real name. "The one entity around

whom all the eminent researchers have revolved for a quarter of a century," remarks Henry M. Williams in the *St. Louis Mirror*, "is Mrs. Piper; and to anyone looking for real wonders, of the old-fashioned Spiritualistic variety, she is very disappointing." Mr. Williams continues:

"As a matter of fact, what Sir Oliver tells us of the methods and effects produced by Mrs. Piper is nothing more than what anyone may see of the methods and effects in any 'test meeting' at a Spiritualist church on any Sunday in the season. That is to say, the lady goes into a 'trance,' tells something about some dead person, usually a relative supposed to be present, and there is, or is not, a verification of the message. Everyone who has attended such meetings has noticed that a certain proportion of the messages are hits and the rest are misses. So of the Piper messages. Sir Oliver candidly acknowledges that the misses are very numerous and discouraging. But he holds that the hits are far more numerous than the law of averages allows. And on these hits, or successful efforts to pierce the obscurity brought about by death, he

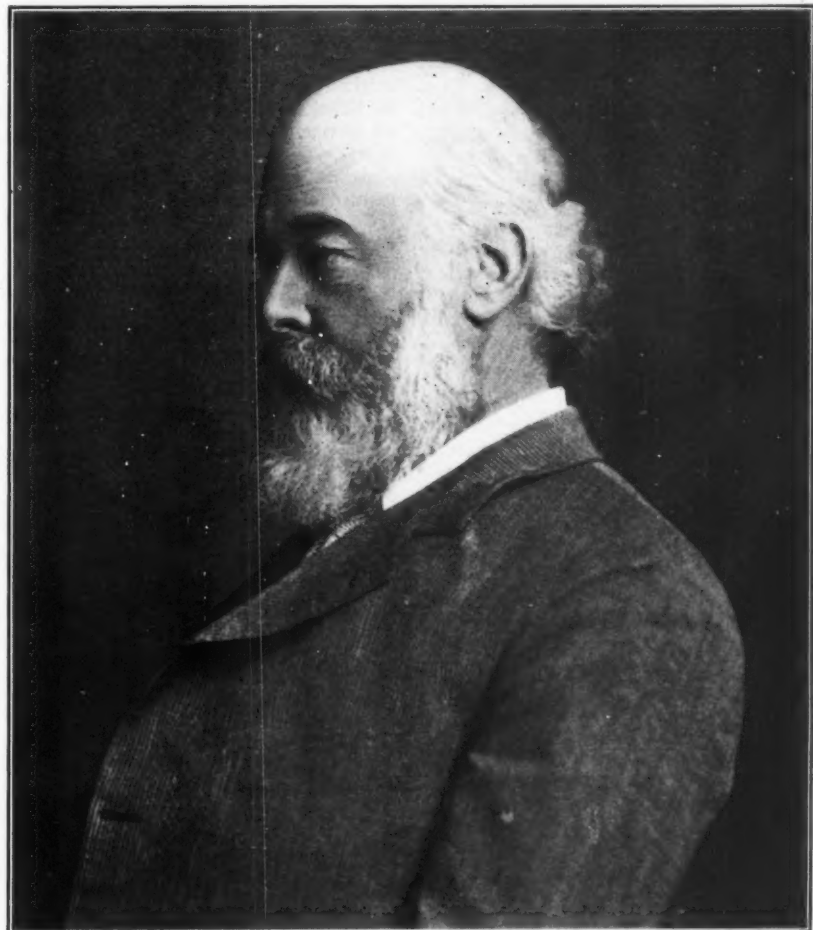
bases his belief in 'continuity,' which word appears to be his preference for what is popularly called immortality."

But if Sir Oliver's "proofs" are inadequate, the underlying spirit of his address finds response in every heart and mind:

"Now at last we of the new era have been victorious; we inherit the fruits of the age-long conflict, and the stones are in our hands. Let us not fall into the old mistake of thinking that ours is the only way of exploring the multifarious depths of the universe; and that all others are worthless and mistaken. The universe is a larger thing than we have any conception of, and no one method of search will exhaust its treasures.

"Men and brethren, we are trustees of the truth of the physical universe as scientifically explored; let us be faithful to our trust.

"Genuine religion has its roots deep down in the heart of humanity, and in the reality of things. It is not surprising that by our methods we fail to grasp it; the actions of the Deity make no appeal to any special sense, only a universal appeal; and our methods are, as we know,



HE BELIEVES THAT IMMORTALITY IS CAPABLE OF SCIENTIFIC PROOF

Sir Oliver Lodge has lately reasserted his conviction that we are near a demonstration of the human personality's survival of bodily death. He does not say that the proof is crucially complete as yet, but he thinks "the evidence is so exceedingly strong that it is only by mental contortion that its cogency can be evaded."



incompetent to detect complete uniformity. There is a principle of relativity here, and unless we encounter flaw, or jar, or change, nothing in us responds; we are deaf and blind, therefore, to the imminent grandeur around us, unless we have insight enough to appreciate the whole, and to recognize in the woven fabric of existence, flowing steadily from the loom in an infinite progress toward perfection, the ever-growing garment of a transcendent God."

The weakness of all this, according to the New York Free Thought paper, *The Truth Seeker*, is that it is too vague. Sir Oliver expressly declares in his address that it is impossible to explain the psychical in terms of physics and chemistry. His statement makes some other terms necessary in the treatment of "psychical" themes. "Can he furnish those other terms and make us understand what they mean?" asks *The Truth Seeker*. The same paper continues:

"A vocabulary of psychic terms, with authoritative definitions, would be some acquisition to our language. These 'discarnate intelligences,' brothers of the fourth dimension, manifest apart from matter, and are without form and void. They have no height, depth, length, breadth, or superficies. They are imponderable, and have less density than an opinion, which may be weighed. It is simple, in the terms of physics, to tell what these discarnate existences are not, but where are the terms that describe what they are? One cannot think without thinking in terms, or words. Where are the words or terms in which to think positively of the discarnate? These 'intelligences,' it is logical to infer, present no appearance. We need not try to imagine how they look, for there is nothing to see. They have no bodily parts, not even the brain—the thing that men and women are intelligent or fools with. The more we think of what they are not, the more we wonder what they are."

Robert Blatchford, the agnostic editor of the London *Clarion*, comments in similar spirit. "Words, words, words," is what he calls Sir Oliver's address. "I do not dogmatize," he says, "but only suggest that the hidden mystery is probably something much vaster and stranger than any man has so far guessed. And when a scientific gentleman from Birmingham comes to us with his looms, and his fabrics, and his God, I wonder." Mr. Blatchford writes further:

"There is very little in Sir Oliver Lodge's speech that calls for argument. If a man likes to think he will live beyond the grave it is his own affair. The desire for immortality, after all, is natural enough, and quite harmless. I think most agnostics would agree with me were I to say that the idea of continuity of human life is an interesting idea, but difficult to believe. Few of us would presume to say that there is no life after death, for who dare dogmatize in his ignorance and out of the multitude of

marvels which surrounds him? But many of us will say that to us the weight of evidence seems to tell against the idea of any continuity of individual life."

Maurice Maeterlinck is a third Free-thinker who finds it impossible to affirm immortality on the basis of the slender evidence presented by Sir Oliver Lodge and his kind. If there are spirits, he remarks (in an article published in *The Century* and in *The Fortnightly Review*), why do they come back to us with empty hands and words? "Is it really worth while to have passed the fearful paths which lead to the eternal fields, to remember that our granduncle was called Peter, and that Paul, our cousin, was afflicted with varicose veins and a stomach complaint?" Maeterlinck concedes that "a spiritual or nervous shape, an image, a belated reflection of life is capable of subsisting for some time, of releasing itself from the body or surviving it, of traversing enormous distances in the twinkling of an eye, of manifesting itself to the living and, sometimes, of communicating with them." For the rest, he says, "we have to recognize that these apparitions are very brief." He goes on to say:

"They do not seem to have the least consciousness of a new or superterrestrial life, differing from that of the body whence they issue. On the contrary, their spiritual energy, at a time when it ought to be absolutely pure, because it is rid of matter, seems greatly inferior to what it was when matter surrounded it. These more or less uneasy fantasms, often tormented with trivial cares, altho they come from another world, have never brought us one single revelation of topical interest concerning that world whose prodigious threshold they have crossed. Soon they fade away and disappear for ever. Are they the first glimmers of a new existence or the final glimmers of the old? Do the dead thus use, for want of a better, the last link that binds them and makes them perceptible to our senses? Do they afterwards go on living around us, without again succeeding, in spite of their endeavors, to make themselves known or to give us an idea of their presence, because we have not the organ that is necessary to perceive them, even as all our endeavors would not succeed in giving a man who was blind from birth the least notion of light and color? We do not know at all; nor can we tell whether it is permissible to draw any conclusion from all these incontestable phenomena."

Christian commentators are equally sceptical in regard to the value of Sir Oliver's "proofs." Cardinal Gibbons, when asked for his view, remarked that he was not prepared to say whether, or how far, the continuity of life after death could be proved by scientific investigation. "Of such vague proof," he said, "I have no need. My faith in the hereafter, in the immortality of the soul, rests not on conjecture but on a more solid foundation. It rests upon

the infallible revelation of the Son of God, who said: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'"

An editorial writer in the New York *Evening Mail* expresses much the same view in these words:

"The strangely significant thing about the remarkable inaugural address of Sir Oliver Lodge, the incoming president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, is that it should be necessary for a great man of science to make a somewhat humble and apologetic appeal for the theory that there is such a thing as the human soul. . . . Most men in general accept instinctively, intuitively, confidently, the conclusions which Sir Oliver Lodge, the scientist, states almost timidly.

"The trouble about the authority of Sir Oliver in this great matter is that, as a man of science, he brings it all down, in the last resort, to 'an examination of the occult by the methods of science,' asserting that he has made such an examination, and that his belief rests upon 'facts so examined.'

"In other words, he depends upon what is called Spiritualism for his belief.

"But the world in general still rests not upon that kind of demonstration but upon faith, which has never had any better definition than that contained in the statement that it is 'the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' So we doubt whether there will be great joy in the world of faith over Sir Oliver's address."

For comment much more sympathetic to Sir Oliver's position, we turn to an article by John Spencer Clarke in the Boston *Transcript*. Mr. Clarke regards the address given before the British Association as "in many respects the most significant utterance of scientific thought of modern times." He writes enthusiastically:

"Both the occasion and the speaker gave the views advanced the highest certification to the consideration of thoughtful minds; while the tone of the address itself, its profoundly reverent spirit, its freedom from scientific dogmatism, coupled with a full knowledge of the achievements of modern science, will commend its subject to a seriousness and a rationality of discussion it has never yet had from either the scientific or the philosophic viewpoints.

"Sir Oliver Lodge is an evolutionist, and this address is the most significant scientific utterance in regard to man's destiny that has followed the promulgation of the doctrine of evolution as set forth half a century ago by Herbert Spencer and John Fiske. It consists in fact of an advancement of the doctrine of evolution on scientific grounds, into a realm of cosmic existence adumbrated in man's physical experience, but which has yet had no adequate scientific exploration. . . .

"Verily, verily, if these words be true, man is to come here and now, through the revelations of science, into relations with the 'Infinite Eternal Power from which all things proceed,' which shall far exceed the visions of mystics, the ideals of poets, the insights of philosophers."

## HELEN KELLER'S DEVELOPMENT INTO A SOCIAL PHILOSOPHER

**M**ARK TWAIN once said that the two most interesting characters of the nineteenth century are Napoleon and Helen Keller. But so familiar a figure to our own day is Miss Keller that the marvel of her is not yet fully realized. Her education, her literary achievements, and all the unselfish work she has done for her fellow deaf and blind are well known. Now she has developed into an enthusiastic Socialist. In her new book "Out of the Dark" (Doubleday Page)—a collection of magazine articles and speeches—she informs us of her hope to write a book on the subject of Socialism which she intends to call "Industrial Blindness and Social Deafness." Her social vision is evident in the present volume, and, under all the circumstances, seems almost as much of a miracle as any of the wonderful physical achievements which are recorded of her.

Miss Keller has come to the conclusion that the unemployment of the blind is only part of a greater social problem. "It is not physical blindness, but social blindness, which cheats our hands of their right to toil," she declares; and in an address delivered before the German Scientific Society of New York last spring, on the subject of the deaf and dumb, she spoke as follows:

"Deafness, like poverty, stunts and deadens its victims until they do not realize the wretchedness of their condition. They are incapable of desiring improvement. God help them! They grope, they stumble with their eyes wide open, they are indifferent. They miss everything in the world that makes life worth living, and yet they do not realize their own bondage. We must not wait for the deaf to ask for speech, or for the submerged of humanity to rise up and demand their liberties. We who see, we who hear, we who understand, must help them, must give them the bread of knowledge, much teach them what their human inheritance is. Let every science do its part—medicine, surgery, otology, psychology, education, invention, economics, mechanics. And while you are working for the deaf child, do not forget that his problem is only part of a greater problem, the problem of bettering the condition of all mankind."

It is interesting to note that the first book on Socialism which Helen Keller read was H. G. Wells's "New Worlds For Old." She now takes a German Socialist periodical printed in braille for the blind. Other contemporary Socialist literature, German, French and English, is spelled into her hand. But manual spelling is a slow process at best, she tells us. "It

is no easy and rapid thing to absorb through one's fingers a book of fifty thousand words on economics." Nevertheless, Miss Keller expects to become acquainted in this manner with "all the classic Socialist authors." Her Socialism, however, is not confined to reading and theorizing. She takes a lively interest in public events. The red flag which hangs in her study is a call to action. In recent strikes she has proved a practical sympathizer; and she thus identifies herself with the workers of the world:

"Their cause is my cause. If they are denied a living wage, I also am defrauded. While they are industrial slaves, I cannot be free. My hunger is not satisfied while they are unfed. I cannot enjoy the good things of life which come to me, if they are hindered and neglected. I want all the workers of the world to have sufficient money to provide the elements of a normal standard of living—a decent home, healthful surroundings, opportunity for education and recreation. I want them to have the same blessings that I have. I, deaf and blind, have been helped to overcome many obstacles. I want them to be helped as generously in a struggle which resembles my own in many ways."

In an eloquent chapter, entitled "The Hand Of The World," which might well inspire a Rodin, Helen Keller tells how, step by step, she has been led out of her isolation into full social consciousness—how at last she has come to "touch hands with the world."

"I had felt in my life the touch only of hands that uphold the weak, hands that are all eye and ear, charged with helpful intelligence. I believed that people made their own conditions, and that, if the conditions were not always the best, they were at least tolerable, just as my infirmity was tolerable. . . .

"Step by step my investigation of blindness led me into the industrial world. And what a world it is! How different from the world of my beliefs. I must face unflinchingly a world of facts—a world of misery and degradation, of blindness, crookedness, and sin, a world struggling against the elements, against the unknown, against itself. How reconcile this world of fact with the bright world of my imagining? My darkness had been filled with the light of intelligence, and, behold, the outer day-lit world was stumbling and groping in social blindness! At first I was most unhappy; but deeper study restored my confidence. By learning the sufferings and burdens of men, I became aware as never before of the life-power that has survived the forces of darkness, the power which, tho never completely victorious, is continuously conquering. The very fact that we are still here carrying on the contest against the hosts of annihilation proves that on the whole the battle has gone for humanity."

Helen Keller is an optimist by temperament and conviction, with a genius for overcoming all difficulties and obstacles. Profound love for her fellow beings and that "deeper kind of humor which is courage," distinguish her in public as in private life. She does not hesitate to speak her mind frankly on any subject. In a very remarkable series of articles on "The Modern Woman," contributed recently to *The Metropolitan Magazine*, she criticizes the "higher education" of women. It is not technical ignorance, she declares, but social ignorance which is at the bottom of our present miseries. The best educated woman, therefore, is not necessarily one who has been to college, but she who knows the social basis of her life and of the lives of those whom she would help—her children, her employers, her employees, the beggar at her door and her congressman at Washington. Miss Keller continues:

"It is just such fundamental propositions related to the problems of life which school education seems to ignore. In school and college we spend a great deal of time over trivial matters. I cannot recall much that I learned at Radcliffe College, which now stands forth in my mind as of primary importance. The little economic theory that I learned was admirably put; but I have never succeeded in bringing it into harmony with the economic facts that I have learned since."

Fortunately, Miss Keller says further, real education no more depends on educational institutions than religion depends on churches. College women are too docile under formal instruction. "I am surprised to find that many champions of women, upholders of 'advanced ideas,' exalt the intelligence of the so-called cultivated woman. They portray her as an intellectual prodigy to whom the wisest man would resign his library and his laboratory with a feeling of dismayed incompetence. It is not woman's intelligence that should be insisted upon, but her needs, her responsibilities, her functions." Miss Keller is not inclined to praise the educated woman. She finds her, on the whole, narrow and "lacking in vision":

"How seldom does the college girl who has tasted philosophy and studied history relate philosophy and the chronicles of the past to the terrific processes of life which are making history every day! Her reputed practical judgment and swift sympathy seem to become inoperative in the presence of any question that reaches to a wide horizon. Her mind works quickly so long as it follows a traditional groove. Lift her out of it, and she becomes inert and without resource. She





HELEN KELLER, SOCIALIST.

Miss Keller has come to the conclusion that the unemployment of the blind is only part of a greater social problem. "It is not physical blindness, but social blindness, which cheats our hands of their right to toil," she declares.

is wanting in reflection, originality, independence. In the face of opposition to a private interest or a primitive instinct she can be courageous and vividly intelligent. But she retreats from general ideas as if they did not concern her, when in point of fact civilized life is comprehended in general ideas."

believed that blindness, deafness and other causes of human suffering were unpreventable. She was convinced that we must endure them as we accept the havoc of storms and deluges, with Christian fortitude and resignation. Now she knows better. "The

On certain phases of the subject of the social evil, Helen Keller is qualified to speak with some authority. For years she has studied blindness and that ophthalmia of the newborn which so often can be traced to sexual causes. To those who advocate a policy of silence in such matters, Miss Keller replies:

"We must set to work in the right direction the three great agencies which inform and educate us: the church, the school, and the press. If they remain silent, obdurate, they will bear the odium which recoils upon evildoers. They may not listen at first to our plea for light and knowledge. They may combine to baffle us; but there will rise, again and again, to confront them, the beseeching forms of little children: deaf, blind, crooked of limb, and vacant of mind. . . .

"I am making a plea for American women and their children. I plead that the blind may see, the deaf may hear, and the idiot may have a mind. In a word, I plead that the American woman may be the mother of a great race."

Once, Miss Keller informs us, she believed that blindness, deafness and other causes of human suffering were unpreventable. She was convinced that we must endure them as we accept the havoc of storms and deluges, with Christian fortitude and resignation. Now she knows better. "The

truer Christianity teaches us that disease and ignorance are not ultimate decrees of Heaven, and that such discontent as the first visions of light bring to the yearning soul is a divine discontent. The finest resignation and submission are not incompatible with heroic contest against the forces of darkness. The old idea was to endure. This was succeeded by a better idea, to alleviate and cure. And that, in turn, has given way to the modern idea, to prevent, to root out diseases that destroy the sight, the hearing, the mind, the life and the morals of men. . . . We know now that hospitals and institutions for defectives are not permanent temples of salvation. They are, rather, like temporary camp-sites along the way upon which the race is journeying toward a city where disease and darkness shall not be."

Helen Keller, like so many of the world's most practical reformers, is a mystic. We quote in conclusion a self-expressive paragraph taken from her introduction to a volume of Swedenborg, published in braille for the blind:

"Here and now, our misfortune is irreparable. Our service to others is limited. Our thirst for larger activity is unsatisfied. The greatest workers for the race—poets, artists, men of science—men with all their faculties, are at times shaken with a mighty cry of the soul, a longing more fully to body forth the energy, the fire, the richness of fancy and of humane impulse which overburden them. What wonder, then, that we with our more limited senses and more humble powers should with a passionate desire crave wider range and scope of usefulness? Swedenborg says that 'the perfection of man is the love of use,' or service to others. Our groping acts are mere stammering suggestions of the greatness of service that we intend. The dearest of all the consolations which Swedenborg's message brings to me is that in the next world our narrow field of work shall grow limitlessly broad and luminous. There the higher self that we long to be shall find realization."

## THE FAITH OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE GRADUATE

THE popular impression that a college education tends to rob men of their religious faith is in large measure overthrown by a recent investigation made among college graduates in this country. It seems that Durant Drake, Professor of Ethics and of the Philosophy of Religion in Wesleyan University (Connecticut), addressed an inquiry dealing with the most vital points in Christian belief and church practice to graduates of the class of 1900 of Harvard University, Wesleyan University and the University of Illinois. Church

attendance, the nature of God, prayer, immortality, the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Bible were among the subjects covered. From Harvard graduates eighty-seven replies were received; from Wesleyan, ninety-one; from Illinois, seventy-one. The results of the investigation are strikingly summarized in diagram form in the *New York Independent*.

Each of the ten diagrams reproduced shows three circles, the first representing the faith of Harvard graduates; the second that of Illinois graduates, the third that of Wesleyan graduates.

In each case the unshaded segment represents the proportion of those sending in replies who expressed no conviction or left the question open. In general, the vertical-lined segments represent those who believe in the older traditional, or orthodox, views; and the slanting-lined segments represent those who cling to faith or hope, but who feel that they have no basis in certainty. The horizontal line segments represent those of liberal and radical sympathies who still call themselves Christians. The black segments represent those who reject the beliefs in any interpretation.



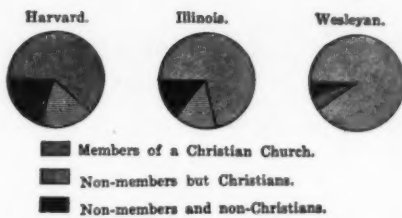


DIAGRAM 1.—CHURCH CONNECTIONS.

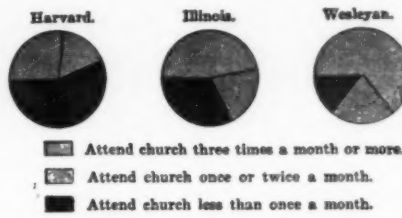


DIAGRAM 2.—CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

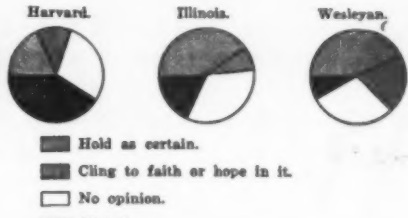


DIAGRAM 3.—PERSONALITY OF GOD.

The whole inquiry was conducted in confidence. Signatures were commonly given in initials, or even omitted altogether. Each one was free to express his deepest convictions, and disinclination to avow unpopular opinions can hardly have been felt. In view of these facts, Professor Drake finds it interesting to note that there were just four men in all, two from Harvard, and one each from Illinois and Wesleyan, who indicated disbelief that "God" represents some important reality, and is to be retained in our thought and speech. Only about five per cent. of the men

for the whole order of things; they see in God merely "the power that makes for righteousness." Only twenty-three per cent. have an assured belief that the doctrine of the Trinity is in its original and literal sense true; but of the forty-five per cent. who positively disbelieve it "in its original and literal sense," considerably more than half—twenty-eight per cent. of the total number—hold that "it may well be retained as referring to God as transcendent, God in Christ, and God—the Holy Spirit—in human nature."

The divinity of Christ thirty-nine per

tains a great revelation of God and remains preeminent among religious books." Four per cent. deny this preeminence to the Bible.

In regard to prayer, most of the replies take an affirmative attitude. Twenty-five per cent. are convinced that it "avails to change the sequence of natural events, in addition to its effect on him who prays." Eleven per cent. more "cling to faith or hope" that it does. Thirty-eight per cent. frankly disbelieve that it does.

Immortality, "a continuance of personal life after death," appeals to

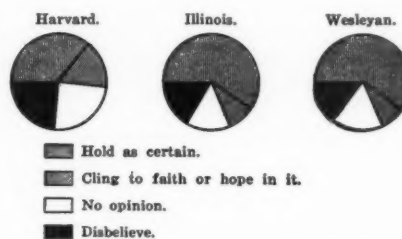


DIAGRAM 4.—IS GOD OMNIPOTENT?

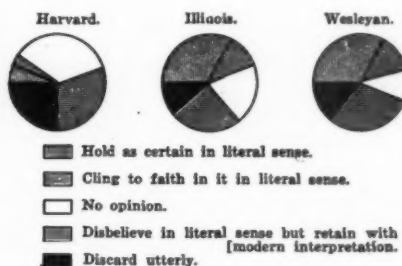


DIAGRAM 5.—THE TRINITY.

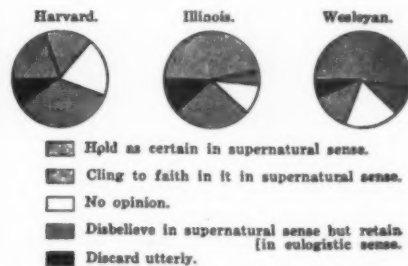


DIAGRAM 6.—DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

were agnostics. Atheism would seem to be, among mature college graduates, almost extinct. Eighty-eight per cent. enrolled themselves as Christians, and seventy-five per cent. declared themselves to be members of some Christian church. Forty-seven per cent. attend church pretty regularly, and sixty-six per cent. attend, on an average, once a month or more. Only thirty-four per cent. are regular stay-at-homes.

After following so remarkable a showing on the side of religion, it is surprising to learn that less than thirty-five per cent. of the graduates feel assured that God is a conscious person. Twenty-three per cent. positively deny divine personality. Nineteen per cent. find it impossible to believe in God's omnipotence and ultimate responsibility

cent. hold as certain. Thirty-three per cent. disbelieve that he was "divine in a supernatural sense, that is, as no mere man can conceivably be." Out of the thirty-three per cent., twenty-five per cent. hold that he was "divine in a eulogistic sense," that he "stands preeminent among men, but in no way to which other men might not conceivably attain." A bare four per cent. deny him even that preeminence.

As to the Bible, twenty-one per cent. are convinced that it is "throughout inspired, the word of God, authoritative," while sixty-four per cent. deny this, holding that it "contains untruths, inconsistencies and outgrown moral and religious conceptions." Of the sixty-four per cent., however, by far the greater number believe that it "con-

thirty-nine per cent. as reasonable. Twenty-seven per cent. more "cling to faith or hope" in this matter. Twenty-three per cent. are non-committal. Eleven per cent. take a negative view.

One result of this inquiry seems to Professor Drake noteworthy, namely, that "altho all sorts of opinions, ultra-conservative and ultra-radical, were expressed, there are very few who do not call themselves Christians, and still fewer who call themselves atheists." He adds: "The gist of the result may be summed up, perhaps, by saying that there is a general loyalty to the name Christianity and to the church, but a widespread tendency to abandon many beliefs which have hitherto been supposed to be essential to both."

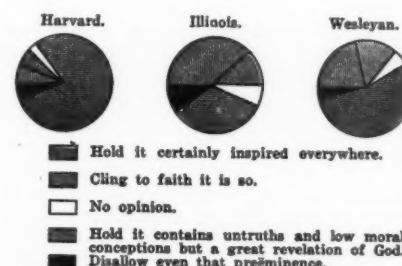


DIAGRAM 7.—INSPIRATION OF BIBLE.

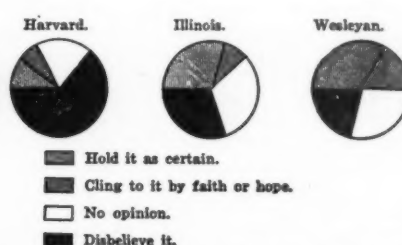


DIAGRAM 8.—CAN PRAYER ALTER OUTWARD EVENTS?

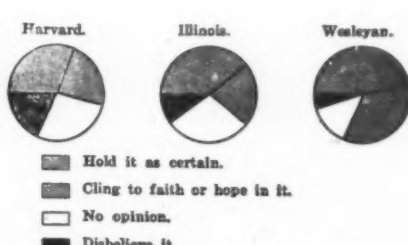


DIAGRAM 9.—SURVIVAL OF PERSONALITY BEYOND THE GRAVE.

## IS WHITE SLAVERY NOTHING MORE THAN A MYTH?

WHEN two federal judges, one in California and the other in Kansas, give diametrically opposite rulings in the interpretation of that portion of the Mann Act that has come to be known popularly as the Mann White Slave law, we have some evidence of the conclusion that exists not only regarding this statute (under which there have been virtually five hundred convictions since its passage in June, 1910) but in the very idea that the term "white slavery" embodies. It now remains for the Supreme Court of the United States to interpret the law finally and to give more definite meaning to that nebulous term "white slavery."

In the meantime, the "white slave" continues to be a popular theme on the stage and in current fiction, and a sort of slogan used in awakening the endeavors of social reformers. "The white slave traffic has reached the appalling proportion of more than 350,000 women in the United States in the haunts of sin," so said Mrs. Kate W. Barrett, president of the Florence Crittenden Mission, recently. "More than 20,000 fresh victims are added every year," she adds, "the children of our own people. And more than 5,000 men live on the proceeds of this vice."

One is naturally surprised, therefore, at the statement of a discouraged rescue worker that "this white slave joke is certainly the biggest that was ever invented," and at the claims of an investigator in England, who, in the pages of the *English Review*, asserts that white slavery, in England at least, is for the most part a myth.

The emphatic affirmation that there is no such an institution as white slavery in America comes from the pen of A. W. Elliott, President of the Southern Rescue Mission, and editor of the *Young Woman's Magazine*, in the last and final number of which he confesses his failure, after six years' work among prostitutes, to discover the over-advertized "white slave." In refuting the statement of Mrs. Barrett quoted above, Mr. Elliott says: "It certainly shows how little some people know about a business they have engaged in for years and years, or else how they try to fool the public." He continues:

"We frankly say that there never was a joke of more huge proportions perpetrated upon the American public than this white slave joke. There is scarcely a simmering of truth in the various stories of so-called white slavery. I will admit, tearfully tho, that when the subject was being so vigorously agitated a year or so ago I fell right in line with the rest of them and, without making scarcely any

investigations or using any common ordinary sense, told the public that thousands of girls were being held in the toils of white slavery; but I now beg pardon and am sorry of my hasty conclusions. I surely do not believe that there are a dozen girls in America to-day that are in houses of ill fame that could not walk out if they wanted to. They love that kind of life and will scoff at the reformer and even kick him out if he does not get out when asked to. There have been a few girls lured into places and outraged and then murdered; but that is not white slavery, that is cold-blooded murder by an assassin of the scarlet type."

In explaining his reasons for dissolving the Southern Rescue Mission at Jacksonville, Florida, Mr. Elliott expresses his belief that rescue homes throughout the United States are doing more harm than good, as they do not attempt preventive and educational work, but merely deal with disastrous after-effects. During his career as a rescue worker he claims to have offered help to at least fifteen thousand girls, and reformation of one only was all that was accomplished. His pessimistic confession goes on:

"I could go into detail writing hundreds of pages of my various efforts to redeem them, but it would be useless waste of time; it is only necessary to tell you, very frankly, that women of the underworld will not reform, and there is positively no use in wasting your money on them. I have positively entered at least two thousand and five hundred houses of ill repute and talked face to face with possibly fifteen thousand of these women, and I pledge you, truthfully, that I know them just as you know your own little children, and I do not hesitate to tell you that they are wedded to their ways and that they laugh at and make fun of those who try to help them. I would have no reason whatever to deliberately lie about the matter, but, on the other hand, I feel that I am honor-bound to confess the truth about this class of people. I do not think that it is right for the public to be exploited by this, that and the other organization under the pretense that these organizations could save any appreciable number of these women if they had the funds. It is possible that the combined efforts of the various institutions could redeem a few of these women if continuous effort is made, but they are so few and the cost so great that I am convinced that work along other lines would be far better. For instance, I think to help the good girls hold themselves up and to teach them the worth of a pure life would be a hundred times better than reformation after they are down.

"All of this legislative reform and social reform, and all other kinds of reform that this, that, and the other organization tries to force upon men and women in their fanaticism to bring themselves into

public cognizance is very amusing, to say the least.

"You can not legislate good morals into the bodies of corrupt men and women. It must be born there, and then carefully nurtured and constantly guarded by parents. This process must be kept up constantly for generations before any appreciable result will be noticeable."

Teresa Billington-Greig charges English rescue workers with the faults that Mr. Elliott confesses—of raising a hue and cry about "white slavery" without taking the trouble to investigate conditions or to interpret them correctly. The English Criminal Law Amendment act, she asserts, was carried by the unfounded stories of the trapping and drugging of girls.

Mrs. Billington-Greig presents the results of a careful investigation of these stories in Great Britain. They seem to indicate that prostitution is re-enforced by others than the so-called outraged "white slaves." The conclusion of this investigator (in the *English Review*) is an emphatic one:

"These dabblers in debauchery by word of mouth have given us a shocking exhibition of unlicensed slander. They have slandered men only to slander women with the backward swing of the same blow. They have discredited themselves. That this exhibition has been possible is due in no small measure to the Pankhurst domination. It prepared the soil; it unbalanced the judgment; it set women on the rampage against evils they knew nothing of, for remedies they knew nothing about. It fed on flattery the silly notion of the perfection of woman and the dangerous fellow notion of the indescribable imperfection of man.

"The cases of criminal assault upon children are quoted to give an air of credibility to this general condemnation. But there can be no fair comparison between the two classes of crime. In the one case an intemperate degenerate is passion-driven into the sudden commission of an atrocity; in the other, there is a cold-blooded, calculating deliberation which reduces the matter from bestiality to the worst possible devilishness.

"We have achieved nothing for the victims of exploited prostitution by this panic and punitive act. Those responsible for it may have obtained ease of mind, the selfish satisfaction of having accomplished something. But that is merely the measure of their folly. For the rest they have given emphatic justification to those who question the responsibility of women in public affairs; they have provided arms and ammunition for the enemy of women's emancipation. The Fathers of the old Church made a mess of the world by teaching the Adam story and classing women as unclean; the Mothers of the new Church are threatening the future by the whitewashing of women and the doctrine of the uncleanness of men."

# Literature and Art

## PUBLISHING—THE WORST OR THE BEST BUSINESS IN THE WORLD?

THE opening pages of Robert Sterling Yard's new and stimulating book on "The Publisher" (Houghton Mifflin) include the diverging statements that the publishing business is the "poorest" and the "most fascinating" in the world. Both statements, Mr. Yard assures us, are true. If a man is looking mainly for financial returns from capital invested, he should keep out of the publishing business. But if a man is genuinely attracted by the thought of handling intellectual values and is willing to work hard for his profits, he cannot do better than become a publisher. Mr. Yard speaks with the authority of the expert. He was associated for several years with one of the leading publishing houses of the country. Then he went into publishing with a partner. At present he is editor of *The Century Magazine*.

It would take only two or three minutes to name over all the general publishers in America. "It might take you only two or three seconds," observes Mr. Yard, "to name the publisher who got rich out of general book-publishing alone; but it may take you two or three years—or forever—to discover him. For, as the countryman exclaimed on seeing his first giraffe, 'Thar ain't no sech critter!'" Mr. Yard writes further, using fictitious proper names but obviously referring to well-known publishers now in the business:

"Mr. Smith is a distinguished general publisher, but he also owns a highly profitable magazine, a highly profitable schoolbook business, a highly profitable subscription business, a retail business, a rare-book business, and several other minor businesses in books built up around his central publishing business and supporting it like chapels around the cathedral choir, each dovetailed into each other and into the central core, making a business edifice beautiful in proportions and a fortress for strength.

"And Mr. Jones's general publishing business is supported by three handsomely profitable magazines, besides a score of minor undertakings which make, all together, for huge, aggressive power. Besides which, Mr. Jones is himself his own business genius—a great merchant who would have wrung wealth and power out of any business he had chanced into.

"And Mr. Robinson inherited a great business, founded in simpler days upon a great English publishing house, and to-day consisting of a union of general publishing with importing and text-book publishing on a large scale—the whole driven forward by a will of steel on a scale of expense so low as to be the wonder even of the publishing world.

"And Mr. Jackson's is not a general publishing business at all, tho most folks think it is, but a highly specialized and developed business in higher text-books, assisting and assisted by a general publishing department which, thus assisted, is profitable because of its quality and

appears; and, the nearer perfect the surrounding wheel, the greater the possible speed."

Mr. Yard goes on to divulge more of the secrets of the publisher's calling. The profits made out of so-called "best-sellers," he says, are almost always exaggerated. Moreover, those houses that make a success of fiction do so after long study and the most careful development of their opportunities. "The Century Company's amazing popular dollar series, beginning with 'Mrs. Wiggs' and running down through 'The Lady of the Decoration,' 'Uncle William,' and others to 'Molly Make-Believe,' is the result of the most careful and thoughtful study of the first chance success." The publisher's real prizes, Mr. Yard continues, are books you have scarcely if ever heard of.

"They include, for example, that book on shade trees which your next-door neighbor bought and no one else in your whole acquaintance, tho you knew twenty who bought the same publisher's best-selling novel; and the book on the philosophy of religion to which your minister referred in last Sunday's sermon—a book fourteen years old at that; and the little book on right thinking that you remember seeing several years ago on Mrs. Jones's table; and the Betty and Katharine books—a whole series—which your little daughter wanted for her birthday; and the book on winter life in India, the review of which interested you several years ago and which you always meant to buy; and the biography of an American woman educator that your friend across the street was enthusiastic over—hundreds, yes, thousands, of books on every subject on earth apparently, and scarcely a score of whose titles you ever heard."

The real compensations of the publisher's career, it seems, are not to be measured in dollars and cents. "He sees," Mr. Yard reminds us, "many questions besides profit—questions of art, of literature, of reputation, of personality, of list dignity, of house influence, for example; and his decisions are often slowly reached—which your plain business man finds unreasonable—and when reached are often utterly beside the premises as your plain business man conceives the premises." Hence he is often regarded as "queer"



HE DIVULGES THE PUBLISHER'S SECRETS

Robert Sterling Yard, editor of the *Century* declares that publishing, "the worst business in the world," becomes one of the best when it is propped up by specialized departments or by periodicals.

because of the careful skill with which it is handled.

"The point becomes as clear as sunshine.

"The 'worst business in the world' becomes one of the best in the world when it is propped up on every side by specialized departments sucking in profit from outlying markets; or when it is combined with periodical publication, each department materially assisting the other. It is naturally the hub of any publishing combination in which it ap-



or "not wholly normal"—in short as a crank. Mr. Yard writes in this connection:

"The publisher is not only a crank—he is also a shrewd, keen-witted, far-sighted, many-sided business man; he is an enthusiastic cultivator of literature for its own sake; he is an ardent encourager and helper of artistic effort for the sake of the man that he is; he is at times a preacher, at times a self-sacrificing teacher, and many times—at heart always, perhaps—a gay gambler, keenly enjoying the winning and accepting outrageous fortune with a grin. If the burden of odds is against him, and the margin of possible gain one that a plain business man would dismiss as ridiculous, what's the difference? To him the game alone is worth a gross of candles."

Nor is this all the publisher's reward. He not only loves the game—he loves the very tools of the game. Every detail of a book delights him—the beautiful type page, the well-proportioned margins, the clear printing, the neat, precise binding. Even the disappointment over the failure to sell a book of much promise is tempered by his satisfaction in having planned and brought into being so beautiful, so fit, so noble a volume.

One of the greatest of the publisher's sources of happiness, one of the largest items on the profit side of his book of life, is the position his business gives him in relation to literature, art, learning, the affairs of the hustling, palpitating world, the core of life. Mr. Yard tells us that during eleven years of daily and weekly journalism he used to think that the newspaper afforded the finest facilities—the best reserved seat, so to speak—possible for viewing the game of life. But now he has come to feel that the journalist sees life from too abnormal and distorted an angle, and that the publisher has a better chance to watch the simple, straightforward, normal life of work and order and happiness.

"The publisher puts his shoulder to the wheel and sweats with the rest. He helps; and, because his province is helpfulness, he is always welcome. In the studio of the artist, the workroom of the novelist, the laboratory of the psychologist, the study of the historian or publicist, he is a gladly greeted visitor. The returned explorer intrusts him with his discoveries; the statesman lays bare his plans. Everywhere men and women who are making life usher him into the inner chambers and lift the jealous coverings for his sympathetic criticism. He is, in-

deed, in the midst of life in its realest and most wholesome aspects—a helpful agency behind a thousand impulses making for the world's good."

The occasional chance to "discover" genius should not be overlooked. Any man might be proud to foster in their early development careers which give promise of waxing great with the decades and of making good return of profit and satisfaction. The profits of three or four such relationships sometimes amount to a business in themselves.

Finally, there is the building of the publisher's list—a life-work. Mr. Yard says:

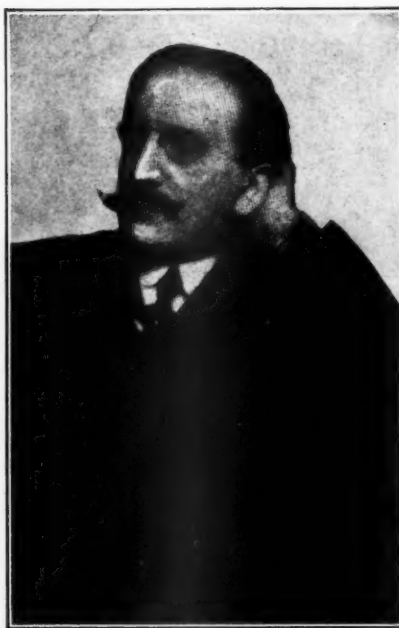
"The skilful proportioning of the many parts which join in the making of a library of publications which shall be, as a whole, coherent, sound, self-expressive and profitable, is a work of real creation. Art, biography, history, fiction, sociology, religion, philosophy, science—all the departments of human thought and accomplishment are open to him, and most of the world's workers are at his call. It is for him to choose the design and material of his structure. Its building, brick upon brick, each carefully squared and set with almost painful precision in its place, is a labor of life."

## LÉON BAKST AND THE RENAISSANCE OF COLOR

LÉON BAKST is a pioneer in color. He is a revolutionist in color. His secret ideal, we may infer from his admirers, is to change, to reconstruct, the entire color-scheme of the Occidental world. They call him a great lyric poet, a creative artist of the highest type. When his drawings, costume designs, and theatrical settings were first presented to the Parisian public, the critics were shocked and amazed. But in the end Bakst and his Russian colleagues conquered. Now Léon Bakst is to invade America. Anna Pavlova is to present a new Bakst ballet, which will have its *première* in this country, and which has been written as well as designed by the Russian colorist. Equally important is the Bakst exhibition of drawings and paintings, which is to be shown in the galleries of the Berlin Photographic Company in New York, at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, at the Albright Gallery in Buffalo, at the Museum in St. Louis, at the Art Institute in Chicago, and at the Cincinnati and Detroit museums, as well as in several other important American cities.

Bakst is a Russian Jew. He was born in St. Petersburg forty-seven years ago. His life story, says Joseph Urban in the Boston *Transcript*, has helped to focus international interest

upon his work. He was reared in humble circumstances. Even as an art student, his technique and manner of working differed radically from the accepted standards. One day a Russian



A COMPOSER IN COLOR

Arsène Alexandre says that Bakst is the composer of symphonies in color. His aim, it seems, is to stimulate the imagination and the senses through color as the composer does through sound.

grand duchess saw a portrait he had made of "Salomé." She was so impressed that she provided the means for Bakst to continue his studies in Paris. Evidently he returned again to his native city, and succeeded commercially by painting portraits of a somewhat conventional nature, for (we learn from an essay by Martin Birnbaum in the official Bakst catalog) the young painter became an aggressive artistic propagandist by starting a magazine with his friends Somow, Benois and Sérow. Later, says Mr. Birnbaum, he incurred the displeasure of the Academy by sending to an exhibition a realistic portrait of an old woman holding in her arms the mutilated body of her son, representing the Virgin Mary weeping over the body of Christ. Continually in arms against Russian officialdom, Bakst finally left for Paris to continue his creative work in peace.

General recognition came in Paris in 1906, when Bakst and other Russian artists exhibited their work under the direction of Serge de Diaghilew, the distinguished *régis seur*. Bakst's first work for the Imperial Russian theaters under Diaghilew's direction was for the production of Greek plays. His first true introduction to Paris was at the Châtelet in 1910 with the ballet "Cléopâtre," for which he designed scenery and costumes. Since then, Bakst has

remained the most striking and daring figure among the group of Russian artists and decorators who have so deeply and violently influenced European art.

Tho primarily a colorist, we learn, his sketches for costumes and scenery have an innate quality and value independent of their realization in the theater. In this manner Bakst differs from some of his colleagues. A deep and appreciative student of Homer, Bakst is imbued with the Greek spirit. But, as Mr. Urban points out, "Russia faces eastward as well as westward," and Bakst is perhaps first of all Oriental in his predilections. He has the power, according to Mr. Birnbaum, of extracting the poetry hidden in every epoch.

"In 'Cléopâtre' and 'Salomé' he was of course Egyptian. In 'Narcisse,' 'Daphnis and Chloe,' 'L'Après-midi d'un faune,' we saw his Greek inventions. . . . In 'Le Dieu bleu' he treated Anamese and Javanese styles after the same fashion, his prodigious and exotic imagination calling to mind the art of Gustave Moreau and Redon. . . . 'Thamar' is hybrid, showing Transcaucasian and Chinese origins. Then there are a series of ballets, 'Les Papillons' and 'Le Carnaval,' where the costumes do not differ so radically from what any other clever decorator might have designed. Among opera, we have the brilliant rococo setting of

Wolf-Ferrari's 'The Secret of Suzanne' and the superb national costumes and scenery for 'Boris Godounov,' in which the Byzantine note predominates. The medieval period furnished inspiration for D'Annunzio's 'La Pisanella' and the same poet's 'Saint Sebastian.' . . ."

Bakst's genius for color, however, has been most freely expressed, according to Mr. Birnbaum, in the ballet "Scheherazade," which is still regarded as his masterpiece and most daring achievement. Mr. Birnbaum describes it in this way:

"The ancient Persians themselves could not have found fault with his marvelous setting. No Frenchman, nor any artist influenced by French ideas would have dared to use such a gamut of brilliant colors at a time when our drab, occidental culture sought appropriate expression in flat subdued tones. Bakst, however, was a Semitic barbarian, and he

wanted his colors, like his characters, to sing and shout and to dance with joyous abandon. Fortunately Paris

stood aghast long enough for her discerning arbiters of good taste to win the day for the Russian artist and a renaissance of color set in. Emerald, indigo and geranium, the leopard's spots, and the scales of the serpent, black, rose, and triumphant orange, were all shrieking to be heard, and shrieking in harmony. It was an orgy of color to the last possible tension. Nature was sacrificed by him, tho not so violently as by Van Gogh or the Post-Impressionists, in order to arouse the emotions. The effect of the colors was enforced and exalted by the voluptuous movements of the dancers and the astonishing music which Rimsky-Korsakow had written for this miracle of joint creation. Had the author of 'Les Fleurs du Mal' been present, he would have hailed the colorist as a great epic poet. Haughty sultans embraced their false sultanas, grinning eunuchs like gorgeous speckled birds jangled golden keys while



FROM A BAKST MASTERPIECE

The predominating color in this figure from the "Scheherazade" is black, the natural color of the negro. Ornaments of gold and silver enhance the ebony of his body. The intensity of color recalls the imagery of a Gautier or a Flaubert.

their fate was impending, powerful exultant lovers, black as ebony, whirled the frenzied women about, to the tunes of baleful Hindoo musicians. The maddest desires dwelt in this palace of splendid sins, where eternal agony was the price of the happiness of the poignant, fleeting moment. It was a fascinating dream of brutal sensuality, of regal jealousy. As a French critic pointed out, every color was used by Bakst save white—the symbol of purity and arctic frigidity—to accentuate the warmth of the passions in these ardent lovers. It was sensual, but in a youthful, robust way—like the Song of Songs or a Bacchanale of Rubens."

In a volume entitled "The Art of Léon Bakst" and devoted to the reproduction of his drawings and designs, Arsène Alexandre likens Bakst to a composer. He calls the Russian a creator of symphonies in color. In a book called "Le Ballet Contemporain," M. Valerien Svetlow points out that Bakst is a master of concentrated chromatic effects, or, as Mr. Urban explains in the Boston *Transcript*, of pure tones so interplayed that the sheen of pure gold seems to be only a proper part of the combination. M. Svetlow elucidates further: "His daring combinations of tones and spots sometimes stagger you. You receive a shock. Yet after the



IS THIS COSTUME A POEM?

Disciples of Léon Bakst claim that his color schemes are symphonies, his costumes lyric poems. Certainly they are designed for decorative rather than practical purposes.

first moment of astonishment, you not only decide to accept them, but you even feel yourself moved by the inexplicable beauty of a crude but heretofore unrealizable manner of work." Mr. Urban, who is scenic director of the Boston Opera House, is of the opinion that the art developed by Bakst and his followers and colleagues is of vital importance not only for the ballet, but for the other arts as well. He writes:

"The success of Bakst and his Russian contemporaries leads to a hope that the principles for which they stand will not stop with the ballet. They are needed to vivify every kind of dramatic production. They apply—this is a personal opinion—to opera and comedy, in which there is also need of renouncing much of the conventional and stagey. It would be unfortunate if the public were to suppose that only ballets can be made beautiful in Bakst's way. The artistic principles which he has developed belong to all art."

Charles Ricketts, one of the pioneers of the new art of the theater, has

heralded the work of Léon Bakst as a liberating and rejuvenating force in the theater. In an article on stage decoration, recently published in the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Ricketts writes:

"M. Bakst's rich and composite talent has touched many sources of inspiration, his disregard for reality has a romantic quality, the field that he has explored is that of 'fantastic decoration,' and this is as vast as fancy; his controlling habit or rule is largely an avoidance of realistic shadow or relief, and the use of a pitch in color which would allow for the use of large spaces of gold and silver in the scenery, tho he has not done so, and all this might apply to countless styles other than his own."

Mr. Ricketts is of the opinion that Bakst is not essentially a revolutionist in the art of the theater, but an artist who is keenly alive to its present possibilities. Anne Estelle Rice, the American artist, characterizes Bakst (in *Rhythm*) as "the greatest innovator of the pictorial art of modern stagecraft."

His art, according to Miss Rice, is a healthy reaction from the pale, refined art of a Whistler. Her tribute continues:

"A member of the Salon d'Automne, to which Society, together with the Indépendants, is due the credit of encouraging artists in this movement, regardless of nationality, Bakst has given to the stage the tremendous fulness of expression in line and color, which makes the Whistlerian idea hopelessly empty and inadequate. Bakst takes all colors, every nuance of each color from its extreme brilliancy downwards, and all directions of line and compositions of line, harmonizes everything; and by his simple but fully expressive effect, convinces the spectator of the artist's belief in his power to create, as opposed to the apologetic grovelling of the æsthetic before nature. A painter in line, a painter in movement, a painter in forms, he knows the value of line to give energy and force, the value of a dominant color and shape, the value of daring juxtapositions to create life and movement in masses of color, where costumes, drapery and decorations reverberate to sound, action, and light."

## DOES WALT WHITMAN BELONG AMONG THE WORLD-POETS?

THE increasing vogue of Walt Whitman in European countries, and especially in France, leads Prof. Albert Schinz, of Bryn Mawr College, to ask the above question. He calls attention to the "splendid monument" that has lately been erected to Whitman by a young French poet, Léon Bazalgette, not, it is true, in the form of a marble statue or a bronze bust, but in the form of a beautiful appreciation of Whitman and of careful translations of his poems. He repeats Bazalgette's glowing tributes. He recalls the verdicts of European critics to the effect that Poe and Whitman are the most original among the great American writers. Then he proceeds to test Whitman's originality, and to inquire what ranking in world-literature Whitman deserves.

Professor Schinz is inclined to question the claims so often made in behalf of Whitman's originality. "Let us once ask the question squarely," he writes. "Has not Bazalgette, with many others, committed a mistake in considering Whitman a sort of isolated genius, the only and first who ever sang Nature, Humanitarianism, and Democracy, the man of the street and modern industry—in short, all the manifestations of human life in our days? As a matter of fact, has not every one of these themes been sung by others admirably, often better, than by Whitman?" The writer continues (in *Lippincott's*):

"Not to speak of Nature—for it would be grotesque to prove that poets were

found that became interested in Nature before the same thing occurred to Whitman—we have had great humanitarian poets before Whitman who sang the Democratic brotherhood of all men—I quote only Victor Hugo (Bazalgette's great countryman), whose bulky work rests chiefly, and almost exclusively, on that very idea. We have had great visionary poets dreaming of humanity freed from the evils and with good will prevailing everywhere—I quote only Shelley. We have had great poets who, even at a time when it was not so easy to see the remarkable future open to industrialism, celebrated and prophesied the wonders of to-day—I quote only André Chénier, almost one hundred years before Whitman; or Sully-Prudhomme, and again Victor Hugo. It cannot be, surely, that Whitman should be credited with inventing patriotic songs; for if Paul Déroulède is posterior to Whitman, and if Koerner is a German, Bazalgette surely knows of Rouget de l'Isle, or of Béranger. Again, we have had great men who, in prose and verse, have praised the 'common people'; and many before us have shown in Whitman a literary offspring of Rousseau; and what about all the modern realists (I do not say naturalists), and especially men like Coppée, Whitman's contemporary? Of course, Whitman—as all poets—had his own way of singing these various themes, and in some cases he has been more lucky than others; but the only theme where Whitman can be pronounced perhaps original and the one in which he is distinctly superior to others, is the one so well illustrated in the *Responder*, celebrating that form of brotherhood which he himself calls 'virile love,' and which was the expression of his own 'camaraderie' with

the boys in the streets, and especially with the wounded soldiers at Washington."

Yet even if Whitman is not as original as Bazalgette and others have supposed, he is none the less a vital and powerful figure, so Professor Schinz contends. "Whitman remains, with Poe, altho for entirely different reasons, the most interesting American writer of the nineteenth century—Emerson by no means excepted." The argument concludes:

"I say not: the most eloquent, or artistic, or cultivated, or genial, or even the most original; I say: the most interesting."

"And if I were asked to state briefly where the interest of Whitman exactly lies, my answer would be that it is chiefly a psychological interest: Whitman shows us how a man having the soul of a great poet will react when thrown in the milieu of modern civilization without having received in his education the solid culture necessary to understand our age. A poet of that type will of course realize the gap between the man of the woods and us, but he will not be able to account for it except in a very crude fashion. And this modern world he will praise in words at times powerful, and by means of unexpected images which may appeal to our fancy; but when we look carefully into what there is back of them, we are bound to find them superficial and childish most of the time. . . . For these reasons, I do not think that Whitman has any special message (to use a stereotyped phrase) to convey to us, but this unexpected apparition does none the less 'interest' us very much and at times stir up our modern minds."



## LITERARY CENSORSHIP AND THE NOVELS OF THE WINTER

The "Growing Salacity" of Our Novels.

**T**HE "conspiracy of silence" in regard to sex matters which has been so characteristic of earlier periods is being succeeded by a marked tendency in the opposite direction. At the present moment, novels and plays may be said fairly to reek with sex. On both sides of the Atlantic, the problem of "indecent" and "unwholesome" fiction and the accompanying problem of literary censorship are occupying space in almost all the newspapers and magazines. One writer, in the *New York Evening Post*, who calls attention to the "growing salacity" of our fiction and to the grave consequences which may ensue for American boys and girls yet in their early teens, draws a parallel between the spirit of our age and that of two previous eras:

"In 1669 was published in France 'The Letters of a Portuguese Nun,' and in 1670 the 'Zayde' of Madame Lafayette. These works are pure—tho scarcely *virginibus puerisque*. But only he who has perused the novels produced between 1680 and 1800 by authors long forgotten (but now being exhumed in European reprints) can evaluate the flood of 'realistic' fiction which next burst forth. Marital problems came first—for 'the enlightenment of the innocent,' but from

pens far removed from the delicacy of that which had indited the 'Princesse de Clèves.' By 1690 the problem novel was in full swing; justification of marital infidelity followed hard upon the theme of marital martyrdom. By 1710 normal material—if marital infidelity be necessarily normal—had yielded to abnormal studies; and in both France and England 'memoirs, diaries, secret histories, confessions,' paved the way for the matchless depictions of perversities and anomalies by the brilliant Cr—, the shameless de S—, and the analytic Br—. That the literature influenced life is an open secret to the alienist.



MUSIC IS THE THEME OF HIS LATEST NOVEL

The author of "The Garden of Allah" depicts in "The Way of Ambition" a composer who is influenced by his wife to prostitute his genius for the sake of the world's plaudits.

"Another parallel. From 1800 fiction in France purified itself after the incarceration of de S— by Napoleon, the change lasting until the epoch of Balzac and his successors. Then again there came the treatment of marital problems; and again, within a decade or two, the veering to the study of abnormality. Abominable works from gifted pens (geniuses are often perverts) can easily be cited—coincident, many of them, be it noted, with reprints from the Belgian presses of eighteenth-century pornographic studies. Amid the new flood I mention only Rachilde's 'Monsieur Venus'; it is out of print."

Is it "morbid," asks the writer in the *Post*, to see some meaning in these parallels? "Berlin, Paris and London," he says, "are already paying the penalty for the new fiction; and our danger is so much the greater because of the ease with which the magazine passes our doors."

Anthony Comstock in the Role of Literary Censor.

**A**T ELEVEN o'clock in the forenoon of September 23rd, Anthony Comstock, with a United States marshal and a uniformed policeman, descended upon the publishing house of Mitchell Kennerley in New York. Pointing to one of the clerks in the store, Mr. Comstock said: "That is your man, officer. Serve the warrant." The officer informed the clerk that he was under arrest. Then, turning to Mitchell Kennerley, Mr. Comstock said, "There is your man, marshal," and the publisher was likewise taken into custody. The writ upon which Mr. Kennerley was arrested was issued upon an affidavit made by Mr. Comstock which charged that he "did unlawfully, wilfully and knowingly deposit or cause to be deposited in the mails of the United States for the purpose of mailing and delivering a certain book entitled 'Hagar Revelly.'" The entire edition was seized by the officers. Mr. Kennerley, when arraigned in Court later in the day, admitted that he had published and circulated "Hagar Revelly," and declared that his arrest therefor was ridiculous. Mr. Comstock defended his action by saying: "I insist that the stuff is filth and unfit for circulation. I haven't read the book from cover to cover. I didn't have to. A little of it satisfied me. Against Mr. Kennerley personally I have no ill-feeling, but because a man is a successful Fifth Avenue publisher there is no

(Continued on page 377.)



ONE OF THE CENSORED NOVELISTS

Gilbert Cannan's "Round the Corner" was put under the ban of the London censorship for awhile. He is a critic and translator, as well as a novelist, and appears in Bernard Shaw's "Fanny's First Play" as the "vivid, enthusiastic zealot of the theater, full of theories and theorizing, ready to make critical warfare in support of his new ideas."



THE PENETRATING ANALYST OF BOYHOOD

Compton Mackenzie's new novel, "Sinister Street," is an intimate study of the critical period in a boy's life.

## RECENT POETRY

IT IS not the poet's business," writes an English poet, James Elroy Flecker, "to save man's soul, but to make it worth saving." In other words Mr. Flecker does not think that a poem should be a sermon. That is true. The gospel of beauty is itself an authentic gospel, but the higher beauty is indistinguishable from true religion. The most precious utterances of Jesus are finest poetry—the Sermon on the Mount for instance—and the best thing we have from the pen of St. Paul—the chapter on Charity—is essentially poetic. Making a soul worth saving is, in truth, the same thing as saving it, and the saviors of the world have always been the first to recognize the fact.

A poem in the posthumous volume of Julia C. R. Dorr—"Last Poems," Scribners—might serve as an illustration of this unity of the poetic spirit and the religious spirit at their best. Indeed the whole book might serve as an illustration. It reveals a fine optimism, nobly expressed in exquisite language. This optimism grew stronger and stronger even to the close of her life a few months ago. The following is a supplication, evidently, to poetry, but it might apply almost as well to religious faith:

## SUPPLICATION.

By JULIA C. R. DORR.

**F**ORSAKE me not, O light of many days!  
Low sinks the westering sun;  
An amethystine haze  
Flushes with purple all the upland ways;  
The shadows lengthen in the twilight glow,  
And well I know  
That day is almost done!

Thou whom I worshipped when my life was new,  
Say not that we must part!  
I have been leal and true,  
Loving thee better as the swift years flew,  
With such pure homage that nor time nor change  
Could e'er estrange  
From thee my constant heart.

When I was but a child I heard thy voice,  
And followed thee afar  
In humble, happy choice,  
Content in this far following to rejoice;  
Didst thou but whisper, heaven and earth  
grew bright  
With holy light,  
Clearer than sun or star.

I dared not kiss thy garment's hem, nor lay  
One pale flower at thy feet:  
It was enough to stray  
In a child's dream of thee by night, by day,  
In tremulous ecstasy to feel thee near,  
And half in fear,  
Half joy, thy coming greet.

For thou wert one with nature. All things fair

Spoke to my soul of thee:  
The azure depths of air,  
Sunrise, and starbeam, and the moonlight rare,  
Splendor of summer, winter's frost and snow,  
Autumn's rich glow,  
Bird, river, flower, and tree.

Thou wert in love's first whisper, and the slow  
Thrill of its dying kiss;  
In the strong ebb and flow  
Of the resistless tides of joy and woe;  
In life's supremest hour thou hadst a share,  
Its stress of prayer,  
Its rapturous trance of bliss!

Leave me not now when the long shadows fall  
Athwart the sunset bars;  
Hold thou my soul in thrall  
Till it shall answer to a mightier call;  
Remain thou with me till the holy night  
Puts out the light—  
And kindles all the stars!

We find in *Everybody's* a fine poem that is none the less a poem from being first cousin to a sermon:

## A VERY GALLANT GENTLEMAN.

By FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE.

**S**O THAT'S the answer, eh? We're only lumps  
Of ordinary chemicals—some salts,  
Acids, and gases, accidentally grouped  
In cell-formation? There creation halts,  
You say, and what comes next is just what comes  
When you put this and that and t'other bit  
Of inorganic matter in your tube  
And watch the mixture swirl and seethe and spit  
Till all its atoms find affinities.

That's all, you say? Then life and love and hate,  
Courage and hope and anguish and despair,  
The will to strive, the pride of duty done,  
The fear of shame that drives the coward to dare  
The death he dreads—all these, you say, are one  
With your reactions done in Jena glass?

O shrewd philosophers! Your simple plan  
To shift the whole responsibility  
For all we are and all we hope to be—  
How easy! "Here's a compound we call man,  
And here's one called a rock, and here's a cliff.  
The rock rolls off the cliff and kills the man;  
But can you blame the rock? Nor can you if  
The man obeys the natural laws that pull  
All of us, always, down and ever down.

For if we sink—'reactions'—that absolves,  
And if we rise—'reactions'—nothing more."

Pardon me, gentlemen, but—it's a lie!

"Reactions," eh? Well, what's your formula  
For one particular kind—I won't insist  
On proof of every theorem in the list  
But only one—what chemicals combine,  
What CO<sub>2</sub> and H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>,  
To cause such things as happened yesterday,  
To send a very gallant gentleman  
Into antarctic night, to perish there  
Alone, not driven nor shamed nor cheered to die,  
But fighting, as mankind has always fought,  
His baser self, and conquering, as mankind  
Down the long years has always conquered self?

What are *your* tests to prove a man's a man?  
Which of *your* compounds ever lightly threw  
Its life away, as men have always done,  
Spurred not by lust nor greed nor hope of fame  
But casting all aside on the bare chance  
That it might somehow serve the Greater Good?

There's a reaction—what's *its* formula?  
Produce *that* in your test-tubes if you can!

Nothing more striking, in the way of poetry, appears in the October magazines than this from *The Independent*:

## OLD SIGHT

By EDITH M. THOMAS

**T**HOU never more shall see so clear  
As formerly the things a-near,  
As when thy two round hills of sight  
Caught all there was of heaven's light.

In youth thine eyes, so true, so keen,  
One leaf among its brethren green,  
Keeping its dance upon the tree,  
It was thy pure delight to see.

One blade of grass would catch thine eye,  
One rose, 'mid roses climbing high.  
Now, know them lively in the mass,  
But singly let them blend and pass.

Thine eyes are old, and they are tired;  
No longer be of them required  
The labor they were wont to do:  
Ease them, as servants tried and true.

Still shall they serve, if thou art wise,  
With longer span of earth and skies;  
But know, all little things that be,  
All trivial lines, must fade from thee.

And if the face of thine own friend  
In the dense human stream shall blend,  
Thine oldened sight, like arrow fine,  
Pierces some farther, heavenly sign!

And dimmer still, in life's decline,  
Things near thy vision shall divine;  
But there shall be no veil, no bar,  
Between thine eyes and things afar!

The first volume of poetry to appear from the pen of William Rose Benét—"Merchants from Cathay." The Century Company—is surprisingly full of poetic concepts, some of them fantastic but none of them commonplace. His verse is hard reading. He is fond of the long line, and he plays with words and ideas like a juggler who bewilders rather than edifies. But most of the faults of the book are due to the buoyance of youth that revels in imagination. What we like best is the poem below, which was first published in "The Lyric Year":

## PATERNITY

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

NOT only women dream the future's child  
Or children, tho such deep desire they bear  
For all the rich rewards of motherhood,  
They smile in travail; tho each girl un-  
grown  
Who sings her dolls uncertain lullabies  
Sees infant faces, feels soft arms that  
cling,  
Hears deep within the nursery of her  
heart  
A medley of small mirth adorable,  
And, as she grows, mothers all things she  
loves,  
Lacking the little head against her breast  
And yearning for it, when she cannot  
know  
Wherefore she yearns. Yet sometimes to  
a man,  
Roughest and sternest tho he be of men,  
Shocked into strength and pondering from  
his young  
Exuberance and easy joy, there comes  
A longing that convulses all his soul;  
And, standing in the wind against some  
dawn's  
Prospect of racing cloud and lightening  
sky,  
Or hard-beset in battle with the world  
Deep in the city's stridence, or at pause  
Before some new-discovered truth of life,  
Unwittingly his hands go out to touch,  
Hold off, and scan the youth of him that  
was,  
Thrill to that brighter youth it is decreed  
Each father shall inherit from his son.  
And, if his hands grope blindly, so his  
heart,  
To hear a young voice at his shoulder  
speak,  
Know young, elastic strides beside his  
own,  
Resolve the problems of an unsullied  
heart  
Flaming to his for counsel. I scarce-  
grown  
Into my manhood, hovering, hovering  
still  
Over my boyhood (as the gravest, oldest  
Of men doth yet, or is no man of men),  
Felt my heart tense, and but a noon ago  
Strove in quick torture—for no woman's  
arms,  
No woman's eyes, but for a questioning  
voice  
Beside me, and a sturdy little step  
In rhythm with mine. A phantom face  
looked up,

Trusting, round-eyed, alive with curious  
joy;  
And all my being yearned: My son! My  
son!

The poem following, which we find in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, may be early Victorian in its character, but, if so, there is something early Victorian in many of us that will respond to it and furnish us much delight in the reading of it:

## THE LITTLE WHITE BRIDE IN THE PICTURE

By ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

LITTLE white Bride in the picture,  
Queer is your old-fashioned  
gown;  
Queer are your slippers and ear-  
rings,  
And your ringleted hair falling down;  
And your bridegroom so truly Byronic—  
His white satin waistcoat's a dream;  
There was skimmed milk, perhaps, in  
your era,  
But you two were surely the cream.

Poor Babes in the Wood, o'er your morn-  
ing  
Dark lowered the war tempest grim;  
He fell 'neath its bolt at Manassas;  
Your heart is still dreaming of him;  
But gone were the servants and money;  
And the babies a stair-steppy crowd;  
So you bent your frail back to the burden,  
And they even say, dear, that you  
plowed.

Your fingers, that scare could embroider,  
Sewed fast when the daylight was  
gone,  
And the feet that had danced with the  
gayest  
Were astir with the shivering dawn;  
And whatever your burdens and heart-  
aches,  
You hid them with innocent guile;  
So always the path of the children  
Was bright with the glow of your  
smile.

Oh, long was the heart-breaking struggle;  
But your square little chin held its own,  
And your dark eyes were steady, un-  
yielding,  
As you matched the world's strength  
with your own;  
And you won in the end, as was fitting,  
You wonderful, weak-bodied thing!  
For—all woman, all wife, and all mother—  
Your soul was the soul of a King.

When the gentleman rises from Georgia  
In the halls of the Nation to-day  
I shall see but *your* eyes, little mother,  
I shall hear but the words that *you* say;  
And I pray, tho the counterfeit throngs  
us,  
This last of your stamp may ring true,  
And prove in the time of his testing  
To be worthy his country and *You*.

In the hands of William Watson, the sonnet loses all its hard lines and all its austerity and becomes an easy, natural form of expression. This, from

*The Independent*, brings us very close indeed to the author's soul:

## SONNET ON THE AUTHOR'S FIFTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

By WILLIAM WATSON.

FOR three things give I thanks this  
August morn:  
Deep thanks that there hath been  
vouchsafed to me  
A perfect spouse, pure as the perfect sea:  
Deep thanks that unto me of late was  
born  
A radiant daughter, perilously torn  
Out of her mother's woful agony,  
Yet joyous as the flowers that fill with  
glee  
Her gray-blue eyes, or as the festal corn:  
Deep thanks that I have now at last re-  
gained  
That faith in God which I did lose so  
long;  
The God who oftentimes with bewildering  
gloom  
Muffled His beams; who darksome sus-  
tained  
And guided, when I knew not; and from  
whom  
I had at birth the heavenly dower of  
song.

Here is a poem from a successful writer of fiction. It is better worth writing than many magazine stories, even tho they be good ones. We reprint from *Everybody's*:

## HILLS OF HAN.

By SAMUEL MERWIN.

1893.

HILLS of Shansi, hills of Han,  
Slumber on! The sunlight, dying,  
Lingers on your terraced tops;  
Yellow stream and willow sighing,  
Fields of twice ten thousand crops  
Breathe their misty lullabying,  
Breathe a life that never stops.  
Then and always, down the ages,  
So it was, so it will be—  
Coolies, merchants, soldiers, sages,  
Fan and litter, nest and tea.  
Spin your chart of ancient wonder,  
Fold your hands within your sleeve,  
Live and let live, work and ponder,  
Be tradition, dream, believe.  
So abides your ancient plan—  
Hills of Han!

1913.

Hills of Shansi, hills of Han,  
What's this filament goes leaping  
Pole to pole and hill to hill?  
What these strips of metal creeping  
Where the dead have lain so still?  
What this wilder thought that's seeping  
Where was peace and gentle will?  
Frantic magic world, a-flying,  
Blaze of searchlight in the dark,  
Boat of steel where junk was plying,  
Spit of turret, crack of spark,  
Smoke of mill on road and river,  
Roar of steam by temple wall . . .  
Drop the arrow in the quiver,  
Bow to Buddha—all is all!  
Slumber they who slumber can—  
Hills of Han!



# Finance and Industry

## THE GROWING COMMERCE OF THE SEAS

ALL the nations of the world, with the exception of our own, are feverishly engaged in adding to their maritime fleets. The world's equipment for ocean transportation, according to Edward Neville Vose, editor of *Dun's International Review*, is now increasing at a more rapid rate than at any other time since man first began to go down to the sea in ships. Since June 1909, Mr. Vose explains in *The World's Work*, Lloyd's Register of Shipping shows an almost uninterrupted succession of advances in the amount of gross tonnage under construction in Great Britain. The record for the first quarter of 1913 showed that, excluding warships, there were 563 vessels of 2,063,694 tons gross register then under construction in British shipyards. The world's output of new tonnage, exclusive of warships, last year was 1,719 vessels of 2,901,769 tons gross. Of this total the United Kingdom supplied 1,738,514 tons—a tonnage only twice surpassed, in 1906 and in 1911. The output in Germany amounted to 375,317 tons, which was 57,000 tons more than the previous high record in 1906. The tonnage reported for the United States was 284,223 tons, an increase of 112,000 tons over the previous year, altho much below the average for nine years since 1900. The French returns showed a slight decrease as compared with the previous year. Holland turned out almost one hundred thousand tons, Japan nearly sixty thousand, Austria thirty-nine thousand, Italy a little over twenty-five thousand and the British Colonies with, approximately, twenty-five thousand surpassed all previous records. The grand total of all countries combined, we are told, was exceeded only once, in 1906, and then by only 18,000 tons. The present reports of the tonnage under construction indicate that the final output of 1913 will

in all probability greatly surpass this record.

Opening Up New Sections of the World to Commerce.

THE immediate cause for this remarkable activity is the fact that shipowners for the last two or three years have been making very handsome profits. If, as Mr. Vose explains, a railroad between two sections succeed in developing a very heavy and lucrative traffic, it would require a long time and the expenditure of vast sums of money before a rival line could tap the same territory profitably. On the ocean, however, the right of way is free to every one, and all that is needed is to provide a carrier. This is the reason why, in the shipbuilding business, periods of great prosperity are usually succeeded by periods of acute depression. We are now in a period of expansion. The Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce recently estimated the yearly volume of international commerce at more than 18 billion dollars, by far the greater part of which is ocean-borne. The development of many sections of the world in recent years has greatly increased international traffic. The United States may claim credit for the increase of Porto Rican commerce and for the increase in foreign trade of Cuba and of the Philippines, which

amounts to several hundred per cent. since the American-Spanish war. An equally noteworthy expansion has taken place in the oversea commerce of South Africa under British control, of Algeria under the French administration, and of the regions colonized by the government of the Kaiser. Stable government, expanding railroad facilities, improved harbors and fast-growing cities have brought about an increase of both inbound and outbound commerce that now requires fleets of steamships to transport it, where a few straggling sailing vessels sufficed twenty years ago.

"The approaching completion of the Panama Canal has unquestionably stimulated steamship building to some extent; and it is responsible for a tremendous amount of planning regarding new routes, and for new services over existing routes that will be more or less modified. The purely coastwise companies, that are protected against all foreign competition, have done remarkably little to prepare for the new route by building new vessels for it. Two fast passenger steamers are under construction at a Philadelphia shipyard that many think are destined for the Canal eventually, but their owners and their purpose have not yet been announced. The other vessels now being built for the American merchant marine are freighters, the largest group of these being eight, of 11,148 tons dead weight capacity, for the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company, under construction at Sparrows Point. This is probably the largest single order for American merchant ships ever given to an American yard."

Figures 1900-1912. (Tonnage in Thousands of Tons)

YEAR	TONNAGE LAUNCHED.	TONNAGE LOST, BROKEN UP, &c.	NET ADDITION.	YEAR
1902	1,000	1,000	0	1902
1903	1,000	1,000	0	1903
1904	1,000	1,000	0	1904
1905	1,000	1,000	0	1905
1906	1,000	1,000	0	1906
1907	1,000	1,000	0	1907
1908	1,000	1,000	0	1908
1909	1,000	1,000	0	1909
1910	1,000	1,000	0	1910
1911	1,000	1,000	0	1911
1912	1,000	1,000	0	1912

Courtesy of the *World's Work*

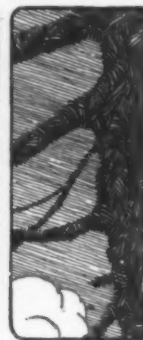
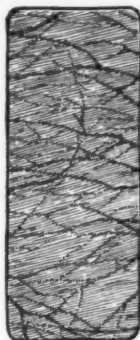
### THE GROWTH OF THE WORLD'S TONNAGE IN TEN YEARS

The above table is interesting inasmuch as it shows both the growth in the tonnage launched and the decrease in tonnage broken up. The demand for ships, in other words, has been so great in the last twelve months that ships which ordinarily would have been replaced have been kept in commission.

Transatlantic Commuters.

THE tourist traffic, stimulated by travelogs and moving pictures, has caused shipowners to devote more attention than ever before to meeting the somewhat exacting requirements of this trade. The largest and finest and fastest vessels that sail from any European port are those whose transatlantic destination is New York. And another mighty impetus to the maritime traffic of the world is the vast migration of

(Continued on page 358.)



## The Victrola satisfies your love of music

The love of music is born in every one of us, and we naturally come to love the kind of music we hear the most.

In this day of the Victrola it is easy for every one to hear the world's best music—and not only to hear it, but to understand and enjoy it, for this wonder instrument gives to you a thorough appreciation of the master-works of music.

The Victrola opens to you a new and ever-increasing vista of musical delight, as elevating as it is entertaining, and completely satisfies your longing for musical recreation.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$500.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate the Victrola to you and play any music you wish to hear.



**Victor Talking Machine Co.**  
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal,  
Canadian Distributors.

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month



**Victor-Victrola**  
**XIV, \$150**  
Mahogany or oak





## You are Welcome

If we could induce every one of the hundred million persons in this country and Canada to visit "The Home of Shredded Wheat," and witness the process of making Shredded Wheat Biscuit and Triscuit, we would not need to print this advertisement—or any other advertisement. Nearly one hundred thousand visitors from every habitable portion of the globe pass through this factory every year.

They are impressed with the beauty and cleanliness of the factory. They are convinced of the wholesomeness, purity and nutritive value of

## Shredded Wheat

It is the one universal staple cereal food, eaten in all lands, always clean, always pure, always the same. Delicious for breakfast when heated in the oven (to restore crispness) and served with milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with fresh fruits.

*The Only Cereal Breakfast Food Made in Biscuit Form*

Made only by

**THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY**

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

(Continued from page 356.)

races from the over-crowded East to the broad lands of promise that await them in the West.

"There has been nothing like it in all history—the torrent that surges past the Statue of Liberty to-day, 30,000 in a week recently, a million in a year. This wonderful stream of immigrants bound for our fertile western plains, and to the alluring domains of Canada, is a veritable golden stream for the steamship lines. A similar, altho smaller, stream is setting southwestward to the Argentine, and—there as well as here—a very considerable body of the Italian and other laborers from southern Europe return every winter.

"These shifting bodies of labor are the commuters, as it were, on the ocean passenger routes, only—so far, at least—they pay full fare both ways. The Panama Canal will create a new route from Europe to the Pacific Slope that will attract both the settler type of immigrant and the commuter type."

The Call of the Panama Canal.

THE Panama Canal, no doubt, stimulates the world-movement toward enlarged shipping facilities, but changes are being made, harbors are being improved, and new and larger vessels are being put into service along routes that will not be affected by the Canal. The fact remains that there is hardly a steamship line in the world that is not taking the Panama Canal into its calculations. There is likely, Mr. Vose goes on to say, considerable traffic for tramp steamers via the Canal, or for chartered vessels plying over more or less fixed routes with sailings adjusted to meet varying requirements.

"The West Coast Line, for example, which uses chartered vessels, could readily adjust itself to changed conditions. Its cutward-bound ships, with cargoes for the lower western coast of South America, would probably continue to go by Magellan, and the home trip would very likely be by Panama as cargo is taken on farther north. In the same way the lines of chartered ships running to the far East will probably continue to go by Suez for ports south of Shanghai and will be diverted to Panama for ports north of there. It has been reported that extensive iron ore deposits have been found in Chile and are owned by an American steel company which plans to exploit them extensively, bringing the ore north in huge ore carriers such as are employed on the Great Lakes and in the service from Bilbao, Spain, to Great Britain. No accurate estimate of this traffic is possible, but if tentative estimates of 500,000 tons a year should be realized, a very considerable fleet of chartered vessels would be employed in this service. If the plan of the United Fruit Company should be followed by the steel



company, and efforts made to develop a return traffic in American-made goods along the western coast of South America such as the Fruit Company has built up in the Caribbean region, this line might be productive of vast benefit to American manufacturers and give them a very substantial advantage in the keen rivalry that is certain to take place for the trade of that hitherto only partially developed section."

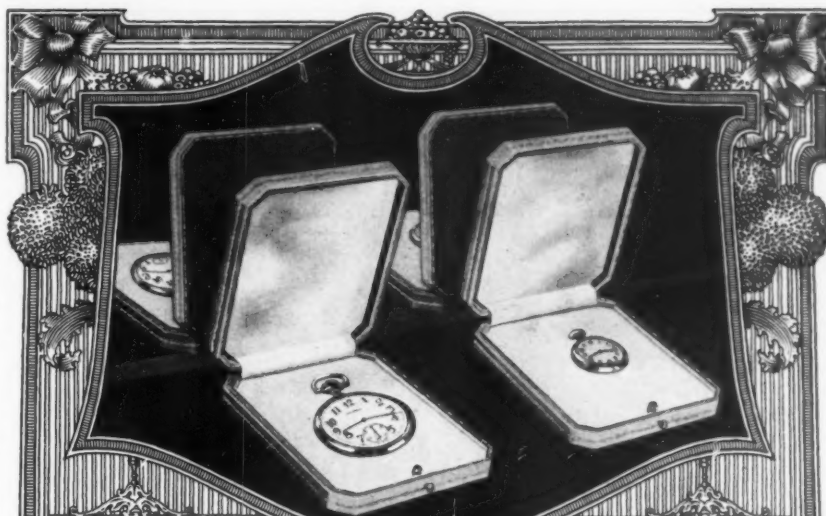
Needed—A Business Manager for Uncle Sam's \$400,000,000 Enterprize.

THERE is urgent need of a traffic department of the Isthmian Canal Commission. Apart from some very instructive monographs regarding distances and toll rates the Commission, complains Mr. Vose, has left the steamship men to do their own figuring.

"On Beaver Street, New York, not far from the Produce Exchange, is a sign reading 'Manchester Ship Canal Company.' This is one of the two offices maintained by that Company, to interest American shippers in routing their goods direct to Manchester. Their other office is at Chicago, and similar traffic agencies are maintained at other important shipping centers. As a result of this enterprising promotion work the traffic of the Manchester canal has been increased six-fold and Manchester is now England's fourth seaport. Unless a similar plan is adopted with respect to Panama, the new Canal will unquestionably lose thousands and perhaps hundreds of thousands of tons of traffic that might otherwise be diverted to it. This \$400,000,000 enterprize of the United States will soon be a going concern, competing for its share of world traffic just as other enterprizes of the kind have to do. It should have a traffic director with a sufficient appropriation for office equipment and for a staff to enable it to take up this great proposition energetically and effectively. For every dollar expended on such an organization the Government would obtain a hundred dollars in increased revenues. This important deficiency in the preparation work incident to opening the Canal should be remedied now."

#### SHORT CROPS NO BOON TO FARMERS

AGRICULTURE cannot prosper unless the community can afford to eat its produce. A community cannot prosper on dear food. Therefore agriculture cannot prosper on short crops. With these words the *Times Annalist* undertakes to dispose of the fallacy that a minus crop means a money plus. That an individual may prosper at the expense of his community and that one class of people may find temporary profit in the disadvantage of another class need not be denied in order to disprove the contention that a short crop is more profitable than a large



## Waltham Watches Riverside Series

It is not over-subtle to say that there is a relation between the character of a man and that of his watch. Anything which you consult fifty times a day, which directs your very life, is bound to react on you.

All Waltham Watches have a structural perfection, a downright precision and upright character, that make them superior associates. The Riverside Walthams in particular are recommended for those who appreciate a watch which is a little better than necessary, but not purse-squeezing in price.

There are Riversides in several styles for men and women. Most jewelers have them and will testify to their excellence.

Will you look over our Riverside Book? It will be sent you with pleasure—and our compliments.

Waltham Watch Company  
Waltham, Mass.

## HOW DO YOU MAKE YOUR LIVING?

This is not impertinence—merely by way of leading up to a point.

The point is that a large number of very intelligent, active and enterprising people make their living by selling magazine subscriptions.

Some people are doing a great deal better than making a living in this line of work—making money fast. Still others could greatly improve their circumstances if they would give up their present employment and take up subscription work. A card addressed as below will bring you full particulars.

## CURRENT OPINION

Agency Department

134-140 West 29th Street, New York



## Is Your Family Eating This New Dish?

Do your little folks, big folks—all—know the richness and delicacy of Heinz Spaghetti?

A different—*better*—kind of Spaghetti—with a new-found flavor. And *cooked—all ready to serve*. It required years to develop the delicious, *piquant* taste. We use choicest spaghetti, special imported cheese and the rich, appetizing Heinz Tomato Sauce. *That's* the secret of the blend.

# Heinz Spaghetti

## One of the 57 Varieties

is not only a dish for the epicure, but one of the world's greatest foods. Rich in protein—the food-factor that means sturdy bodies, active brains.

Already it is a leader in popularity among the 57 Varieties.

Get a tin of Heinz Spaghetti today from your grocer under Heinz guarantee of money back if you don't pronounce it the best you have ever tasted.

Others of Heinz 57 Varieties are:

Heinz Baked Beans, Tomato Ketchup, Euchred Pickle, Tomato Soup, Chili Sauce, Peanut Butter, Mince Meat, etc.

### H. J. Heinz Co.



50,000 Visitors Inspect Heinz Model Pure Food Kitchens Every Year.



crop. There are instances of this seeming true by the showing of arithmetic; but instinct knows better. In spite of arithmetic, producers continually strive to increase their output. Never is there a disappointment in agriculture, as this year in corn, potatoes, cotton and hay, but the farmers are consoled with the assurance that they are better off because the money yield of their crops will be greater, with less labor and expense, than if the output had been normal. The quantity of the crops for 1913 and 1912 as ascertained by the Orange Judd crop reporting service is crystallized as follows:

	Total value. Millions dollars.		Tonnage. Millions tons.	
	1913.	1912	1913.	1912
Wheat .....	604	564	23.6	22.3
Corn .....	1,610	1,530	64.4	87.5
Oats .....	455	452	17.0	22.7
Cotton .....	941	824	3.3	3.5
Hay .....	825	857	55.0	73.0
Potatoes ....	224	187	8.7	10.9
Minor grains	240	207	8.0	10.0
Tobacco ....	113	110	.5	.5
Total .....	5,012	4,371	180.5	230.4

Orange Judd's figures seem to bear out the contention of those who look upon short crops as a boon rather than a bane to the farmer. These views, the *Annalist* goes on to say, are doubtless very comforting to such as are so fortunate as to have agricultural produce to sell at "shortage prices"; they will be empty to the unfortunate, and otherwise they are absurd. Wealth consists not in prices but in goods."

### The Money Value of Short Crops.

AGRICULTURE, the writer insists, cannot prosper on diminished yield, no matter what the price may be per unit of production. If it could, then the logical practice would be progressively to reduce the yield, say, of corn, until a year's production would be only enough for seed. The seed would be invaluable, to save corn from perishing from the face of the world, but only on the assumption that it would be planted and made to multiply in order that the production might be increased again to normal.

"The 'short-crop' fallacy is more apparent in corn than in other crops, because so much of the corn crop is fed. You may multiply the number of corn bushels raised by the higher price per bushel and show by arithmetic that the money value of a short crop is greater than that of a large crop; but what then of the farmer who, for want of corn to feed, has been obliged to sell his cattle unfattened, as thousands have been doing recently? In that case, tho he gets more per bushel for his corn, and possibly more in money for fewer bushels than he got the year before for his salable surplus, yet when he sells the corn

In the Old World, wherever a food is cultivated to the point of supreme excellence, we are there packing the choicest of the crop under the familiar "Cresca Mark."

**CRESCA IMPORTED DELICACIES**

are for that class of people who really appreciate the fine flavors of perfect food products. Send 2 cent stamp for booklet describing these good things and containing a variety of tempting menus and recipes.

**CRESCA COMPANY, Importers, 365 Greenwich St., N.Y.**

at the high price and then disposes of his cattle he is, in fact, selling out his capital. Then he sits on a farm denuded of cattle, deprived of a source of profit, and waits for a better corn year, knowing by instinct that he is worse off than if corn were plenty and cheap and he had a surplus to convert into meat.

"As a result of short crops only that farmer is better off who has accidentally fared more fortunately than his neighbors. He does not require to be congratulated. He prospers not by the higher 'money value' of a short crop but by circumstances in the uneven production and distribution of wealth. It may be his turn to come out short the next year."

### BARGAINS IN BONDS

**A**LTHO the prices of many securities are now ranging from five to ten points higher than the level at the meridian of the year, it is not, we are told in *Moody's Magazine*, too late to make investment purchases. The limit of the rise in interest rates has been reached and the long decline in bond prices is probably over now. The time is especially auspicious, in the opinion of that financial authority, for investment in the higher grade bond issue of railroads and other established corporations. Ten years ago such issues were eagerly sought by investors on a  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $3\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. basis. In those days bonds like West Shore first 4s guaranteed by New York Central, sold at 116, New Jersey Central 5s sold at 138, Lake Shore  $3\frac{1}{2}$ s sold at 112, St. Paul 4s sold at 110. Bonds of this character were really not so secure in those days as they are now; none of them were then protected by equities equalling those of to-day. And yet we now find West Shore first 4s selling at 95, New Jersey Central 5s at 112, Lake Shore  $3\frac{1}{2}$ s at 86 and St. Paul 4s at 92. Any investor who buys the above bonds to-day, the writer goes on to say, will almost certainly find, a few years hence, that he is in the possession of real investment bargains. There is a long list of other issues of like general type, selling at remarkably low figures to-day, which can be bought with the same assurance of future appreciation. It is preferable, where possible, to select bonds selling below their face value, if permanent holding is intended, for then, as the issues approach maturity, they will naturally work toward their par values regardless of developments in the general money market. The following railroad bonds, the writer maintains, pass the best investment tests and are nevertheless in the bargain class:

Atchison gen. 4s at  $94\frac{1}{2}$ .  
Atchison adjustment 4s at 86.  
Atlantic Coast Line first 4s at 91.  
Atlantic Coast Line—L. & N. collateral 4s at  $88\frac{1}{2}$ .  
Baltimore & Ohio first 4s at 93.  
Baltimore & Ohio prior lien  $3\frac{1}{2}$ s at 90.



## NABISCO Sugar Wafers

A tempting dessert confection, loved by all who have ever tasted them. Suitable for every occasion where a dessert-sweet is desired. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.



### ADORA

Another charming confection—a filled sugar wafer with a bountiful center of rich, smooth cream.



### FESTINO

An ever-popular delight. An almond-shaped dessert confection with a kernel of almond-flavored cream.



### CHOCOLATE TOKENS

Still another example of the perfect dessert confection. Enchanting wafers with a most delightful creamy filling—entirely covered by the richest of sweet chocolate.

## NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



### AGENTS A BRAND NEW LIGHTER

Novel watch-shaped lighter. Operated with one hand; gives an instantaneous light every time. No electricity, no battery, no wires, non-explosive; dows away with matches. Lights your pipe, cigars, cigarette, gas jet, etc. Dandy thing for the end of your chain. Tremendous seller. Write quick for wholesale terms and prices.

A. K. B. and Lighter Co.,  
148 Duane Street, N. Y.

**DO YOU PAINT?** The Dependable Water Tint Colors for coloring maps, postcards, engravings, etc., will help you. Transparent. Blendable and will not fade. Amusing, instructive and educational. Will arouse and develop artistic taste. Equally serviceable for children and mature artists. Easy to use. Simply drop a small piece of card in a little water and you have your color. Complete Outfit Eighteen Colors with brushes \$1.00. Ten and twelve colors 25 cents and 50 cents, Postpaid.

PHILADELPHIA ARTISTS SUPPLY CO.  
STATION C PHILADELPHIA, PA.



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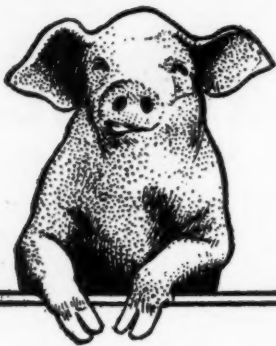
Century Bookcases embody modern, attractive designs and exclusive features. Finished in all standard finishes giving full scope for individual selection. Makes a most practical and distinctive Christmas gift.

### Adopted as Standard by the U. S. Government.

All cases are GUARANTEED to give absolute satisfaction. Write today for our Catalog and Plan.

CENTURY CABINET COMPANY, Ninth St., Utica, N. Y.  
New York Office and Showrooms 1182 Broadway  
We pay the freight to any freight station in the U. S.





## These Virginia Hams from yearling pigs are DELICIOUS

Naturally there is a big difference between the meat of carefully-fed and well-cared-for pigs and that of common hogs fed on refuse and living under filthy conditions.

That is one reason why the Forest Home Farm hams are so tender and tasty. The pigs are properly housed and fed and allowed free range in the woods, so that the beechnuts and acorns can add flavor to the meat.

Another reason is that the pigs are killed when one year old—when they are at their prime and before their flesh has become tough.

The hams are sugar-cured and slowly smoked with hickory wood by an old Southern method that occupies a full year. This cures them thoroughly all through and gives them a tenderness and flavor that can never be obtained by the rapid packing-house methods or use of chemicals.

The result is the most delicious ham you ever tasted—ham that seems to melt in your mouth and is as different from the usual tasteless, stringy, commercial hams you buy in market as a pigeon is from a crow.

They run from 8 lbs. to 16 lbs. and their thorough curing enables them to keep indefinitely—age only improving them.

**PRICE 30c A POUND**

## Forest Home Farm Sausage

Made according to an old Southern recipe from the choice cuts of little pigs, flavored with country herbs and pure spices. Pure pork sausage of the finest kind. Wrapped in parchment. Shipped in 5, 10, 20 and 50-lb. boxes.

**PRICE 30c A POUND**

*Delivered at your door.*

**Forest Home Farm**  
Purcellville, Va.

## Delicious Pecan Nuts

**Fresh, Wild Grown, Full Meated, Exquisite Flavor**



Our new crop of Wabash Valley Pecans is now ready—thin shelled—easily cracked—appetizing—healthful. We ship direct to consumer in 10, 15 and 20 lb. cartons at 25c per pound, express prepaid.

east of the Missouri River. Generous sample for 10c. We also have Wild Hickory Nuts and Walnuts. Best you ever ate. **SEND TODAY.**

**Southern Indiana Pecan Co.** 249 3rd Street Mt. Vernon, Ind.

Central Branch Ry. first 4s at 92.  
Central Pacific first 4s at 93½.  
Chesapeake & Ohio gen. 4½s at 97.  
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy joint 4s at 94½.  
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy general 4s at 93.  
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Illinois div. 4s at 94.  
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul general 4s at 92½.  
Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound 4s at 90.  
Chicago & Northwestern general 4s at 95.  
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific general 4s at 87½.  
Delaware & Hudson refunding 4s at 94.  
Great Northern 4½s at 98.  
Illinois Central refunding 4s at 91.  
Lake Shore & Michigan Southern 4s at 92.  
Louisville & Nashville unified 4s at 93.  
Northern Pacific first 4s at 94½.  
Oregon Railroad & Navigation 4s at 92½.  
Reading Company general 4s at 95.  
Rio Grande Western first 4s at 83.  
Seaboard Air Line first 4s at 85.  
Southern Pacific refunding 4s at 91.  
Union Pacific first 4s at 97.  
Union Pacific refunding 4s at 93.  
West Shore first 4s at 95.

### Semi-speculative Investments.

THE foregoing list contains only investments not only gilt-edged but copper-riveted. Many of the issues are of relatively short duration and, regardless of the general trend of the market, will be quoted higher in the not distant future. Among such may be mentioned the Baltimore and Ohio prior lien 3½s, the Central Branch Railway 4s, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy joint 4s and the Rock Island General 4s. In addition to the bonds of the above type, the writer in *Moody's Magazine* continues, there are to-day many bargains in issues of lower grade. Some of these are in a more speculative position, but where they meet the proper tests as to equities, margins of safety, etc., they are well worth buying around prices approximating the present quotations:

Chicago & Alton 3½s at 54.  
Chicago & Eastern Ill. refunding 4s at 68.  
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific refunding 4s at 79.  
Erie first consolidated 4s at 87.  
Erie general lien 4s at 76.  
Missouri, Kansas & Texas second 4s at 76.  
St. Louis & San Francisco refunding 4s at 71.  
San Antonio & Aransas Pass 4s at 82.  
St. Louis & Iron Mountain River & Gulf 4s at 82.  
Wisconsin Central general 4s at 87.

These issues, it seems, are of slightly lower grade than those contained in the first list, but they are all well secured and in the true investment field. "They should all sell considerably higher with the establishment of a generally easier money market next year."



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Opportunity Knocks at the Investor's Door.

THE founder of the house of Rothschild once was asked how he made his fortune. "By never trying to buy at the bottom and never selling at the top," was the shrewd reply of the eldest of the Five Frankforters. There may be, probably will be, reactions in the market, but it may be that five months hence the best bargains will have slipped from the grasp of the hesitating investor. The knocks of opportunity, according to the same writer in Mr. Moody's publication, are loudest when she bears in her hands the brass knocker of good convertible issues.

"Perhaps no time since the convertible bond came into vogue has there been so great an opportunity for safe investment combined with the opportunity for appreciation. Nearly all convertible issues are to-day selling on a purely investment basis, without regard to the possible value of the convertible privilege. Thus, where selections are carefully made, the investor is absolutely on safe ground. Even in the event that the right of conversion never again became of real value, he would still have a good investment paying him a liberal yield. While most convertibles are not secured by mortgage, many are protected by such wide equities that their investment position is all that could be desired. Among the most attractive in this class at this time are the following:

- Atchison convertible 4s of 1960 at 96.
- Baltimore & Ohio convertible 4½s at 92½.
- Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul convertible 4½s at 103.
- Norfolk & Western convertible 4½s at 105.
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- Union Pacific convertible 4s at 92.

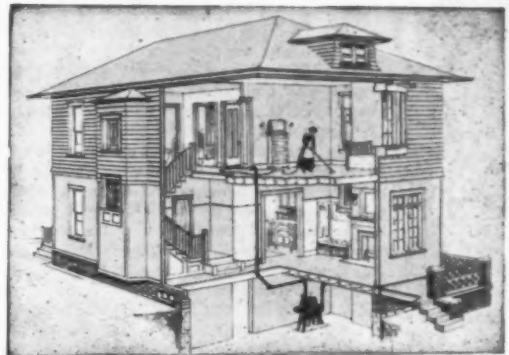
Gilt-edged Investments.

**P**ROPHECY is always hazardous. No man can foretell the future of the market. The gilt may fade from gilt-edged investments. There are, however, certain fundamental facts of which one may be reasonably sure.

"The Baltimore & Ohio and St. Paul convertible issues seem especially desirable at present prices. For the investor who wishes to put his money out for a period of five or ten years hardly anything could be more attractive than these issues. St. Paul common stock, within the past eight years, has sold almost as high as 200. It will probably never reach this figure again, as to-day the liabilities ahead of the stock are far greater per mile than in the old days, but it is quite logical to expect that St. Paul, in the next bull market, will sell up to at least 140, and perhaps higher. In such an event, the bonds would follow the stock up, giving the holder of the latter the opportunity of adding fifty per cent. to his principal. To a lesser extent, it is probable that Baltimore & Ohio will do the same."

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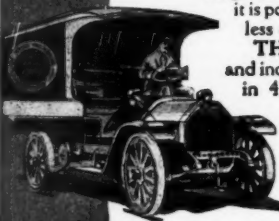
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### AN IMPENDING FAMINE OF CAPITAL IN THE WORLD

IS THE world in danger of a famine of capital? That is a question troubling economists on both sides of the ocean. It is not a theoretical question, but one that has a vital bearing on every man, woman, and child. It is intimately connected with the problem of the high cost of living and the cost of high living for individuals, municipalities and nations. The peace in the Balkans has eased the immediate stringency of the money market, but, as the London *Economist* points out, behind the problem of "short" money and discounts lie the still harder problems of the permanent relations between borrower and investor, the world's demand for capital, and the long movements in the rate of interests. Is the borrower to continue for years in the attitude of suitor, pleading cap in hand for accommodation, or shall we see a revival of the old conditions when lenders were pressing their spare capital on semi-reluctant borrowers at 3 and 3½ per cent.? The author of a recent book in England on the foreign exchanges divides the world's financial countries into three classes: (1) Young growing nations, who every year borrow more than they pay out in interest.

(2) Half-developed nations, whose payments of interest more than counterbalance their fresh borrowings.

(3) Further developed nations, who normally have a surplus of money to invest, and import interest on past loans more quickly than they export capital for the new.

#### The Present Shortage of Capital.

THE present shortage of capital, according to the writer in *The Economist*, is due largely to a shifting of the center of gravity—the great increase in class 1, which seems to have been growing more rapidly than class 3.

"In the past fifteen years an enormous development has taken place in a number of young countries which in the nineties were not greatly regarded as fields for investment, but which have since those days employed European capital on an extraordinary scale, and to the great benefit of their own prestige. Fashion has set capital flowing freely in their direction, with the result that enormous sums have been spent in the development of land, railways, industry, and public utilities. Unfortunately, much of the money has gone to waste.

"Of these young countries the most prominent are perhaps Canada, Argentina, Brazil and Mexico, each one of which has had its own advantages and attracted very large quantities of capital."

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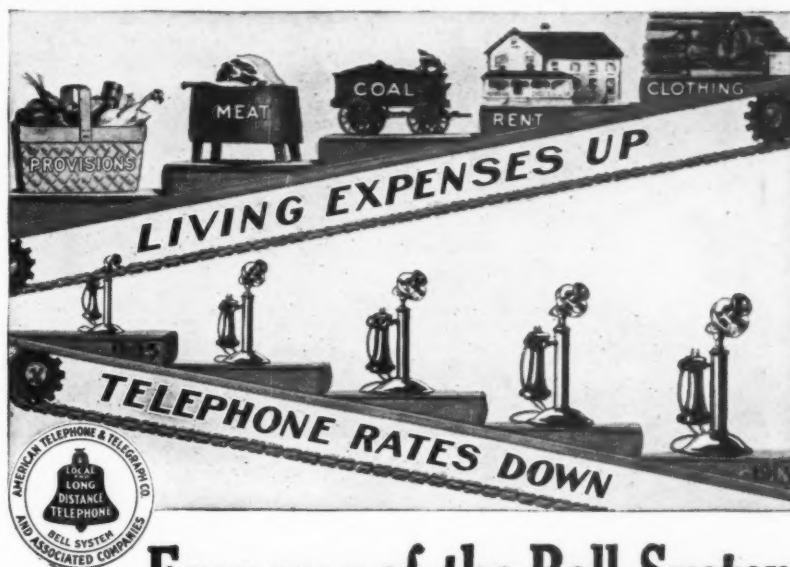
#### Europe Grows Cautious About New Investments.

THE development of these new countries, the British authority goes on to say, has been carried on almost entirely with European money, and mainly with savings drawn from the pockets of the British investor. England has been to these countries what the bank manager is to the young energetic trading firm, supplying them with money, watching their growth with satisfaction, and taking toll of their industry or extravagance in coupons. But in the history of young firms, there often comes a time when the bank manager grows less ready to advance, looks rather less favorably at their security, and thinks that he is seeing too much of their paper. The result is often embarrassing to the firm, for important enterprises have been started on the supposition that money can be borrowed at a comparatively low rate of interest. Everybody is apt to feel uncomfortable; the bank manager because his bank's money is at stake; the firm because its development and perhaps its existence are imperilled, and the creditors of the firm because they are deeply concerned with its success. Without being unnecessarily bearish, the writer goes on to say, we may perhaps suggest that the young countries which have been so freely financed by Europe in the last fifteen years, are passing through a phase that corresponds to the experience of the young enterprising firm.

#### The Money-Troubles of Exotic Republics.

THE promise of Canada, the writer goes on to say, is undisputed, but there is not the same confidence in Canadian promotions, partly because so many fingers have been burned in land companies, or timber limits, or manufacturing corporations.

"No doubt also the borrowing of municipalities has in the past been made far too easy, and as we look back in the light of current rates on some of the issues of four or five years ago, we can only wonder how the English investor ever came to put his money into them. There is, we think, a general feeling that Canada has found finance in London too simple, and that her natural enterprise has been over-encouraged. Argentina is not the popular tune that it was five years ago, mainly because her railways have been less prosperous, and because the English investor now realizes that even in the Argentine it is possible to spend capital without an immediate return of interest. The readiness of British capitalists to supply funds enabled the Argentine Government to set the railways competing for the right to build, and to force the growth of railroad mileage with comparatively little regard for the interests of the railway shareholders. The finance of these Argentine companies is



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At the same time, the efficiency and value of the service to the subscriber has vastly increased. Today he can talk to an average of five times as many persons in each exchange as he could eighteen years ago.

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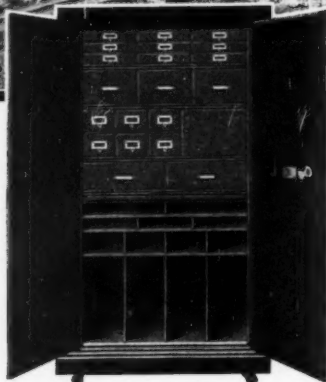


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not likely to become easier in the next two years. In Mexico the illusion of a settled Government has been shattered since the fall of Diaz, and the rate of interest has suddenly jumped to an almost prohibitive figure. The bank manager, to return to our simile, has taken fright, and the country suddenly finds the tap turned off with a jerk."

As confidence returns after the war, the writer concludes, hoarded supplies of capital may come to sight, but it is doubtful whether the important borrowing countries will enjoy again the spacious opportunities of four years ago.

### How the World's Capital Is Destroyed.

OUR civilization, in all its material features, is based on the accumulation of capital. The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, remarks William T. Connors, discussing the exhaustion of the world's capital in *The Magazine of Wall Street*, were founded on the tribute wrung from subjugated peoples. You can't build a Parthenon until you can save money enough to pay for it, and Pericles, Mr. Connors goes on to say, couldn't do it any better than you

can. If capital should cease to accumulate, we should soon find ourselves face to face with decaying civilization. The Panama Canal, our beautiful parks, our art galleries and our zoos, our splendid roadways and our wonderful railway systems, free concerts, public schools and municipal playgrounds are possible only because somebody has first accumulated the capital to pay for them. The Balkan war, with its expense of approximately \$1,250,000,000, furnishes a terrible example of the destruction of capital. The money value of the productive capacity of the 350,000 persons whose lives were sacrificed could hardly be estimated at less than another billion and a quarter dollars. Roumania, Russia, Austria, France, Germany are spending billions on armaments and mobilization, and they are withdrawing millions of workers from the productive industries for purely military reasons. War expenditures represent capital simply burned up; but a similar effect may be produced by capital invested in ways that will make it non-productive for some years. The flood of money that is to be poured into the New York subways will not begin to bring in any returns for at least five years, and the probability is that the rate of interest earned for the following ten years will be small. So far as present conditions are concerned, Mr. Connors insists, all this capital is buried. In the last six or eight years, according to Newman Erb, the railroads have spent over \$500,000,000 on passenger terminals which have not increased earnings one dollar. The same principle applies to many huge personal expenses. Shall the nation's and the world's coffers be ever replenished?

### How Capital Is Replenished.

WHILE war, waste, extravagance and unproductive investments are constantly depleting the world's capital, the labor of the world, Mr. Connors says in answer to the questions raised by himself, is busy replacing what has been destroyed. The only new wealth created, however, is wealth saved. The workman who by his labor converts some pieces of leather into a shoe is just as surely creating wealth as the farmer who grows corn. He has added value to the leather, thereby increasing the wealth of the world. But he does not increase the world's capital unless he saves something above his spendings. Earnings reinvested by companies before the declaration of dividends create new capital.

"The United States Steel Corporation, for example, has during the last dozen years turned back into the property in various ways more than \$500,000,000, the

greater part of which must certainly be reckoned as increasing the working capital of the world. The record of the International Harvester Company is similar, and practically all prosperous corporations adopt the same policy.

"The Pennsylvania Railroad has made it a rule to put a dollar back into the road for every dollar paid out in dividends. This means that half its earnings become capital without ever reaching the stockholder, and unquestionably a very large part of the money actually paid out as dividends is saved or reinvested, thus further swelling the volume of capital. . . .

"Since labor is the principal factor in creating capital, the more efficient labor becomes the more speedy will be the accumulation of liquid capital after a period of waste. That accounts, probably, for the quick recoveries from recent depressions. With the aid of modern machinery, one laborer can produce many times as much as he could fifty years ago. His wages and personal expenditures have not risen in proportion. A much larger fraction of his product is now drawn off into the fund of liquid capital than was the case half a century ago—chiefly as a result of the corporate organization of industry."

#### Quick Recoveries from Business Depressions.

**B**USINESS is more systematically organized to-day than it ever was before. After the panic of 1873 it took us half a dozen years to get going again. After 1893 we recovered in four years. After the panic of 1907, the check to business activity lasted only one year. Doubtless, Mr. Conners goes on to say, 1907 was a different kind of panic from the other two, but even allowing for that difference the indications are that a void in the fund of liquid capital is now much more quickly filled up by new accumulations than ever before in the world's history.

"In a word, then, the world's liquid capital is constantly being accumulated and as constantly being dissipated. When the accumulation is the greater, we have abundant capital and low interest rates; when dissipation is the greater, we get a scarcity of capital and high interest rates. Either condition cures itself, and each condition eventually leads to the other through the operation of natural causes. . . .

"Undoubtedly many of those who talk so lugubriously about the scarcity of capital, waste, extravagance and debt, take an extreme view. There is always waste, extravagance and debt. They are nothing new in the world's history. But also there is continual accumulation. For my part I can see nothing in the present situation that cannot be remedied by a slowing up in the number of new enterprises launched within the next few years.

"This will mean, of course, a period of relative quiet and readjustment, but I see no warrant for the expectation of a prolonged or severe trade depression."



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rapidly. "It is literally true that the American people cannot spend their income. With all their extravagance—with \$300,000,000 estimated waste in the national finances and an equal amount in the State and local government finances; with an estimated cost of seven billion dollars to transport and distribute to the consumer food products for which the farmer receives six billion dollars; with the waste of the liquor traffic; the waste of vice and crime, superimposed upon the rising





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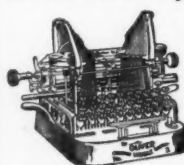
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standard of personal consumption—in spite of all this lavish scattering of the national income, the wealth of America continues to increase. The American people are not using up their working capital. In spite of the utmost efforts to make themselves poor, their riches continue to increase."

## PERSONAL CHARACTER AS A FINANCIAL ASSET

**S**HORTLY before his death, J. Pierpont Morgan declared that the asset which he regarded as most valuable in a borrower was character. Character is also the basis of the so-called Banks of the People—Banche Popolari—of Italy, founded by Luigi Luzzatti, a pupil of Schulze-Delitzsch. There is much that we can learn from the Italian's system, as described by John L. Mathews in *Harper's Monthly*, much that we should remember in shaping our own currency legislation. The Popular Banks of Italy are based on a fact so obvious that it has often escaped detection. For Luzzatti discovered that assets of the small laboring man which had previously been of negligible value in securing credit—namely, character, thrift, the normal ambition to get on—when joined together are no more to be despised than the assets of a Rothschild. Sprung from this idea, there has risen in Italy a veritable army of cooperative savings and loan societies which have given to individual members a credit service previously inaccessible. Three of these banks, in Milan, Padua and Novara, together have in a year a turnover of a billion dollars. Owned and operated by the people themselves, on the most democratic lines, the power is diffused by the single vote which each member wields, irrespective of the number of shares he holds.

"Formed with limited liability, the issue of shares unrestricted—the price not more than ten dollars and often only four—these banks invite the membership of every one, from the line of real poverty to the edge of wealth. The service of the administration boards elected by the general meeting is voluntary and unpaid, tho in some larger banks a sum is set aside out of the profits as an honorarium. The keynote is responsibility of all the units, and business is largely done on personal surety, by the simple indorsement of one or two men for another. Nine hundred such banks to-day are giving to persons or groups of every calling—day laborers, clerks, mechanics, tradesmen, manufacturers, farmers, merchants, and professional men—an enormous convenience in loans and discounts with so small a percentage of loss as to seem incredible."

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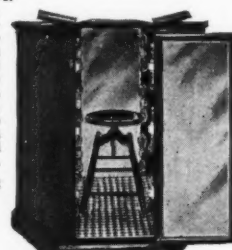
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Cooperation That Eliminates Strikes.

WHEREVER one travels through the north of Italy, Mr. Mathews goes on to say, he sees large or small groups of workmen, skilled or unskilled, with no padrone to drive them, making roads, carting the gravel from beds of torrents, constructing steam railways for the government, erecting big apartment-houses for the working people to live in, extending their operations to every sort of trade, by organizing themselves into cooperative societies to undertake big contracts. Binding themselves together to work for themselves and for one another, paying their own wages, carrying upon their own shoulders the responsibility of properly fulfilling their contract, and depositing a fund to guarantee its completion, they eliminate the intervening contractors entirely, saving the middleman's profit to divide among themselves in proportion to the amount of work which each man has contributed and to the existing wage scale for his trade. Having become their own employers, they have in their own work eliminated the strike. The labor cooperative society, the writer maintains, is the latest and farthest advance of collectivism to-day. Ask these Italian laborers about their work, how they are holding together, how they secured the contract and the necessary guarantee to obtain it, how they have been able to purchase all the machinery required to carry it out, and they will tell you that there is a cooperative bank in the neighboring city to which they belong, with which their contract is deposited, and which advances them from month to month the necessary funds for equipment, supplies, and wages.

The People's Bank  
Stops a Panic.

EARLY in December, 1865, Luzatti called his friends together to sign the application for a charter for the People's Bank of Milan. The total capital subscribed at this preliminary meeting was only \$140. In January the bank went to work with a total capital of \$5,400. Fortune favored the institution. War with Austria broke out. At the news of the war, everybody who had silver or gold hoarded his treasures. Paper money went down so fast that the savings bank, which had a great deal, had lost eight hundred lire before it realized the catastrophe that was impending. Every day was pregnant with disaster. Before it could overwhelm the town, the little Banca Popolare announced that it would issue bonds of the bank for one lira, two lire, five lire, and so up to a thousand lire, to any one who brought good securities not likely to de-

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precipitate and deposited them. The bank gave up to eighty per cent. of their value and pledged itself to redeem the collateral at par when the war was over, and accept them in deposits and the repayment of loans.

"The communal government met at once and agreed to receive these bonds as currency at full value. The messengers from the big banks came hurrying with bundles of first-class securities; private individuals who had consols or any standard investment that met the terms established by the bank brought them to the little one-room depository. The presses ran day and night turning out the bonds no bigger than an ordinary bank-bill. The panic in Milan was stopped, and they were comparatively prosperous all through the war, the little bonds of the People's Bank passing readily from hand to hand until the foreign troops evacuated Venice and peace was declared. Every afternoon at the close of business the Banca Popolare posted up outside its door its balance-sheet, so that all the people might read it and see that it was sound."

The People's Bank Increases Its Capital.

IN VIEW of its services in the panic, it is not surprising that new members came to the bank rapidly. The capital of the Banca Popolare increased in the first year of its existence to \$43,000, and its membership to 1,100. Its business during the year amounted to two million dollars, and amounted in eight years to two hundred million. Every year since it was founded the bank has paid a dividend to its stockholders. Organized primarily for the business of short-time loans, usually three months without renewal, and discounts at reasonable rates, it has emptied the terra-cotta vases, previously the savings banks of the people.

"At the general meeting in March, 1913, the officers of the bank reported a membership of more than twenty-seven thousand, a net increase of five hundred in the year, two thirds of whom hold but a single share. With more than two hundred thousand shares outstanding, the

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bank had a capital of two million two hundred thousand dollars. With an aggregate of deposits and savings, pledged on time, and current accounts all amounting to thirty-four million dollars, the greater part of which is used in active operation, the Banca Popolare had a turnover for the fiscal year of six hundred million dollars; an increase of five million, and an average each business day of nearly two million dollars. The reserves amount to one million one hundred thousand dollars.

"Out of its profits the bank has never failed to divert a considerable percentage to divers good causes, either charity or work for civic betterment. It has been foremost in bringing Italian banking out of 'the economic middle ages,' and raising its standard to that of Europe. It supplanted the usurer, and demonstrated that personal surety is good collateral, and commercial papers such as dock warrants, bills of lading, orders on public work, an assignment of one fifth of wages on a contract, are perfectly negotiable for a loan."

Moral Worth as a Negotiable Security.

**L**UZZATTI, Mr. Mathews points out, was happy in emphasizing a point which Schulze-Delitzsch wilfully ignored—the primary importance of having members of moral worth. Acceptance of each proposed new candidate is given only upon investigation which brings a reasonable assurance of his honesty. The scheme of government for a People's Bank is on the lines of a small republic, with a general meeting which has all the legislative power. This chooses a *consiglio*, or council, to which it delegates its authority for the year. The council elects the director, vice-director, and the cashier, who are permanent officers and salaried.

"The general meeting also elects the committee of discount, the committee of risks, the *Sindaci*, and the *Provinciari*. The committee of discount in some banks is only three or four members, but in large banks fifteen to forty, volunteers who take on the duties in turn. With this unsalaried body lies important work, calling for the greatest prudence. They have charge of the secret record, the *castelletto*, often a roomful of card-catalogs and ledgers which contain the 'safe credit value' of every member within which he may borrow without requiring especial consideration of the loan. To the information obtained when he joined the bank are added in the private files comments on his dealings with the bank, general notes offered by other members from time to time, and upon all this is based the calculation of the sum for which he has the confidence of the bank, sometimes without a surety, but at the outside with only one. Sometimes the committee of risks supplements the work of the discount committee. If the recorded estimate for any member should decline while a loan is out to him or to

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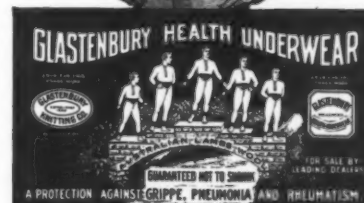
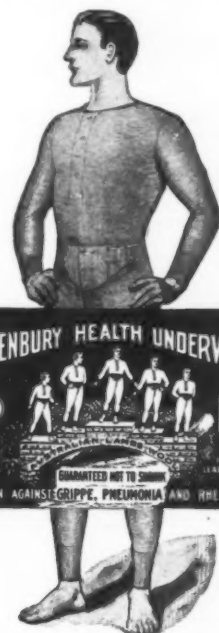
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any one for whom he is surety, the debtor is called upon to make up the difference, either by reducing the loan, securing another surety, or depositing collateral with the bank, on pain of the withdrawal of the loan or refusal to renew."

Humble Borrowers at the People's Bank.

**A**LL loans at the People's Bank are given on simple notes of hand, secured by only one or two signatures. Many borrowers have nothing to pledge which could be called "security" in the ordinary sense. They own neither bonds nor lands, but they appreciate their obligation and repay promptly. In a cooperative institution the stigma attaching to the failure to meet obligations is peculiarly effective. In the light of the varied purposes which the bank constantly serves, the humbleness of the accounts, as illustrated in Mr. Mathews' account, is striking. Nevertheless the collective power of humble borrowers has built roads, bridges and even railroads, enterprises of national importance demanding for their completion millions of dollars.



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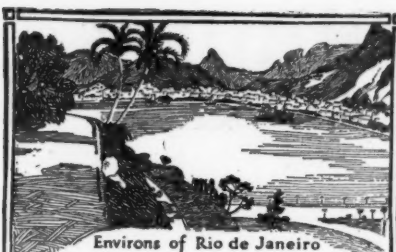
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### "UN BOCK BRUN"—A STORY IN WHICH NOTHING HAPPENS

That genial Irishman, James Stephens, whose contributions in prose and verse give peculiar charm these days to the pages of the *London Nation*, is the author of this sketch. He is a master of a peculiar kind of pathos—the kind that amuses but does not sadden, and yet is real pathos. The story of "The Woman Who Thumped Her Lap," in our June number, was one instance of that pathos. The story below is another.

**I**T WAS now his custom to sit there. The world has its habits, why should a man not have his? The earth rolls out of light and into darkness as punctually as a business man goes to and from his office: the seasons come with the regularity of automata, and go as if they were pushed by an ejector. So, night after night, he strolled from the Place de l'Observatoire to the Pont St. Michel and, on the return journey, sat down at the same café, if he could manage it, at the same table, and ordered the same drink.

So regular had his attendance become that the waiter would suggest the order before it was spoken. He did not drink beer because he liked it, but only because it was not a difficult thing to ask for. Always he had been easily discouraged, and he distrusted his French almost as much as other people had reason to. The only time he had varied the order was to request "un vin blanc gommé," but he had been served on that occasion with a postage stamp for twenty-five centimes, and he still wondered when he remembered it.

He liked to think of his first French conversation. He wanted something to read in English, but was timid of asking for it. He walked past all the newspaper kiosks on the Boulevard, anxiously scanning the vendors inside—they were usually very stalwart, very competent females, who looked as tho they had outgrown their sins, but remembered them with pleasure. They had the dully-polished, slightly-battered look of a modern antique. The words, "M'sieu, Madame," rang from them as from bells. They were very alert, sitting, as it were, on tiptoe, and their eyes hit one as one approached. They were like spiders squatting in their little houses waiting for their daily flies. He found one who looked jolly and harmless, sympathetic indeed, and to her, with a flourished hat, he approached—Said he, "Donnez-moi, Madam, s'il vous plait, le *Daily Mail*." At the second repetition the good lady smiled at him, a smile compounded of benevolence and comprehension, and instantly, with a "V'là M'sieu," she handed him *The New York Herald*. They had saluted each other, and he marched down

(Continued on page 374.)



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So, those who are within the world of Cadillac ownership, are enjoying luxuries to which you must remain a stranger so long as you are outside that world.

And they are marked, these differences—these peculiar luxuries of the Cadillac.

So marked, that we doubt if you can drive the memory of them out of your mind after a single ride in the Cadillac.

They are not easy to describe—though you will be conscious of them before the car has travelled half a mile.

But, let us see if we can give you an idea.

You know what the Cadillac—and the Cadillac engine—were before the advent of this 1914 car.

You know that it was notably free from tremor.

You know that it did not lunge forward, but forged forward, majestically, like a battleship.

These were the natural fruits of Cadillac construction—refined and developed to an extraordinary degree.

And now, new qualities and new functions have been conferred upon it, by means of a second—supplemental—principle.

This other principle—the two speed direct drive axle—takes the Cadillac at its high point of development and extends it.

The new Cadillac axle has two direct drive gear ratios. Eliminating all technicalities from the subject, the advantage of the high direct drive gear ratio consists in the fact that through it, a given speed of the engine produces an increase of 42 per cent. in the speed of the car.

Out of this central improvement grow those differences in operation to which we have referred.

Keeping in mind the more slowly moving engine, you sense at once that infinitely greater steadiness must follow.

Holding fast to the same mental picture, you see that vibration must be reduced almost to the vanishing point.

Imagine the car with the low direct gear, operating at an engine speed of 700 revolutions per minute.

The car will travel 21 miles per hour.

Shift the electric switch and pass into the high direct drive gear ratio, and the speed of the car increases to 30 miles an hour with no increase in the speed of the engine.

Unconsciously, when you change gears, you look forward to the apparent effort and labor of the engine to be increased.

It does not come.

The trembling does not come.

No shock, no disturbance is communicated to the car or its occupants.

The steady pressing onward of the car is uninterrupted—the smoothness is continuous.

You forget the engine, you forget the car. There is only quiet—and a soft swinging through space.

Is it any wonder that Cadillac owners are volubly enthusiastic?

They have this velvety mode of travel of which you have yet to learn.

They have attained it by methods which lower the fuel consumption, decrease friction and reduce appreciably the cost of operation.

They have artistic body designs which make it difficult to suggest any sense in which their beauty could be heightened.

They have progressive, scientific engineering development.

They have the certainty of the Cadillac Delco system of electrical cranking, lighting and ignition.

They have the improved Cadillac carburetor, hot water jacketed and electrically heated.

They have entrance and exit for front seat passengers on either side,—right hand drive and right hand control with all of its advantages and no disadvantages.

They have the simple electric switch for shifting from high direct to low direct gear, or vice versa.

They have Cadillac standardization, true alignment and interchangeability of parts.

They have the product of an organization inspired by the highest ideals.

They have the Cadillac glorified and refined.

They have a car entitled to the distinction,  
"Standard of the World."

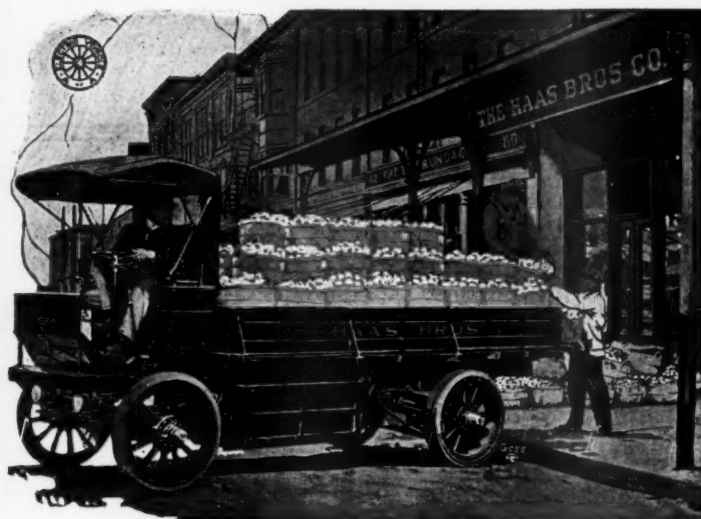
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Phaeton, four passenger		\$2075.00	Inside drive Limousine, five passenger	2800.00
Roadster, two passenger		1975.00	Standard Limousine, seven passenger	3250.00

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**Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.**





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design and construction—*economy*. Electric Trucks are cutting costs where hills are unknown as well as in such hilly centres as Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Kansas City and San Francisco—*efficiency*.

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(Continued from page 372.)

the road in delight, with his first purchase under his arm and his first conversation accomplished.

Good manners decreed that he should not stare too steadfastly, and he was one who obeyed these delicate dictates. Alas! he was one who obeyed all dictates. For him authority wore a halo, and many sins which his heyday ought to have committed had been left undone, only because they were not sanctioned by immediate social usage. He was often saddened when he thought of the things he had not done. It was the only sadness to which he had access, because the evil deeds which he had committed were of so tepid and hygienic a character that they could not be mourned for without hypocrisy, and now that he was released from all privileged restraints and overlookings and could do whatever he wished, he had no wish to do anything.

His wife had been dead for over a year. He had hungered, he had prayed for her death. He had hated that woman (and for how many years!) with a kind of masked ferocity. How often he had been tempted to kill her or to kill himself! How often he had dreamed that she had run away from him, or that he had run away from her! He had invented Russian princes, and music hall stars, and American billionaires with whom she could adequately elope, and he had both loved and loathed the prospect. What unending, slow quarrels they had together! How her voice had droned pitilessly on his ears! She in one room, he in another, and through an open door there rolled that unending recitation of woes and reproaches; an interminable catalog of nothings, while he sat dumb as a fish, with a mind that smouldered or blazed. He had stood unseen with a hammer, a poker, a razor in his hand, on tiptoe to do it. A movement, a rush, one silent rush, and it was done! He had revelled in her murder. He had caressed it, rehearsed it, relished it, had jerked her head back, and hacked, and listened to her entreaties bubbling through blood! And then she died! When he stood by her bed he had wished to taunt her, but he could not do it. He read in her eyes: "I am dying, and in a little time I shall have vanished like dust on the wind, but you will still be here, and you will never see me again." He wished to ratify that, to assure her that it was actually so, to say that he would come home on the morrow night, and she would not be there, and that he would return home every night, and she would never be there. But he could not say it. Somehow, the words, altho he desired them, would not come. His arm went to her neck and settled there. His hand caressed her hair, her cheek. He kissed her eyes, her lips, her languid hands, and the words that came were only an infantile babble of regrets and apologies, assurances that

he did love her, that he had never loved anyone before, and would never love anyone again. . . .

Everyone who passed looked into the café where he sat. Everyone who passed looked at him. There were men with sallow faces and wide, black hats. Some had hair that flapped about them in the wind, and from their locks one gathered, with some distaste, the spices of Araby. Some had cravats that fluttered and fell, and rose again like banners in a storm. There were men with severe, spade-shaped, most responsible-looking beards, and quizzical little eyes which gave the lie to their hairy sedateness—eyes which had spent long years in looking sideways as a woman passed. There were men of every stage of foppishness. Men who had spent so much time on their mustaches that they had only a little left for their finger-nails, but their mustaches exonerated them. Others who were coated to happiness, trousered to grotesqueness, and booted to misery. He thought—in this city the men wear their own coats, but they all wear someone else's trousers, and their boots are syndicated.

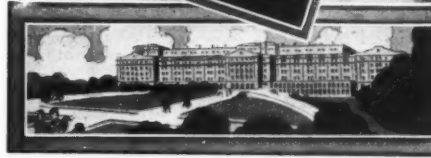
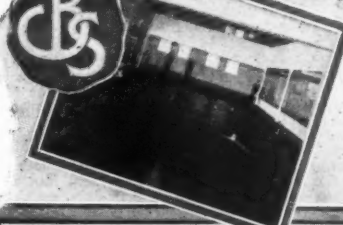
He saw no person who was self-intent. They were all deeply conscious, not of themselves, but of each other. They were all looking at each other. They were all looking at him, and he returned the severe, or humorous, or appraising gaze of each with a look nicely proportioned to the passer, giving back exactly what was given to him, and no more. He did not stare, for nobody stared. He just looked and looked away, and was as mannerly as was required.

A negro went by arm in arm with a girl who was so sallow that she was only white by courtesy. He was a bulky man, and as he bent over his companion, it was evident that to him she was whiter than the snow of a single night.

Women went past in multitudes, and he knew the appearance of them all. How many times he had watched them or their duplicates striding and mincing and bounding by, each moving like an animated note of interrogation! They were long, and medium, and short. There were women of a thinness beyond comparison, sheathed in skirts as feathery as a rapier in a scabbard. There were women of a monumental, a mighty fatness, who billowed and rolled in multitudinous, stormy garments. There were slow eyes that drooped on one as heavily as a hand, and quick ones that stabbed and withdrew, and glanced again appealingly, and slid away cursing. There were some who lounged with a false sedateness, and some who fluttered in an equally false timidity. Some wore velvet shoes without heels. Some had shoes the heels whereof were of such inordinate height that the wearers looked as though they were perched on stilts and would topple to perdition if their skill failed for an



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# Efficiency depends on appropriate meals



G. H. BRINKLER

My efficiency system of eating is easy to learn. The foods in ordinary daily use are classified according to their effects on the body, the brain and nerves, the liver, the skin, etc. Rules are given for guidance in quantities, combination and selection of meals according to age, occupation, symptoms, environment, etc. Meals producing or aggravating various diseases are also indicated.

## THE NAMES OF A FEW MEALS

Strong Digestible Brainy Meal	Laxative Meal
Weak Digestible Brainy Meal	Solvent Meal
Indigestible Brainy Meal	Curative Meal for Heart Trouble
Maximum Variety Brainy Meal	" " " Kidney "
Meal Without Brain Nutrient	" " " Liver "
Volatile Brainy Meal	Meal for Athlete with Strong Digestion
Blood Purifying Cooling Meal	" " " Average "
Warming Meal	" " " Weak "
Purging Meal	Vocalist's Meal

## Control Your Moods by Foods

Our different moods are under the influence of different meals. Some meals produce great vitality, strong nerves, strong eyes, presence of mind, moral strength; other meals of finest quality (including game, poultry, whites of eggs, almonds, pears, asparagus, spinach, celery, etc.) are inspirational or favorable to artistic development. Other meals such as tea, fatty, starchy and sweet foods, in excess, make one nervous, shy, low-spirited. Appropriate meals maintain virtue and continence by preference without any restraint. It is only the heat-producing and irritating meals that arouse the lower nature.

Brainy meals make mental work easy. Do not take an athlete's meal when you want to do many hours of brain work at your desk, because muscle foods tend to clog your liver and stupefy you when you are inactive.

For special stress of mental work **DOUBLE YOUR BRAIN POWER** by eating a maximum brainy meal which yields many times the amount of nerve force that is in an ordinary meal.

Inappropriate meals discount every man 25 to 100 per cent., making some men chronic invalids, who accomplish nothing. Unsuitable meals produce unsanitary conditions in the body resulting in adenoids, enlarged tonsils, defective hearing, etc. Faulty circulation, imperfect elimination, impaction, congestion and inflammation produce appendicitis or a condition where the surgeon's knife is a necessity unless a radical change to appropriate meals is adopted at once.

You cannot postpone the study of **SYSTEM** in eating. You must learn to **CORRECTLY COMBINE** your foods to prevent fermentation and the formation of poisonous deposits which become the basis of disease.

## Aged People the Best Test

The testimony of aged people who have regained health on a Brainy Diet is conclusive because they have practically no reserve force on which to subsist, therefore they depend absolutely on the new nerve force in a brainy diet for their restoration to health.

Mr. B. L., 68 years, Proprietor of Dyeing Works, writes: "Enclosed find picture of fish which I tramped for three miles to catch. I climbed down rocks 75 feet above water. You know three months ago I was pretty bad; could hardly walk, had an attendant on account of vertigo. The severe neuritis in my arm and the rheumatism was too painful for sleep. Absolutely free from all pains now and it is owing to the Brainy Diet System that I am alive."

Dr. R., a retired physician, 81 years: "Can now use my hand that was partially paralyzed. Can walk straight now and have much more energy."

Mrs. C. K. writes that she is 82 years and has used cathartics and enemas for 50 years. "No more headaches since adopting the Brainy Diet System the last six months, and that is wonderful, since I had a headache almost every day previously. Constipation is overcome, I sleep well and my appetite is good."

Mr. F. C., 70 years, Proprietor of Department Store, writes: "As I improved in every respect at 70 years of age, I think there is good prospect for any one else. I was dropsical and rheumatic, have lost over 50 pounds of superfluous weight in two months, lost my rheumatism and have returned to business, something I never expected to do again."

## Young People Increase Their Income

The greatest service that old people can render the world is to popularize a brainy diet system among the young, for whom the possibilities are so great under a correct system of arranging their foods, because they have such abundant reserve force to supplement a correct diet.

Mr. T. L., age 22, clerk, who suffered from catarrh and had a weak, hoarse voice, writes: "Voice is clear and strong, head clear as a bell. Have resigned government position and am now making four times as much travelling, something I had the ambition but not the energy to do before. Have fattened up 20 pounds in two months."

Affidavits of the writers and of witnesses are on file, with corroborative evidence.

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You can easily learn to select appropriate meals for your various needs by the Brainy Diet System. No foods for sale. Only ordinary foods in daily use are advised. Send 10 cents for "The New Brainy Diet System."

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instant. They passed, and they looked at him, and from each, after the due regard, he looked away to the next in interminable procession.

There were faces also to be looked at, round, chubby faces, wherefrom the eyes of oxen stared in slow, involved rumination. Long faces that were keener than hatchets, and as cruel. Faces that pretended to be scornful, and were only piteous. Faces contrived to ape a temperament other than their own. Raddled faces with heavy eyes and rouged lips. Looking at him shyly or boldly, they

passed along and turned after a while, and repassed him and turned again in promenade.

He had a sickness of them all. There had been a time when these were among the things he mourned for not having done, but that time was long past. He guessed at their pleasures, and knew them to be without salt. "Life," said he, "is as unpleasant as a plate of cold porridge." Somehow the world was growing empty for him. He wondered was he outgrowing his illusions, or his appetites, or both? The things in which other

men took such interest were drifting beyond him, and (for it seemed that the law of compensation can fail) nothing was drifting towards him in recompense. He foresaw himself as a box with nothing inside it, and he thought—it is not through love or fear or distress that men commit suicide, it is because they have become empty: both the gods and the devils have deserted them, and they can no longer support that solemn stagnation. He marveled to see with what activity men and women played the most savorless of games! With what zest of pursuit they tracked, what petty interests! He saw them as ants scurrying with scraps of straw, or apes that pick up and drop and pick up again, and he marveled from what fount they renewed themselves or with what charms they exorcised the demons of satiety!

On this night life did not seem worth while. The taste had gone from his mouth: his bock was water vilely colored: his cigaret was a hot stench: and yet a full moon was peeping in the trees along the path; and not far away, where the countryside bowed in silver quietude, the rivers ran through undistinguishable fields chanting their lonely songs, the seas leaped and withdrew, and called again to the stars, and gathered in ecstasy, and roared skywards, and the trees did not rob each other more than was absolutely necessary. The men and women were all hidden away in their cells asleep, where the moon could not see them, nor the clean wind, nor the stars. They were sundered for a little while from their eternal arithmetic. The grasping hands were lying as quietly as the paws of a sleeping dog. Those eyes held no further speculation than the eyes of an ox who lies down. The tongues that had lied all day and had been treacherous and obscene and respectful by easy turn said nothing; and he thought it was very good that they were all hidden, and that for a little time the world might swing darkly with the moon in its own wide circle and its silence.

He paid for his bock, gave the waiter a pourboire, touched his hat to a lady by sex and a gentleman by clothing, and strolled back to his room that was little, his candle that was three-quarters consumed, and his picture that might be admired when he was dead, but which he would not be praised for painting, and, after sticking his foot through the canvas, he tugged himself to bed, agreeing to commence the following morning just as he had the previous one, and the one before that, and the one before that again.

## SHE KNEW FATHER.

"This here boy," said the proud mother to a neighbor, "do certainly grow more like his father every day."

And the neighbor, knowing the father, inquired anxiously:

"Do he now? And 'ave you tried hev-er-thing?"



(Continued from page 353.)

more reason why he should be permitted to circulate filth than a poor pushcart peddler on the east side. The book is rotten, and the excuse that it conveys a moral is no excuse at all."

Conflicting Estimates of  
"Hagar Revelly."

**H**AGAR REVELLY," the object of Mr. Comstock's animosity, was written by Daniel Carson Goodman about the time the activities of the Chicago Vice Commission were attracting attention to the problem of low wages for women and the possibility of their connection with the white-slave traffic. The story tells of two young girls brought up under nearly identical circumstances and living in almost the same environment. One girl avoids the temptations of her path in spite of her poverty. The other succumbs. "I had a twofold motive in writing 'Hagar Revelly,'" Dr. Goodman tells us. "First, there is the scientific reason which makes it necessary for the innocent youth of the land to be taught the wiles of vice. Then there is the other reason of depicting the great value and the reward of the spiritual life, the value of clinging to high ideals through suffering and want." That passages in "Hagar Revelly" are frank and, it may be, objectionably frank, is widely admitted. Yet the book is treated as serious literature by most critics, and is praised by Ida M. Tarbell. In an interesting critique published in *The New Review* (New York), André Tridon indicts the author for his lack of artistic skill rather than for his subject matter. "Good-

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man," he says, "is not yet a master of atmosphere. His types live and act in a vacuum. They are not connected in any way with the buzzing, humming and throbbing of the circumambient world." Yet Tridon finds much to admire in the author of "Unclothed" and "Hagar Revelly." On the other hand, the *New York Times* comments:

"It is easy to see in the novel which Anthony Comstock has charged with immorality, and which the Boston Public Library has excluded, the reasons for the legal step taken for its suppression. Mr. Comstock has not achieved his reputation as a literary critic, but in their literary character some of the scenes described in this book are inessential and ill done, red-light plays which, having a veneer of The novel is of the same class with the moral purpose, invite the deeper inspection of the morbid and the curious."

Literary Censorship  
in England.

**T**HE instinct of literary censorship, it would seem, is deep-rooted. England has no Anthony Comstock; but it has its Libraries Association. When a book appears that is considered objectionable, the Association refuses to list it. Many of the books of the best-known writers have fallen under the ban of its displeasure. "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," by Hall Caine, was for a time boycotted. W. B. Maxwell's "The Devil's Garden," and Gilbert Cannan's "Round the Corner" have both been disapproved. Yet the last two named are stories conceived and executed with rare literary skill; and the chief result of a library boycott seems to be to increase the sale of the book discriminated against. In Bernard Shaw's opinion, the committee

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Architect	Show Card Writing
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Structural Engineer	Commercial Illustrating
Concrete Construction	Industrial Designing
Mechan. Engineer	Commercial Law
Mechanical Draftsman	Automobile Repairing
Civil Engineer	English Branches
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of a public library has no right to exercise censorship. He says:

"Any public committee man who tries to pack the moral cards in the interest of his own notions is guilty of corruption and impertinence. The business of a public library is not to supply the public with the books the committee thinks good for the public, but to supply the public with the books the public wants. . . . Censorship ends in logical completeness when nobody is allowed to read any books except the books that nobody *can* read. But as the ratepayer is mostly a coward and a fool in these difficult matters, and the committee is quite sure that it can succeed where the Roman Catholic Church has made its *index expurgatorius* the laughing-stock of the world, censorship will rage until it reduces itself to absurdity; and even then the best books will be in danger still."

### "The Devil's Garden."

M R. W. B. MAXWELL, the author of "The Devil's Garden" (Hutchinson, London), is a son of Miss Braddon and an experienced story-teller. "I have been accused again and again," he says, "of offering moral tracts instead of amusing fiction, of forgetting that a novel is not a sermon, of allowing the moral to run away with the story; but this is the first time I have ever been even indirectly accused of writing anything that contained an improper lesson." The main interest of the story depends upon the elaborate tracing on a man's mentality of two tremendous shocks arising out of the discovery of his wife's infidelity and his murder of her betrayer. "The Devil playeth in a man's mind like a wanton child in a garden, bringing his filth to choke each open path, uprooting the tender plants and trampling the buds that should have blown for the Master." Mr. Maxwell shows the Devil at work in the garden. He is "one of the novelists who matter," according to the London *Saturday Review*. The same paper adds: "In cleverness and craftsmanship he has few equals among modern fiction writers. If somehow he misses greatness, his work has in it many of the qualities that make greatness. It is stamped with intense sincerity. It is genuine."

Gilbert Cannan's Disillusionizing Tale.

THE intense realism of Gilbert Cannan's new novel, "Round the Corner" (Appleton), must have been what "got on the nerves" of London's self-appointed censors. Mr. Cannan holds nothing back. He is more like a Slav than an English writer. And yet his motive is, at the core, idealistic. He compares life, indeed, in one passage with "a river that, if it be fouled, will run itself clean in time."

He attacks, through the mouth of the freshest and most original character in the story, the weakness of those who forever deny life, avoid the present and look for their happiness "round the corner." The central figure of the tale is a clergyman, the descendant of an old but impoverished family, who moves with his wife and children from Cornwall to a sordid manufacturing town. One of his boys falls off a roof and kills himself. Another gets into trouble with a girl. A daughter, Annette, serves as a governess, but is discharged in disgrace. Mr. Cannan is full of the struggle of the young person to find work, love, some sort of happiness; and the young person generally comes to grief. Serge, the single character who has real vision, is represented as a vagabond. He has been to sea and wandered far over the earth. He feels the squalor of the life about him, but he has not lost faith. He says: "Fear of love and death, the mind hemmed in and losing its bright power of reflection, so that it shows only a distorted image of life! No wonder they hate life when it looks like that. It can't go on forever. The spirit must break through it all in time."

### "Sons and Lovers."

ANOTHER novel that shows the pitiful wastage of the best in men and women is "Sons and Lovers" (Mitchell Kennerley). The author, D. H. Lawrence, has been almost unknown until now. His novel is hailed by some critics as the best of the year. A strange creation it is—as strange as "The Devil's Garden" or "Round the Corner." The London *Nation* does not hesitate to call it decadent, yet speaks of it also as "something wonderful." The story is laid in the middle counties of England, in a colliery district. The hero, Paul Morel, is a clerk in a surgical appliance factory. There are three women characters—Paul's mother and Miriam and Clara. Between Miriam and Clara Paul wavers. He is unable to love either, and apparently the only love of which he is capable is that for his mother. The real decadence of the book, for *The Nation*, lies in Paul's psychology—in his morbid brooding on the flesh, his never-quick, his ever-hot and heavy lustfulness. *The Nation* expresses itself as follows:

"We turn from him in fatigued repulsion—so futile he, so garrulous of his lust, so 'decadent' indeed in his relations with Miriam and Clara. 'That's how women are with me,' he says. 'They want me like mad, but they don't want to belong to me.' How should they? There was nothing to belong to. . . . May one say, with no thought of ribaldry, that Paul was 'a mother's son'? But even in

the love for his mother there lurks the same unhealthiness. At the end of the book, when she is dead, 'Mother!' he whimpered—'mother!' In that verb, Mr. Lawrence confesses Paul Morel. . .

"What is the outcome—what the star to which this fictional wagon is hitched? Is it the glory of the motherhood of sons? Yet would not one say from reading this that for a young man to be 'full of the sense of his mother' is to destroy him? And since such is the cumulative effect, the book, for all its beauty and power and imagination, is decadent."

"The Way of Ambition."

THE lack of a guiding principle sufficiently strong to counteract the relatively cheap allurements of life is the theme of Robert Hichens' new novel. "Mr. Hichens," remarks the *New York Times Review of Books*, "has ever been able to present vividly and intensely the conflict of differing characters, the quarreling of opposed ambitions and strong passions; his pen has lost none of its skill in 'The Way of Ambition (Stokes)'. The *London Outlook* says: "'The Way of Ambition' is not another 'Garden of Allah,' but that does not prevent it from being a sound and picturesque piece of work." The atmosphere in the new story is musical. The action shifts from England to Africa, and from there to America. A musical impresario sketched in the book bears obvious resemblance to Oscar Hammerstein. The conflict of motive is all between a woman who picks a shy composer for her husband and tries to make a popular success out of him, and the husband who allows himself for a time to be dominated, against his better judgment. The failure of the opera that he writes to please her is what brings them both

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to their senses. The "moral" of the story is well conveyed by the Scriptural question: What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Mr. Hichens shows himself, as always, an excellent craftsman. He knows the musical world; he knows the musical "hangers-on"; and he knows the "artistic temperament." His grasp of situations is as sure as is his eye for atmosphere and local color. When he writes of the operatic fiasco in New York, his words in their fierce excitement almost tumble over one another.

An Indiana Girl.

ONE of the best American novels of the season is "Otherwise Phyllis" (Houghton Mifflin) by Meredith Nicholson. Here is a true "Hoosier chronicle," healthy and untroubled by the dark currents that

are staining so many English stories. "Phil" Kirkwood—"Otherwise Phyllis"—is the tomboy of Montgomery, Ind. "Her general effect was of brownness. Midwinter never saw the passing of the tan from her cheek; her vigorous young cheeks were always brown; when permitted a choice she wore brown clothes; she was a brown girl." To everyone in town she is known as Phil. She throws snowballs with the boys; she goes gypsying with her dreamy father; and she insists on writing her high-school graduation address on "The Dogs of Main Street." There are other characters in the book—uncles and aunts and brothers—but everything finally comes back to Phil. "She dominates the story," as Samuel Abbott puts it, in the *Boston Traveler*, "from the hour when we find her dancing in the moonlight, with the man who is to love her and win her watch-



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ing her from the shadows, down through her series of sprightly escapades that are magical in that they are frequently the flashes of comedy that illumine scenes that threaten to grow tragic, somber with threat. Back of her, a chorus to her protagonistic charm, are the living dynamic elements of jealousy, of sorrow, of crime. When they begin to assume evidence of wrathful activity, she gives, by her laugh, by her quip, by her spontaneously quaint jingle of verse, the keynote to a gayety that ripples over the heavy chords. . . . 'Otherwise Phyllis' is a mightily well constructed novel. It hangs together. You can visualize its people and its setting. It is absolutely American, wholesome."

An English Boy.

**O**THERWISE PHYLLIS" gives a radiant picture of an American girl. "Sinister Street" (Martin Secker, London) is a full-length study of an English boy. In these two books two psychologies are reflected, and we recognize the contrast between health and pathology. For it is not an attractive portrait that Compton Mackenzie paints. He quotes at the outset a passage from one of Keats's letters to the effect that "the imagination of a boy is healthy and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted." It is with this transitional period that Mr. Mackenzie is largely occupied. The background is a London suburb, a preparatory school and a public school. We are introduced to a nurse who drinks secretly, a mother who spasmodically lavishes affection, a sister with musical talent, a school chum, and a Madonna-like woman who exercises a protecting influence. Mr. Mackenzie tells us: "In writing this story I have found that I simply couldn't get all I wished to say in one book, long as it is. I have left out all sorts of things and still I find that I shall have to divide the novel into two books. So I have cut it up into two. The first volume, which my American publishers (Appleton) have just brought out under the title of 'Youth's Encounter,' is really the preface to the second book, 'Sinister Street,' which will be published next spring." Mr. Mackenzie already has two novels to his credit. "The Passionate Elopement," observes the London Daily Citizen, "won us with the 'tears and laughter of spent joy'; 'Carnival' was quite bewitching; but 'Sinister Street' is dominating. It is heavy with life. Mr. Mackenzie has treated a great theme with gifts that abundantly entitled him to choose it."

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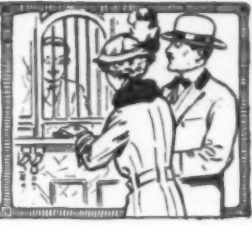
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Suppose John Brown marries at the age of thirty-three. He is then earning fifteen hundred dollars a year, three hundred of which he transfers to his surplus fund at the end of the year together with his interest of forty dollars and eighty-eight cents, which increases his surplus fund to one thousand one hundred and fifty-eight dollars and forty-eight cents. When John Brown is forty years old he is earning two thousand two hundred dollars a year and at the end of the year his surplus fund amounts to four thousand six hundred and ninety-two dollars and thirty-five cents. At the age of forty-nine he is earning three thousand one

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hundred dollars, but as he is putting six hundred and twenty dollars of this amount into his surplus fund at the end of the year, he is spending two thousand four hundred and eighty dollars.

Now when John Brown is fifty years old he is earning three thousand two hundred dollars, and if he put twenty per cent. in his reserve fund, it would leave him with two thousand five hundred and sixty dollars for his expenses, but he decides that he can live comfortably on two thousand five hundred dollars and determines to put all above that into his surplus fund at the end of each succeeding year. When John Brown is sixty he decides to retire from active work at the end of the year. He has educated his children, and his sons are now self-supporting. He retires with thirty eight thousand eight hundred and seventy dollars of invested funds which will return him an annual income of one thousand nine hundred and forty-three dollars and fifty cents. He might, from time to time, have been induced to invest in promising business enterprises, just as many other men have done and in the vast majority of which cases the enterprises have failed for one reason or another. Really safe investments cannot be counted upon to yield such returns as the average so-called "Business Opportunity" usually promises. The times are most propitious for investment in safe and profitable securities of recognized merit.

The most important development which has taken place during the past month is the passage of the tariff bill at Washington, and all attention is centered on the effect it will produce on the business of the country. For some months past business interests have been putting their houses in order and buying from hand to mouth while contemplating the progress of the bill.

Between \$60,000,000 and \$70,000,000 of goods were held in bond at the warehouses pending the outcome of the bill, and houses are now commencing to restock under the new schedule of rates.

Whereas it will take time for business to adjust itself to the lowering of prices and threatened foreign competition, the fact is we are now not only supplying our own needs with the products of our country, but are shipping a good surplus abroad in competition with foreign labor.

The Currency Bill has not had the rapid progress toward finality as the tariff bill, and it looks as though it would not be passed at this session.

Since the panic of 1907 when currency was unobtainable in large quantities and was selling at a premium, we are aware that we are in sore need of a currency reform, which will prevent a repetition of the state of affairs then existing, but this is a subject which requires careful consideration and should be weighed in the balance by all parties interested, both politicians and bankers.

The act as it now stands is to provide for the establishment of Federal reserve banks, to furnish an elastic currency, to afford means of rediscounting commercial paper, to establish a more effective supervision of banking in the United States, and for other purposes.

A brief outline of the salient features of the bill is as follows:

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of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture, and the Comptroller of the Currency, shall designate a number of reserve cities to be known as Federal reserve cities, and shall then proceed to organize in each of the reserve cities a Federal reserve bank. Every National bank within a given district shall be required to subscribe to the capital stock of the Federal reserve bank of that district to the amount of twenty per cent. of its capital, that the National bank shall receive dividends at the rate of five per cent. on the paid-in capital stock, that one-half the net earnings of the Federal reserve bank, after dividend claims have been paid, shall be paid into a surplus fund, until such fund shall amount to twenty per cent. of the paid-in capital stock of each bank, and of the remaining one-half sixty per cent. shall be paid to the United States, and forty per cent. to the member banks in the ratio of their balances with the Federal reserve bank for the preceding year. As regards rediscounts, the bill reads in part: Upon the indorsement of any member bank, any Federal reserve bank may discount notes and bills of exchange arising out of commercial transactions, that is, notes and bills of exchange issued or drawn for agricultural, industrial, or commercial purposes, or the proceeds of which have been used for such purposes, the Federal Reserve Board to have the right to determine or define the character of the paper thus eligible for discount within the meaning of this act. The act further states that any national banking association not situated in a reserve city may make loans secured by improved and unencumbered farm land for a period of time not longer than twelve months, nor for an amount exceeding fifty per cent. of the actual value of the property, and such property shall be situated within the Federal reserve district in which the bank is located.

A great deal of objection has been raised by bankers to the currency bill as it now stands. They do not feel that banks should be subject to any sectional or political color, or that it is necessary to have so large a number of reserve banks as provided in the act.

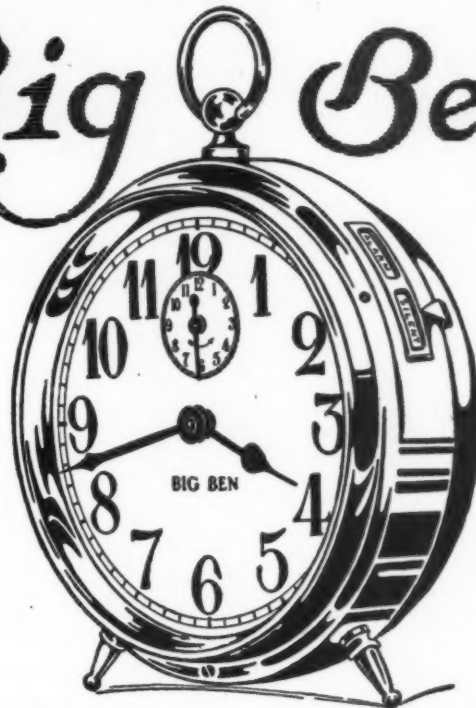
What is needed in a currency reform is a method whereby cash can be provided in sufficient quantities at critical times when and where needed, a farmers' credit may be good, but when he is harvesting crops he needs cash to pay his hands, he cannot pay them with credit, he must get cash with his credit at the bank by having his note discounted. When he has marketed his crops he gets cash for them and can then pay off his note. The cash goes back into the bank and thence back to its ordinary channels.

Under existing conditions a bank keeps a certain amount of cash in reserve in proportion to its deposits, the balance is loaned out or invested in securities. When in a time like the panic of 1907 the banks in New York were suddenly called upon to pay out an abnormal amount of cash to their anxious depositors, they found themselves, though financially sound, unable to meet the demands for cash, as they could not immediately convert their assets into currency.

If it had been possible to issue emergency currency against the assets of the banks, the money would soon have found its way back into the vaults of the banks and the confidence of the people would not have been shaken—real panic would not have arisen.

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